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James Lenox

MEMOIRS

OF

MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

ELIZABETH HAMILTON,

Author of "The Letters of a Hindoo Rajah."

VOL. II.—FOURTH EDITION.

"*Ridiculum acri*
"*Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.*"
HOR.

"Ridicule shall frequently prevail,
"And cut the knot, when graver reasons fail."
FRANCIS.

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CHAP. I.

" Folks prone to leaſing
" Say things at firſt, becauſe they're pleaſing;
" Then prove what they have once aſſerted,
" Nor care to have their lie deſerted;
" Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
" And oft repeating, they believe 'em."

PRIOR.

THE miſeries of war, of famine, and of peſtilence, had all been experienced by Captain Delmond; but the combined horrors of this triple ſcourge of human kind fell ſhort of what he endured the night of Julia's misfortune. At one time, exaſperated into madneſs at the idea of her clandeſtine correſpondence with a perſon whom, as a viſitor of Glib's, he could not imagine to be a gentleman, he breathed

forth threatnings and invectives. The artifice ſhe had uſed to deceive him—the ingratitude which gave birth to that artifice—was a thought which rankled in his ſoul, and like the barbed dart peculiar to ſome ſavage tribes, could not even be touched without the extreme of torture. Anon he ſaw his darling child in pain! her life perhaps in danger! in a moment her errors were forgotten, and his whole ſoul melted into an agony of tenderneſs.

The ſharp pangs of bodily pain were ſoon added to the poignancy of mental ſuffering. By the agitation of his mind the gout was thrown into his ſtomach, and he became ſo dangerouſly ill, that about four in the morning Mrs. Delmond was obliged to ſend for Mr. Gubbles, who adminiſtered a cordial draught, which tended to quiet the pain; and, as day advanced, exhauſted nature ſought relief in ſleep.

He awoke ſomewhat more compoſed, and inſtantly enquired for Julia. No account

account of her had yet been received. Fretted at his wife's neglect, in not having diſpatched ſome one to know how ſhe had paſſed the night, he deſired that Mrs. Delmond might herſelf inſtantly ſet out to ſee her daughter, and to order her every neceſſary attendance, and every comfort that it was poſſible to adminiſter in her preſent ſituation.

"I have, perhaps, blamed my poor girl too much," ſaid he. "She told me ſhe had ſeen this gentleman at Mrs. Botherim's; it may be only accident that has now thrown him in her way. Do not, therefore, drop a hint of my having ſuſpected her of deceit; it would wound the poor child too ſeverely to think that I could impute to her a deviation from thoſe principles of honour which I have ſo carefully inculcated, and which ſhe has ever ſo invariably maintained. Give her my bleſſing, and tell her that I live but in her happineſs and ſafety!"

Mrs.

Mrs. Delmond haſtily prepared to obey her huſband's orders. She indeed felt more anxiety herſelf concerning Julia than ſhe had ever experienced on any former event of her life. Tho' ſometimes inclined to be a little jealous of the manifeſt partiality of her huſband for his daughter, which extended ſo far, that tho' ſhe could ſeldom pleaſe him in ſettling the little accommodations with which his valetudinary ſtate required him to be ſurrounded, no ſooner did Julia place the footſtool, or adjuſt the cuſhion, than all was right; and ſuch praiſes beſtowed on the dexterity of the daughter, as glanced a reproach upon the wife. Yet was the jealouſy thus excited diveſted of its ſting by the demeanour of Julia. Such was the ſweetneſs of her temper, ſuch the generous pains ſhe always took to put every thing her mother did in the moſt advantageous point of view, and ſuch her ſolicitude to ſoften the little aſperities that ſometimes fell from her father,

that

that ſhe could not fail to endear herſelf to her mother, ſo as entirely to engroſs her affections.

The affections of Mrs. Delmond were not, it is true, of that ardent nature which is for ever tremblingly alive—ever ready to torment itſelf with the extreme of anxiety and diſquiet. Mrs. Delmond took things more calmly;—ſhe very implicitly relied on the aſſurances of Dr. Orwell, that Julia would completely recover the conſequences of the accident ſhe had ſo unfortunately met with; and but for the illneſs of Capt. Delmond, ſhe would have ſlept very ſoundly on the faith of theſe aſſurances. There was, however, one circumſtance on which Dr. Orwell could not give her the ſatisfaction ſhe wiſhed for; her curioſity concerning the gentleman who accompanied her daughter was ſtill ungratified. In the hope of obtaining information upon this point, ſhe purſued her walk with unuſual alacrity.

On

On her arrival at the farm, ſhe was conducted to the apartment where poor Julia was ſuffering an extreme degree of pain, but ſuffering it with heroic fortitude and reſolution. The ſhabbineſs of the apartment was the firſt thing that attracted the attention of Mrs. Delmond. 'Dear me!' ſaid ſhe to Miſs Orwell, as ſhe entered, 'what a pitiful place this is! White-waſhed walls! check curtains! to be ſure, it is very wretched; but how is Julia?'

"Is that my mother's voice?" cried Julia, in feveriſh agitation.

'Yes, my love!' ſaid Miſs Orwell, 'but you know the doctor ſtrictly prohibits your ſpeaking. Both Doctor Sydney and Mr. Gubbles think Miſs Delmond will do very well, if ſhe keeps herſelf quiet; and I dare ſay, you, Madam, will agree with me in enforcing a ſtrict obſervance of their injunctions.'

"Oh, yes;" ſaid Mrs. Delmond, "ſhe certainly muſt not ſpeak, if they forbid it; but

but how long is ſhe to be confined to this place?"

'Let me but ſee my mother,' ſaid Julia, 'and I will be ſatisfied.'

Mrs. Delmond approached the bed-ſide, and put out her hand, which was eagerly graſped by Julia. 'My mother! you are too kind in coming to ſee me; but oh, my father! is he not enraged at his Julia?'

Mrs. Delmond would have replied, but Harriet inſiſted ſo much on the injunctions of the phyſicians, which the apprehenſions of fever rendered it neceſſary punctually to obſerve, that ſhe prevented her from ſpeaking, and in a ſhort time prevailed on her to quit the room.

She was led by Harriet into a ſmall ſtone-floored parlour, which, in lieu of the white ſand with which it had been ſtrewed, was now neatly covered with a carpet. This was the work of Harriet, who had, in her quiet but active manner, already made ſuch improvements in the appearance

both

both of this room and of that which was occupied by Julia, that they now aſſumed a very different aſpect from that which they had worn the preceding evening. Having early in the morning ſent to her aunt for ſuch things as ſhe thought moſt wanted, ſhe received, by the provident attention of that good lady, an abundant ſupply of every neceſſary, and of every article which ſhe thought could in any wiſe contribute to the eaſe or comfort of the poor ſufferer. Theſe Harriet had ſo judiciouſly arranged, that the apartment of Julia no longer appeared incommodious or uncomfortable; and yet ſo ſoftly had ſhe glided about the performance of her operations, that the noiſe of her footſteps had never reached the ears of her unfortunate friend.

Mrs. Delmond was no ſooner ſeated, than ſhe began to enquire of Miſs Orwell what ſhe knew of the gentleman who had accompanied her daughter to Caſtle-Villers;

but

but to her great mortification found that Harriet could give her little information on the ſubject, except the account of his misfortune.

"I am ſure it has been a ſad buſineſs for me," ſaid Mrs. Delmond. "I was obliged to be up the greateſt part of the night with the Captain, who made himſelf ſo ill, I had to ſend for Mr. Gubbles to give him ſome ſtuff. It was very ill done of Julia, to be ſure, to go with a perſon we none of us knew; I thought it would have killed her father, the very thoughts of it. I dare ſay, now, he will be quite croſs the whole day."

Harriet had, from ſome hints dropped by Julia in the courſe of the night, learned that all was not juſt as it ſhould be. She evidently ſaw, that ſome myſtery hung over the ſubject of the expedition, and that the mind of Julia ſuffered from the ſecret conſciouſneſs of ſome act of indiſcretion. But ſo little had Harriet of the prying ſpirit of curioſity, ſo eaſily could ſhe

controul

controul the feelings of her well-regulated mind, that ſo far from diving into the ſource of Julia's diſquiet, ſhe had been at much pains to turn her thoughts from the ſubject of uneaſineſs. The ſame ſpirit of animated benevolence made her now uſe all her endeavours to perſuade Mrs. Delmond, that Julia would be able fully to vindicate herſelf, and to give ſuch an explanation of the circumſtances that had incurred her father's diſpleaſure, as would prove entirely ſatisfactory.

"Aye, to be ſure," ſaid Mrs. Delmond, "ſhe can eaſily get about him at any time. The very laſt word he ſaid to me was, to be ſure to give her his bleſſing." She then entered on a querulous lamentation concerning the length of time that muſt neceſſarily elapſe before Julia could be brought home; "which," ſhe ſaid, "ſhe was ſure would be a ſad time to her, as the Captain would be ſo croſs all the while, that nobody could pleaſe him."

To

To this Harriet found it impoſſible to make any reply; a ſilence of ſome minutes enſued, after which Mrs. Delmond, having coldly thanked Miſs Orwell for her kindneſs, took her departure, to the great ſatisfaction of Harriet, whoſe warm and generous heart revolted at the cold ſelfiſhneſs which was too viſibly diſplayed in the courſe of the converſation to eſcape her obſervation. When ſhe returned to the poor pain-racked Julia, ſhe ſoftly whiſpered, that ſhe had diſmiſſed her mother, who would, however, come again to ſee her, as ſoon as ſhe was better able to ſupport converſation. 'She is then gone,' ſaid Julia; 'gone, without ſpeaking a word to me concerning my father! Alas, I fear he is too much diſpleaſed with me to bear the mention of my name.'

"On the contrary," ſaid Harriet, "he charged your mother with his deareſt bleſſing for you. Make yourſelf eaſy, then, my dear Julia! be aſſured that your father is only anxious concerning your recovery."

'Perhaps,

'Perhaps, then, he does not know who accompanied me?' cried Julia, ſeeming to revive at the thought.

"Perhaps not," ſaid Harriet, "ſo make yourſelf eaſy; and here is ſomething good for you, which it is now time for you to take," pouring out a draught which had been ordered by the Doctor. Julia ſwallowed the medicine, and ſomewhat re-animated by the hopes inſpired by her friend, ſhe continued in ſilent patience to endure the pain which the tight ligature every minute rendered more intolerable.

While the amiable Harriet was perſonally engaged in attending upon her companion, ſhe did not forget the ſtranger who had ſhared in her misfortune. He experienced the benefit of her conſiderate attention in a number of little comforts, of which the ſick nurſe who had come to wait on Julia, but whom Harriet had ſent to Vallaton, would never of herſelf have thought.

He

He kept his bed the whole day, and had, about five in the afternoon, fallen into a profound ſlumber, from which he was rouſed by the noiſe of many tongues; a noiſe ſufficiently loud not only to diſturb the repoſe of Vallaton, but to awaken the nurſe, who was ſweetly ſnoring in the eaſy chair.

This uprorious din was ſoon explained by the entrance of Mr. Myope and Mr. Glib, accompanied by Bridgetina, and followed by the miſtreſs of the houſe, who expoſtulated with great emphaſis upon the impropriety of ſo many people going all together into the ſick chamber, when both the old Doctor and the young one had particularly deſired her to ſee that no more than one at a time was permitted to enter it. "But I am ſure, ſir," ſaid ſhe, haſtily withdrawing the curtains, and elevating her voice to a ſtill higher key, "I am ſure you muſt do me the juſtice to free me from any blame, if ſo be, as how, that the noiſe do you any harm. I am ſure I did all I could

could to hinder it; and ſo I hope you will tell the young Doctor, for to be ſure he is ſo civil, one would not diſoblige un for the world."

While the landlady attacked the ears of Vallaton from one ſide of the bed, Citizen Glib aſſailed him from the other. 'Sad miſhap, Citizen Vall! haſt got a curſed tumble, broke half a dozen bones, eh? Vile things them gigs, but never mind: no gigs among the Hottentots. No break-neck curricles in the Gonoquais horde. Every one truſts to his own legs. That's it! The Hottentots are the only true philoſophers after all.'

"But how did the accident happen?" ſaid Mr. Myope, addreſſing him from the foot of the bed.

'What motive,' ſaid Bridgetina, (who had now taken the place of the landlady at the right ſide) 'What motive could induce the horſe to act in ſuch a reprehenſible manner?'

In

In this tumult of tongues, it was ſome time before Mr. Vallaton, who was ſomewhat weakened by a ſlight degree of fever, could exert his voice ſufficiently to be heard. He at length proceeded to anſwer the interrogatories of his friends, by giving an account of the manner in which the accident happened, laying the blame of the whole cataſtrophe entirely upon the poor horſe.

In this it however appears, that Mr. Vallaton did the noble animal great injuſtice. To clear the character of this deſerving creature, and to wipe away thoſe aſperſions ſo unjuſtly caſt upon his reputation, we ſhall proceed to throw ſuch light upon the ſubject, as may, perhaps, ſerve to ſhew him more deſerving of pity than of cenſure.

Be it then known to the reader, that the groom, who received the General's orders for putting up the carriage, had been brought up in a ſtrict obſervance of the rules

rules of military diſcipline: thoſe rules which, according to the opinion of the celebrated monarch to whom mankind are indebted for the greateſt improvements *en l'art militaire*, may in time, if properly practiſed, bring a large part of the human race into the deſirable ſtate of automatons. This well-trained groom no ſooner received the orders of his maſter, than he gave a prompt obedience to his commands; but as theſe commands only extended to putting up the chaiſe, and as taking off the harneſs, rubbing down the horſe, and giving him either food or water, made no part of his orders, he very properly ſtopped ſhort at the point of literal obedience, and preſumed not to harbour a ſingle thought of the conſequences.

However agreeable the conduct of the groom might have been to ſome veteran theoriſts, the poor horſe did not much reliſh the effects of this perfection of diſcipline. He felt encumbered with the weight of his

his harneſs, and was ſoon tired of champing the bit of his bridle, which he would willingly have exchanged for a mouthful of hay, or a few oats. But in vain did he utter his complaints, in vain did he neigh to every paſſing footſtep; he was unheard, or at leaſt unheeded, by any ſervant in the family. The domeſtics of General Villers were indeed all inſpired with ſuch lofty ſentiments, as to conceive no ſmall contempt for ſuch of their maſter's viſitors as came unaccompanied by a train of laequeys; how then could they be expected to pay any regard to an animal that meanly condeſcended to draw an unattended gig?

Notwithſtanding the honour of having paſſed the day in a ſtable which coſt ſome thouſand pounds in the erection, the parſon's horſe was extremely happy when he found himſelf on the way to his own comfortable home. He went on with eagerneſs; but alas! his ſtrength did not ſecond his inclination. Though a horſe eccleſi-

aſtic, he had not been accuſtomed to keep Lent; and faſting agreed ſo ill with his conſtitution, that it occaſioned a weakneſs which made him altogether incapable of recovering the fatal trip which was productive of ſuch deplorable conſequences.

From a deſcription of the accident, Mr. Vallaton was led to mention the pain he had ſuſtained by the broken arm, the diſlocated ſhoulder, and the bruiſes which he felt all over his body.

"I cannot but congratulate you," ſaid Bridgetina, "on the glorious opportunity you now enjoy of proving the omnipotence of mind over matter. What is pain to thoſe who reſolve not to feel it? Phyſical cauſes ſink into nothing, when compared with thoſe that are moral. Happy had it been for the world, if not only your arm, but every bone in your body had been broken, ſo that it had been the means of furniſhing mankind with a proof of the perfectibility of philoſophical energy!"

Nothing

'Nothing can be more truly philoſophical than the obſervation of Citizeneſs Botherim,' ſaid Mr. Myope; 'and I make no doubt, from the known powers of my friend Vallaton, that if every bone in his body had been broken, he would have effected a re-union of the parts by his own exertion. As for pain, it is a mere vulgar prejudice; a weakneſs which will vaniſh before the light of philoſophy, and, in a more advanced ſtate of ſociety, be utterly unknown.'

"It moſt unfortunately happens, though, (replied Vallaton, writhing in great agony from an attempt to move) it unfortunately happens, that one's energies are apt to deſert one, at the very time they are moſt wanted. I think I have ſeen you make wry faces at the rheumatiſm before now; but no rheumatiſm in the world ever occaſioned half the pain I feel."

'I grant you,' returned Myope, 'that even a philoſopher may ſometimes be taken by

by ſurpriſe. Beſides, in a corrupt ſtate of ſociety, where many people believe in a God, the exiſtence of laws and government generates weakneſs, which no one can entirely eſcape; the energies cannot arrive at that ſtate of perfection to which they will be found to approximate, as ſoon as theſe exiſting cauſes of depravity have been entirely removed.'

"All removed among the Hottentots!" cried Glib. "No obſtacles to perfectibility among the Gonoquais. No prieſts! No phyſicians! All exert their energies.—Broken bones healed in a twinkling."

Here Mr. Glib was interrupted by a loud groan from Vallaton, whoſe pillow the energetic citizen had, in the vehemence of his action, drawn from under the lame ſhoulder; which, in ſpite of the mind's omnipotence, reſented the loſs of its ſupporter in a manner that made the tears find their way into the ſufferer's eyes. Mr. Myope no ſooner obſerved the misfortune,

than

than he good-naturedly went round to remedy it, by adjuſting the pillow; in which charitable office he was employed, when Henry Sydney, who was with his ſiſter on the way to Julia's apartment, hearing the groans of Vallaton, haſtily entered the room, to enquire the cauſe. Having received information on that head, he began to make other enquiries, which he concluded by aſking the patient whether he had had any ſleep?

To this Vallaton replied, that "he had been prevented by pain from cloſing his eyes all the night and morning; but that he had juſt fallen into a very profound ſlumber a little before the arrival of his friends."

'Charming proof of perfectibility!' ſaid Bridgetina. 'I ſincerely congratulate you on being able for ſo long a time to ward off the great foe of human genius, the degrader of the nobleſt faculties of the mind! How fortunate it was that we ſhould arrive in time to ſave you from falling

falling into that torpid and inſenſible ſtate, from which it will be the glory of philoſophy to free the human race!'

"I hope philoſophy will pardon me," ſaid Henry, "if I take the liberty of declaring, that a good ſound ſleep will be very ſerviceable in the preſent inſtance; and that I muſt therefore intreat, the gentleman may be left at liberty to enjoy it."

'To one who has not accurately inveſtigated the powers of the mind,' ſaid Mr. Myope, 'ſleep may doubtleſs appear uſeful, nay, in ſome degree neceſſary; but to thoſe who have carried their enquiries further, it is evident that mind, being omnipotent over matter, may exert that omnipotence over every part of the animal œconomy; and that not only ſleep, but death itſelf, may yield to its control.'

"If the inveſtigators of mind took the trouble to extend their inveſtigations to the nature of organized bodies," replied Henry,

Henry, "they would probably arrive at very different concluſions."

'What a lamentable thing it is,' ſaid Bridgetina, that a mind like Dr. Sydney's ſhould be thus warped by prejudice! Yes, my amiable friend, you are poſſeſſed of powers which might generate happineſs to the human race; and it can only be attributed to the preſent unjuſt and odious conſtitutions of ſociety, that theſe powers are, by the prevalence of vulgar errors, obſtructed in their progreſs to perfection. Miſerable prejudice! which ſhuts its eyes againſt the truth; which liſtens to arguments that would impreſs conviction upon every impartial hearer, and is aſtoniſhed at their futility! To any unprejudiced underſtanding, would not the circumſtance of Mr. Vallaton's having wanted ſleep for a period of more than forty hours inconteſtibly prove the poſſibility of living without it altogether? Would not any impartial perſon be at once convinced, that if, by the

the exertions of his mind, he could ward off the ſluggiſh foe to mental energy for ſuch a length of time, he might, by a continuation of the ſame exertion, ward it off for ever? And yet ſuch are the deplorable prejudices of the greater part of mankind, that the very length of time he has been kept awake, would to them appear an argument in favour of the neceſſity of his now indulging in repoſe.'

"The ſtatement of Citizeneſs Botherim is equally judicious and profound," ſaid Mr. Myope. "But though it be impoſſible to ſet any bounds to the operations of mind, it is not in the preſent miſerable ſtate of ſociety, that her operations can be expected to arrive at ſuch perfection. Vulgar prejudices are in their nature ſo obſtinate, that it is poſſible ſome ages may elapſe, before ſleep will be conſidered as altogether unneceſſary. And therefore, as every wiſe man would with the progreſs of improvement to be gradual and moderate, it may

be

be more adviſeable not to urge the citizen to a further exertion of his energies in refraining from ſleep entirely. It is ſufficient that he has already given a proof of what may be done; and I hope that by exerting his powers towards knitting the broken bones, he will ſoon give a ſtill more illuſtrious evidence of the omnipotence of mind."

'Aye,' ſaid Glib, 'that's it; energies are the only true doctors. Energies do all. Energies cheat the undertaker, and make a man live for ever. Never mind broken bones. All trifles to philoſophers.'

The philoſophy of Mr. Vallaton was put to a ſevere trial by the length of this converſation, which was at laſt happily concluded at the earneſt requeſt of Henry, whoſe prejudices were very ſtrong in favour of the patient's obtaining a little repoſe.

Henry now proceeded to enquire for Julia, and was followed by Bridgetina into the parlour, where Harriet Orwell waited to receive them. She had left Maria with the

the fair ſufferer, into whoſe room Henry was introduced. He found her ſo low and feveriſh, that he requeſted Miſs Botherim to poſtpone her intended viſit to ſome other opportunity. Bridgetina then enquired, whether he would not walk home with her?

"He was extremely ſorry that it would not be in his power, as he waited for Mr. Gubbles, and ſhould not depart till he ſaw how Miſs Delmond was after the ligature had been relieved."

'Did not Miſs Orwell and Miſs Sydney go home that night?'

"No: Maria intended ſitting up with Miſs Delmond, and Harriet was to ſleep in a ſettee-bed, which had been put up for her in the parlour."

Bridgetina, to whom the idea of a moonlight walk with Henry was very charming, expreſſed her deſire to wait for him in terms that ought to have been ſufficiently flattering; but unfortunately Henry either wanted ſenſe to take her hints, or gallantry

to

to avail himſelf of them. He cruelly urged her departure with the philoſophers, on pretence of the appearance of rain; and as Miſs Orwell did not invite her to ſtay, ſhe found herſelf obliged to comply with his entreaty, with which, as his regard for her health was the oſtenſible motive, ſhe could not be diſpleaſed.

Myope and Glib had already advanced ſome paces on the road, and Bridgetina was too well pleaſed with the opportunity of enjoying her meditations upon the conduct of Henry, to be very anxious to overtake them.

'Yes,' ſaid ſhe, aloud, 'it is evident he loves. Whence, but from that tranſporting ſource, could the ſolicitude he evinced for my health be poſſibly derived? How anxious did he ſeem for my departure! How did his fine eyes ſparkle with pleaſure, when he ſaw me about to comply with his requeſt! How eager was his ſolicitude! How tender his regard for my ſafety! How

did

did he watch the clouds, as if apprehenſive of their injuring the object of his wiſhes! This tide of tenderneſs enchants my very ſoul! It tingles through my veins, and wraps my ſenſes in delirium! And ſhall I not indulge the ſweet ſentiments of nature that now inſpire my breaſt? Shall a falſe regard for the debaſing and immoral inſtitutions of a corrupt ſociety deter me from making a ſuitable return to his enchanting tenderneſs? No: forbid it, Philoſophy! forbid it, Love! From this moment—'

Here the ſoliloquy of Bridgetina was unfortunately interrupted; and never did the ſoliloquy of a love-ſick maiden receive interruption from a more undignified ſource. While pouring out the effuſions of her tender heart in the middle of the highway, ſhe was too much occupied by her *feelings* to obſerve the approach of a drove of pigs, which at length advanced upon her ſo faſt as to prevent the poſſibility of retreat. She was ſurrounded on all

ſides

ſides in a moment. The obſtreperous and unmanageable animals, not contented with terrifying her by their ſnorting and grunting, (a ſpecies of muſic very little in unifon with the tender feelings) puſhed her about from ſide to ſide in a moſt ungentle manner. She however contrived for ſome time to keep her ground, calling out to the pig-drivers for aſſiſtance. Alas! the pig-drivers were no leſs deaf to her ſupplications than were the pigs they drove. Both ſeemed wickedly to enjoy her diſtreſs; nor was the grunting of the one ſpecies of brutes more unpleaſant to her ears, than the loud laugh which was ſet up by the other. At length a violent puſh from a huge untoward beaſt laid her proſtrate on the ground, and completed the climax of her misfortune.

The pig-drivers now came to her relief, and quickly raiſed her from the ground. She had happily received no bodily injury from her fall, but was not a little mentally hurt by the grin which was viſible in the countenance

countenance of her deliverers. 'Are ye not aſhamed,' cried ſhe, with great warmth, 'to rejoice in an accident which has befallen a fellow-mortal by your negligence? Miſerable and unhappy wretches! ye have indeed the ſhape of men, but ye want all the more noble diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of the ſpecies. As far as relates to any intellectual improvement, ye might as well have been born in Otaheite.'

The anſwer of the pig-drivers would have impelled Bridgetina to an immediate retreat, but that one of the men had ſtill hold of an umbrella which ſhe had dropped in her fall, and with which he refuſed to part without ſome compenſation.

"Make her gi' ye a buſs for it," ſaid one of the fellows, laughing.

'An't were a pretty laſs,' ſaid the other, 'that a would; but a buſs from ſuch a little, ugly, ricketty witch, a'nt worth taking.'

Not all the philoſophy of Bridgetina could ſupport her any longer. Indignantly turning

turning from the unenlightened ruſtic, ſhe burſt into tears, nor could ſhe repreſs her ſobs on the appearance of Mr. Myope and Mr. Glib, who had returned in ſearch of her, and came up while ſhe was ſtill in conference with the pig-drivers, of whoſe behaviour ſhe immediately began bitterly to complain.

"It was ſurely very rude to drive your pigs upon a lady," ſaid Mr. Myope to the men.

'Did ſhe not ſee un?' returned one of the fellows. 'The pigs were goying peaceably along the way, when ſhe run her noſe into the very midſt o'em. Gin a had been as blind as a buzzard, a might ha' heard un ſqueak.'

Mr. Myope, perceiving how little was to be gained by expoſtulation, gave the fellow a ſix-pence for the umbrella, and taking Bridgetina under his protection, conducted her in ſafety to her mother's door.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

" With ſenſe refin'd,
" Learning digeſted well, exalted faith,
" Unſtudy'd wit, and humour ever gay."

THOMSON.

IN the courſe of the enſuing fortnight, Bridgetina had the happineſs of enjoying frequent opportunities of meeting with the object of her tender hopes. For theſe opportunities ſhe ſo indefatigably watched, that not one viſit did Henry pay to the invalids at the farm, without his having the pleaſure of being either accompanied, or followed, or met on his return, by the love-inſpired maiden; who took ſo little pains to conceal her paſſion, that he muſt have been very ſtupid indeed, if he remained ignorant of her partiality.

For

For all the multiplied proofs of tenderneſs which he every day received, we are ſorry to confeſs that Henry was exceedingly ungrateful. So little did he know how to eſtimate the value of the metaphyſical harangues with which Bridgetina always came prepared, that though previous to her entrance he had been only chatting on indifferent topics with Harriet Orwell, he ſeemed to regard her appearance as a very undeſirable interruption.

Happily for Bridgetina, her perceptions were not very acute! Having determined in her own mind that Henry ſhould be her lover, ſhe interpreted every part of his conduct in her own favour; and perſiſted in believing, that notwithſtanding his ſaying ſo little in favour of the new philoſophy, its profound principles had made a ſufficient impreſſion upon his mind, which he was only deterred from acknowledging by the circumſtances of his preſent ſituation: could that ſituation be fortunately changed, ſhe

had no doubt that he would gladly throw off the yoke of prejudice, and would in the philoſophical galaxy become a ſtar of the firſt magnitude. For this emancipation, the intended expedition to the coaſt of Africa would furniſh him with a moſt favourable opportunity, which he would doubtleſs be happy to embrace. No longer bound in the adamantine chain with which the opinion of ſociety cruelly fetters its unhappy ſlaves, his mind would then expand in all the energy of affection, and give a looſe to the ſoul-touching tenderneſs of love.

She had not as yet thought proper to drop any hint of the propoſed emigration; but by extravagant encomiums on the Hottentots, ſhe aſſiduouſly prepared the way; and having prevailed on Henry to peruſe the travels of Vaillant, ſhe conſidered his praiſes of the work as a ſufficient teſtimony of the impreſſion it had made upon his mind.

The great plan, whoſe extenſive conſequences embraced no leſs an object than

that

that of new modelling the human race, was now conſiderably advanced. Vallaton, who, after a few days confinement at the farm, returned to Mr. Glib's, entered into it with warmth. His ſuperior activity entitled him to take the lead, and after a faint refuſal, he was prevailed on to aſſume the conduct of the enterprize; to receive the money that ſhould be raiſed for carrying it into execution, and to manage this common fund for the general benefit.

Mr. Myope, in quality of ſecretary, wrote a circular letter to the enlightened, of which the following is a faithful copy:

"*To Citizen of*

"WHO is there deſerving of the title of philoſopher, that does not feel the aggravated evils which the preſent odious inſtitutions of ſociety impoſe on its wretched victim? Who is there among the enlightened, *the men without a God*, that does not wiſh to eſcape from this world of miſery, where

where the prejudices of mankind are ever preparing for him the bitter draught of obloquy and contempt? Are not all our energies waſted in the fruitleſs lamentation of irremediable evils; and our powers blunted, and rendered obtuſe, by the obſtacles which the unjuſt inſtitutions of ſociety throw in the way of perfectibility?

"Who is there among us, whom the unequal diſtribution of property does not fill with *envy, reſentment, and deſpair? Who is there among us, that cannot recollect the time when he ſecretly called in queſtion the arbitrary diviſion of property eſtabliſhed in ſociety, and felt inclined to appropriate to his own uſe many things, the poſſeſſion of which appeared to him deſirable?** And yet for theſe noble and natural ſentiments (when reduced to action) the unjuſt and arbitrary inſtitutions of ſociety have prepared priſons and fetters! The odious ſyſtem of coercion is exerted to impoſe the moſt injurious re-

* Pol. Juſt. vol. i. 4to edit. p. 89.

ſtraints

ſtraints on theſe ſalutary flights of genius; and property is thus hemmed in on every ſide.

" Nor is the endeavour to get rid of the encumbrances by which we are weighed down, leſs abortive, or attended with conſequences leſs deplorable.

" Has any of us, in the ferment of youthful paſſion, bound himſelf by marriage? In vain does he ſtruggle to throw off the yoke; he is bound by the chains of this abſurd and *immoral inſtitution*, and reſtrained from ſeeking in variety the renovating charm of novelty, that rich magazine from which the materials of knowledge are to be derived.

" Who would not gladly eſcape from this ſcene of miſery? Who would not rejoice to anticipate that reaſonable ſtate of ſociety, with all thoſe improvements which true philoſophy will, in the courſe of a few ages, generate throughout the world?

" Is he at a loſs where to fly? Does he fear that the debaſing reſtraint impoſed by religion,

religion, and laws, and notions of government, will meet him in every direction, and purſue him to the fartheſt corner of the world? Let him rejoice to learn, that there is yet a refuge for philoſophy; that there is now a region, where the whole of our glorious ſyſtem is practiſed in its full extent. In the interior parts of Africa an exalted race of mortals is diſcovered, who, ſo far from having their minds cramped in the fetters of ſuperſtition, and their energies reſtrained by the galling yoke of law, do not ſo much as believe in a Supreme Being, and have neither any code of laws, nor any form of government!

"Let us join this pure and enlightened race! Let us haſten to quit the *corrupt wilderneſs of ill-conſtituted ſociety, the rank and rotten ſoil from which every finer ſhrub draws poiſon as it grows.** Let us ſeek in the philoſophical ſociety of the Hottentots that happier field and purer air, where

* See Caleb Williams, talents

talents and ſentiments may *expand into virtue, and germinate into general uſefulneſs.*

" Does any female citizen groan under the ſlaviſh and unnatural yoke of parental authority, or wiſh to ſhake off the chains of the odious and immoral inſtitution, to which ſo much of the depravity of the world may be traced? Let her embrace the opportunity that is now offered to obtain the glorious boon of liberty: let her haſten to become a member of that ſociety, where her virtues will be duly honoured, and her energies expand in the wide field of univerſal utility.

" Is any philoſopher thoroughly convinced of the truth of theſe gloomy repreſentations of the preſent virtue-ſmothering ſtate of ſociety, which he has been at ſo much pains to propagate? In the boſom of the Gonoquais horde let him ſeek an aſylum from the oppreſſive hand of political inſtitution, and from all *obligations to the obſervance of that common honeſty which is a non-*

*a non-conductor to all the ſympathies of the human heart.**

" As in the dark and gloomy wilderdeſs which we at preſent ſo unfortunately inhabit, there is no poſſibility of moving without money, a ſum muſt of neceſſity be raiſed to freight a ſhip, and lay in requiſites for the voyage. Contributions for this purpoſe will be received by Citizen Vallaton, who has generouſly undertaken the conduct of the important enterprize. As it is probable that many philoſophers may not be provided with ſpecie, from ſuch as have it not in their power to contribute their quota in caſh, any ſort of goods will be received that can be converted into articles of general utility. As an example worthy of imitation, we here think it neceſſary to inform our fellow-citizens, that Citizen Glib has beſtowed the whole of his circulating library upon the ſociety. The ſuperfluous books, ſuch as hiſtory,

* See Godwin's Enquirer.

travels,

travels, natural philoſophy, and divinity, are to be ſold for the benefit of the fund. The novels and metaphyſical eſſays are reſerved for the inſtruction of the philoſophers.

" By order of the Hottentotian Committee, BEN. MYOPE, *Sec.*"

The recovery of Mr. Vallaton was ſufficiently rapid, but ſtill his mind ſuffered the moſt cruel apprehenſions on account of his lovely miſtreſs.

For the effects of the accident, he had now no reaſon to entertain any anxiety. He had received the pleaſing aſſurance that her recovery would be ſpeedy and complete. But as it was impoſſible for him to be admitted to an interview, he could not avoid ſome tormenting forebodings of the effect that ſo long a period of ſerious reflection might produce upon her mind. Her being conſtantly ſurrounded by the Orwells, he conſidered as a circumſtance extremely inauſpicious. Though perſonally

ally unacquainted with any of the family, he was no ſtranger to the character of all its members, and greatly dreaded the baneful effects of their prejudices upon the ſuſceptible heart of Julia.

The alarm of Mr. Vallaton was without foundation. Harriet Orwell had too much delicacy and good-ſenſe officiouſly to obtrude her opinions, even upon her moſt intimate friends. She evidently ſaw that Julia had imbibed ſome notions which ſhe conſidered erroneous; but ſo high an opinion did ſhe entertain of the ſtrength of her underſtanding, and the goodneſs of her heart, that ſhe had no doubt but that a little obſervation and reflection would render her fully ſenſible of theſe errors, and open her mind to the reception of truths ſo conſonant to the virtues of her diſpoſition.

Had Miſs Orwell been ever ſo much inclined to the converſion of Julia, ſhe would not have conſidered the ſeaſon of pain and languor as proper for the attempt.

She

She thought it more conducive to the recovery of her friend to amuſe than to perplex her; and by every engaging art endeavoured to raiſe her ſpirits, and to beguile the weary hours of confinement.

The mind of Julia, naturally grateful, tender, and affectionate, could not be inſenſible to the ſoothing attentions of the animated and ever-cheerful Harriet; but in vain did ſhe endeavour to aſſume the appearance of that cheerfulneſs and ſerenity, which her friend ſo aſſiduouſly laboured to inſpire. That ſhe had deſervedly forfeited the confidence of her father was ever preſent to her recollection, and brought with it a conſciouſneſs of degradation that oppreſſed her ſoul. Much did ſhe long to acquaint Harriet with all that had paſſed, and to aſk her advice concerning her future conduct; but the conſciouſneſs of having deſerved diſapprobation, and the dread of incurring contempt, deterred her from a confeſſion of her errors; while her

pride

pride revolted at the idea of acknowledging, that the boaſted principles of honour had not preſerved her from being guilty of the meanneſs of a falſhood.

Few days paſſed without a viſit from the worthy rector, at whoſe appearance the delight that ſparkled in the countenance of Harriet was ſufficiently expreſſive of her filial love, while her whole behaviour indicated confidence, reſpect, and gratitude. She never ſpoke of him without emotion, nor could Julia without emotion liſten to the effuſions of her filial tenderneſs. One day, when talking upon this ſubject, Harriet, in the fulneſs of her heart, exclaimed, "Surely no ſenſation is ſo ſweet as that a child enjoys from the fond affection of a worthy parent. How dreadful muſt it be to forfeit it! I do not think that any thing the world could offer, could recompenſe me for ſuffering one hour of my father's ſerious diſpleaſure."

'And did you never incur his diſpleaſure?' ſaid Julia. "If

" If ever I did, it was but for a moment," ſaid Harriet; " and ſo exactly was his diſpleaſure proportioned to the offence, that it only ſerved to encreaſe my reverence and gratitude."

' I ſhould not have been ſurpriſed at what you ſay,' replied Julia, ' if Doctor Orwell had been a neceſſarian; as no neceſſarian can, upon principle, ever be offended at any thing; but free-willers are generally paſſionate and vindictive.'

" I know nothing about theſe things," ſaid Harriet, " and never heard my father ſay whether he was an advocate for free-will or neceſſity; but this I know, that the rule he has laid down to himſelf for the government of his temper is an admirable one, and has effectually ſecured him from being guilty of the injuſtice of wrathful paſſion."

' And pray, my dear,' ſaid Julia, ' what may this rule be?'

" Never to be offended at any thing that is not in itſelf immoral, and conſequently

quently ſubject to the Divine diſpleaſure," rejoined Harriet. "What is no offence in the eye of GOD, is (he ſays) no ſubject for the ſharp rebuke of man."

'I muſt own,' replied Julia, 'the voice of anger could not often be heard in a family, where every offence was meaſured by ſuch a ſcale.'

"No," rejoined Harriet, "and we ſhould indeed be wretches, if we were not truly ſenſible of our happineſs."

'Well, but after all,' ſaid Julia, 'it is ſtill to your own goodneſs that you owe the forbearance of your father. Suppoſing that you were ever to have been guilty of aught that his prejudices taught him to conſider as offenſive in the eyes of this Supreme Being, who is with him the ideal ſtandard of perfection; that you had, for inſtance, (I only ſuppoſe it for the ſake of argument) been guilty of artifice or—or falſehood. Would he not, in ſuch a caſe, have been very inexorable?'

"Inexorable!

" Inexorable! my dear Julia; no, ſurely! If you conſider the ſpirit of the principle that inſpired him, you will be convinced that to be inexorable to the penitent was with him impoſſible. Conſidering the crime as an offence not againſt himſelf, but againſt God, could he refuſe to accept of that which would not be rejected by the Moſt High? Could he, who ſerved a Being whoſe firſt attributes are benevolence and mercy, be harſh or unforgiving to a penitent offender?"

'But why, I pray you, is this repentance to be a ſtipulated article in the treaty of forgiveneſs?' rejoined Julia.

" Becauſe," ſaid Harriet, " we are told, that without repentance there is no remiſſion of ſins; and without repentance there can ſurely be no hope of reformation. But here again my father looks to the example of his great Maſter; and by the mildneſs of entreaty, not the thunderings of indignation, calls ſinners to repentance.'

'Well,

'Well, you muſt pardon me, but I declare I think there is ſomething very mean in this ſlaviſh reference to the will of an unknown Being, of whoſe very exiſtence we can, after all, never be thoroughly certain. How much more noble to be guided ſolely by the ſuggeſtions of reaſon and virtue in our own breaſts!'

"Alas! my dear, we need not look into the page of hiſtory, we need not examine into the conduct of the world at large, but juſt only take an impartial view of what paſſes in our own breaſts, to be convinced of the neceſſity of a higher ſtandard of excellence, than can be found in human nature. The contemplation of the immutability of the ALL-PERFECT has a tendency to *fix* as well as to exalt our notions of virtue; while a conſciouſneſs of the infinite ſpace between us and this perfection annihilates the ſwellings of pride, and allays the ferment of imagination. Our reaſon, far from ſhining with unvaried luſtre,

luſtre, is perpetually liable to be obſcured by paſſion or prejudice; we cannot, therefore, always truſt to its deciſion; but when we are in the conſtant habit of referring our actions to the judgment of a Being whoſe moral attributes are unchangeable, the clouds of paſſion and prejudice are diſpelled, and reaſon again ſhines forth with ſteadineſs and vigour. Oh! that I could explain to you the feelings that ſuch contemplations have excited in my mind! feelings, which, inſtead of depreſſing, tend to expand and tranquillize the ſoul."

Julia ſmiled. 'Really, my dear, I did not think you had ſo much enthuſiaſm.'

"Call it not enthuſiaſm, my dear Julia; for beſides theſe feelings which may, perhaps, depend in ſome meaſure upon conſtitutional ſenſibility, a conſtant reference to the Divine will, and a habit of modelling to it our thoughts and actions, cannot fail of having the happieſt influence upon our conduct. Without having this Divine

ſtandard to refer to, how often ſhould we be expoſed by our paſſions to the moſt egregious miſtakes! Miſtakes, which pride would forbid us to acknowledge, and which, being unchecked by the believed preſence of our future Judge, we might hope by artifice to conceal, or by ingenuity to defend."

Julia ſighed. Her open and poliſhed forehead was ſuddenly contracted, as if by ſome quick ſenſation of violent pain.

" What is the matter, my dear? I fear you have raſhly moved your foot."

' I believe I have,' ſaid Julia, recovering herſelf; ' but the pain is over, and I beg you would proceed. You argue ſo well, that I ſhould like to hear you enter into a debate with ſome of my learned friends: upon the neceſſity of repentance, for inſtance. Ah, Harriet, you have no notion, how ſoon that ſweet eloquence of yours would be put to ſilence.'

" Very likely it might," rejoined Harriet. " If indeed I were bold enough to enter into

into a debate from the hope that my eloquence could poſſibly convince a perſon ſkilled in argument, I ſhould deſerve the mortification I ſhould probably meet with. But take notice, that my reaſons for declining the colloquial combat ariſe from a knowledge of the weakneſs of my weapons, not from any diſtruſt of the goodneſs of my cauſe."

'Well, but as your weapons are certainly at leaſt equal to mine, ſuppoſe I give you a challenge? Let us take the ground upon the wiſdom and efficacy of repentance. Which, dropping my gauntlet, I here aver to be the moſt miſtaken notion in the world; a mere prejudice, and a prejudice very inimical to the progreſs of virtue.'

"I accept your challenge, and only wiſh I had one of my father's wigs to equip me for the ſolemnities of the field: but here I take my ground, and prepare myſelf to receive your attack."

'*Allons!* then,' ſaid Julia, raiſing herſelf up in her bed, and gracefully flouriſhing

her fair hand; then extending it in the attitude of affirmation, ſhe thus proceeded: 'If we form a juſt and complete view of all the circumſtances in which a living or intelligent being is placed, we ſhall find that he could not, in any moment of his exiſtence, have acted otherwiſe than he has acted. In the life of every human being there is a chain of cauſes generated in that eternity which preceded his birth, and going on in regular ſucceſſion through the whole period of his exiſtence; in conſequence of which—'

"Hold, hold," cried Harriet, "I proclaim a parley, and here enter my proteſt againſt uſing any words but your own. Plagiariſm is an unlawful weapon in debate; and I never ſee it made uſe of, that I do not conſider it as a proof of conſcious weakneſs."

'Well, well, I ſhall, I make no doubt, be able to defend myſelf without its aſſiſtance. But there are ſome ſubjects on which one

can

can ſpeak ſo much better in the words of others than in one's own, that it is difficult to refrain from uſing them.'

" Depend upon it, my dear Julia, that theſe are ſubjects which the mind has never thoroughly maſtered. They will be found to have been driven into that little corner of the brain, which is ſaid to be the ſtore-houſe of memory, by the arch witch Imagination; and driven thither in ſuch confuſion too, in ſuch higgledy-piggledy order, that they have never paſſed under the cloſe examination of judgment; and pop, out they come again, juſt in the ſame manner that they got in. Oh! of all inſufferables, a pedant with a good memory is the moſt inſufferable?"

' But is not a good memory a great happineſs? Is it not the parent of knowledge, the indiſpenſible companion of ſcience, the friend of wit and genius?'

" It is all you ſay, my dear, and a thouſand times more than either you or I can

can ever ſay. The more excellent, the more capacious this grand repoſitory, the more wiſe, the more virtuous, (if filled with motives to virtue) muſt we of courſe be. But if of this noble ſtore-houſe Judgment do not keep the key; if ſhe do not arrange, and aſſimilate, and combine the materials that are placed in it; I think it is a great loſs to have it too tenacious."

'A loſs to have too good a memory! what a ſtrange paradox. I wonder what Miſs Botherim would ſay to you?'

"You may wonder what author ſhe would quote, if you pleaſe; for of herſelf, poor dear, ſhe could not ſay three ſentences upon any given ſubject. Do you not think now, Julia, it would be better for poor dear Miſs Botherim to have a memory rather leſs retentive, than to give you out, as ſhe does, ſpeech after ſpeech from the author ſhe has laſt read, without alteration or amendment, all *neat as imported*, as they ſay upon the ſign-poſts?"

'Indeed,

'Indeed, poor Miſs Botherim's quotations are, I confeſs, ſometimes tireſome enough,' returned Julia; 'and I believe, as you ſay, that the capacity to retain, without the power to digeſt and combine, is of very little real advantage. But I have often obſerved, that Miſs Botherim's power of retention is always confined to one ſide of the ſubject. While ſhe remembers with accuracy all ſhe herſelf has ſaid, ſhe forgets every word advanced by her opponent in the debate.'

"A proof of the truth of my father's obſervation," ſaid Harriet, "that we need only obſerve the ſort of memory a perſon poſſeſſes, to have a certain key to the character."

'How ſo? I do not perfectly comprehend you.'

"I ſhall quickly explain myſelf. Memory, though an original faculty, is capable of improvement. It will be ſtrong in proportion to the ſtrength of the impreſſion made

made upon it, and the impreſſion moſt frequently recurring will of courſe become the ſtrongeſt. Thus it happens, that trifling people are found only to remember trifles; that the vain and the ſelfiſh can ſo well recollect every minutiæ of every circumſtance in which they were themſelves particularly concerned; and that even among thoſe who pique themſelves on ſuperior taſte, ſo many are found capable of retaining the *exact words* of a well-founding author, while to the few is confined the more eſtimable power of impreſſing the *ſenſe* and *ſubſtance* in the mind."

'I believe there is much truth in what you ſay,' rejoined Julia; 'but pray what has all this to ſay to our argument upon the neceſſity of repentance?'

"A great deal," returned Miſs Orwell; "for memory is certainly a very neceſſary agent in preſenting to our view the works that occaſion it: and perhaps, my dear Julia, it is never better employed than in that

tracing the riſe and progreſs of our errors, in reminding us of how much we have come ſhort of propoſed excellence, how frequently led by the rapid violence of paſſion into ſelf-deception, and how arrogantly we have decided upon ſubjects that now appear to us in a very different light."

'All this,' replied Julia, 'I allow. But when we conſider that crime is nothing elſe than an error in judgment, a ſort of miſcalculation of conſequences, in ſhort, a mere miſtake, and that (as I ſaid before) every one is under the neceſſity of acting from the motive that is preſented to him; it follows of courſe, that feelings of repentance for actions which it was impoſſible to avoid, are extremely abſurd.'

"According to which doctrine, you would, I am to ſuppoſe, feel as much remorſe at having loſt a game at cheſs, as at having poiſoned your father! And experience the ſame degree of compunction at having made up a cap in a bad taſte, as at having

having deceived a friend, or betrayed the confidence of a parent. As I am not qualified to argue from books, I am under the neceſſity of appealing to your feelings. Conſult theſe, my dear Julia, and I am ſure they will declare themſelves of a different party from your favourite authors. I am much miſtaken, if they will not inform you that the pain, occaſioned by the conſciouſneſs of any departure from moral rectitude, is a ſenſation of a very different nature from that which is produced by mere error of judgment."

'And pray what would you infer from this?'

"I would infer, that if our feelings, upon any lapſe of moral rectitude, are different from thoſe which we experience on any mere miſtake of judgment in regard to other matters, they admoniſh us to a different ſort of repentance."

'I wiſh you to illuſtrate your meaning by an example, and ſhall put a caſe for your

your deciſion. Suppoſing, that in order to ward ſome dreaded evil, you had been induced to deceive your father by a falſehood, how would you act upon being made ſenſible of your error?'

"Act! ſurely upon ſuch an occaſion I could not heſitate a moment how to act; I ſhould inſtantly acknowledge it, ingenuouſly confeſs to him the whole truth, and think the mortification that muſt inevitably ariſe from this confeſſion, a juſt puniſhment for my offence. How, till I had undeceived him, could I look up to the Searcher of hearts? Every prayer I offered up to my God under ſuch circumſtances, I ſhould conſider as a ſolemn mockery, and unpardonable preſumption."

'I declare,' ſaid Julia, with a ſmile which ſeemed to diſown the heavy ſigh that had juſt burſt from her boſom, 'I declare,' ſaid ſhe, holding out her hand to Harriet, 'you are ſo charming an enthuſiaſt, that you could almoſt make one believe that

that ſaying one's prayers was no bad preſervative of virtue.'

The entrance of Mrs. Delmond put an end to the converſation; but the impreſſion it made upon the mind of Julia was not to be eaſily effaced. After a few ſtruggles with falſe ſhame and romantic tenderneſs, ſhe adopted the reſolution of throwing herſelf at her father's feet, as ſoon as ſhe ſhould be able to appear before him; and by a free and ingenuous acknowledgment of all that had paſſed between her and Vallaton, make an atonement for her paſt offence, and regain that confidence which ſhe was miſerable in having forfeited. No ſooner had this reſolution taken poſſeſſion of her mind, than ſhe found herſelf reſtored to tranquillity. Vivacity once more ſparkled in her eyes, and the elaſtic ſpirits of youth recovering their tone, bid defiance to the puny evil of confinement.

In order to relieve the anxiety of her father, ſhe had every morning, ſince the fatal

fatal accident, been enabled, by an ingenious contrivance of Harriet's, to pencil a little billet to her father, without pain or change of poſture. So precious was this billet to Capt. Delmond, and ſo anxiouſly did he watch for its arrival, that from early dawn his whole mind was occupied by an anticipation of its contents. If the meſſenger happened to be one minute beyond the uſual hour, he was filled with alarm; and if any conſiderable time elapſed, his agitation roſe to ſuch a height as to render him incapable of opening it for himſelf. When he ſaw the hand-writing of his darling Julia, when he read the aſſurance of her convaleſcence, his eyes filled with tears of paternal tenderneſs; and an involuntary ejaculation of thankfulneſs to the BEING whoſe power had preſerved his darling child, burſt from his lips. So entirely had the remembrance of her offences been obliterated by fears for her ſafety, that a thought of Vallaton ſeldom came acroſs his

his mind; and indeed ſo aſſiduouſly had he avoided the ungrateful ſubject, that it was almoſt forgotten, when a viſit from General Villers recalled it to his recollection.

The news of Julia's overturn was not long in finding its way to Caſtle-Villers. By the firſt accounts, both ſhe and her companion were killed upon the ſpot. By the ſecond, and it came from one who had his information from the beſt authority, it was announced to be only the horſe and Mr. Vallaton that had ſuffered immediate death: Julia ſtill ſurvived, tho' with very little hopes of recovery. The death of Vallaton was particularly regretted by this detailer of grievances, on account of his leaving a diſconſolate widow and five fatherleſs children, to deplore his untimely fate.

The General was no ſooner aſſured of Julia's being ſtill alive, than he ſent a meſſenger to Capt. Delmond's, who brought ſuch an anſwer to his inquiries, as very much relieved his mind, which had been ſeverely

ſhocked

ſhocked by the account of her misfortune. He from that time ſeldom omitted a daily enquiry at the farm, either perſonally or by meſſage, for the health of Julia and her fellow-ſufferer. Nor was he the only perſon at Caſtle-Villers that appeared to take an intereſt in her recovery.

The reader may recollect a Major Minden, who came with Miſs Mordaunt, and appeared to Julia to be introduced by that young lady as an accidental viſitor. This gentleman was in reality an old acquaintance of the General's, to whom he intended a viſit of ſome weeks; nor was he altogether unknown to the father of Julia. Juſt before Delmond left the regiment, in which he ſerved fourteen years as a lieutenant, Minden entered it a ſchool-boy enſign. After having attained the rank of Major by purchaſe through every ſtep, he took leave of the profeſſion of a ſoldier, and ſet out on a tour through France and Italy; from which he returned, after an abſence

of

of three years, with the double acquirements of a taſte for *vertû*, and an Italian miſtreſs. This woman, of low birth and vulgar education, had engrafted upon a temper, naturally proud, arrogant, and imperious, a degree of art and cunning, that ſo managed even the moſt repulſive qualities of her diſpoſition, as to render them conducive to her intereſt. Over the weaker mind of her paramour ſhe ſoon gained a complete aſcendancy. He ſubmitted to her caprice without reluctance, and bore all the violence of her temper with the moſt exemplary patience. Over himſelf, his ſervants, his houſe, and fortune, ſhe reigned with the moſt deſpotic authority; nor did time ſeem to bring any diminution to her power.

But alas! the vigilance of the moſt arbitrary government cannot always ward off the ſtroke of ruin; nor the completeſt deſpotiſm be proof againſt the mutability of all ſublunary things. The poor Signora,

"Juſt

" Juſt when ſhe thought, good eaſy ſoul, full ſurely,
" Her greatneſs was a ripening,"

received a formal notice of her depoſition, with an order for her immediate departure from Minden-Place to a houſe which was taken for her by the friend to whom the Major had committed the management of this domeſtic revolution, and from whom ſhe was informed a yearly ſtipend would hereafter be received.

After a noble but ineffectual ſtruggle, for maintaining the poſſeſſion of her poſt, ſhe was obliged to retire on capitulation. The throne of the Major's heart having thus become vacant, he had determined to look out for a candidate worthy of filling the important ſituation in the quality of wife. He had not yet had time to make his election, when the ſight of Julia fixed his reſolution, which the reſult of every enquiry concerning her tended to confirm.

The love of Major Minden was not of that boyiſh ſort which timid delicacy en-

deavours to conceal; he ſoon informed the General of the honour he intended to do Miſs Delmond, and in order to ſhew a proper reſpect for his future father-in-law, he propoſed a viſit to Capt. Delmond, to whom it was agreed the General ſhould mention the intended overtures of his friend.

Captain Delmond was rejoicing over a pleaſing billet from Julia, which ſeemed written in unuſual ſpirits, when General Villers and Major Minden arrived at his houſe. He was ſtill in his bed-chamber, which he had often kept for whole days ſince the abſence of his daughter, but gave immediate orders for having his chair wheeled into the adjoining room, into which the gentlemen had been ſhewn.

There was ſomewhat in the air and figure of Captain Delmond ſo indicative of *the gentleman*, that not all the diſadvantages of ſickneſs and infirmity could obliterate its traces. By the juſt proportions of the time-ruined pillar, an idea may be formed of

of the grandeur of the ſtructure which it once adorned. Politeneſs and cordiality marked his manner of receiving his gueſts. With heart-felt ſatisfaction did he liſten to their praiſes of his daughter; and while in anſwer to their enquiries he informed them, that in the courſe of ten or twelve days ſhe would, it was expected, be able to come home, his once-brilliant eyes ſparkled with delight.

General Villers inquired for the gentleman who had accompanied Miſs Delmond.

The Captain felt a ſudden repulſion of his blood at the unwelcome queſtion, but poſſeſſed ſufficient command over his feelings to anſwer in an eaſy way, that he heard he was nearly well.

"I am heartily glad of it," replied the General, "for the ſake of his poor wife and family, who muſt have ſuffered much anxiety on his account."

Never did intelligence reach the ears of Captain Delmond, that was half ſo welcome

come as this firſt account of the wife and family of Vallaton. It annihilated every ſuſpicion that had preyed upon his heart; and by giving him the delightful aſſurance of Julia's being innocent of all clandeſtine intention, reſtored his confidence in her unſullied integrity and truth.

After a ſhort converſation on indifferent topics, Major Minden, on pretence of calling at the poſt-office, took leave, and left the General to open the preliminaries of the propoſed negociation.

Captain Delmond received the notification of the honour that was intended his family with politeneſs, not devoid of dignity. "The eſteem of General Villers," he ſaid, "was a ſufficient recommendation to his favour; but however agreeable the connection might be to him, and however advantageous in reſpect to fortune it certainly was to his daughter, he muſt refer the Major entirely to her deciſion. It was

an

an affair in which he might adviſe, but never would dictate."

The General coldly applauded the ſentiments of Captain Delmond, but added, 'that he ſuppoſed there was very little reaſon to apprehend that Miſs Delmond could be ſo blind to her own intereſt, as to decline the offer of ſo ſplendid an eſtabliſhment.' After a few eulogiums on his friend, and having obtained permiſſion for his viſits, the General took leave, and left the anxious father not a little agitated by the ſubject of his converſation.

However firmly reſolved that no conſideration of *ſelf* ſhould interpoſe to prevent the eſtabliſhment of his daughter, the idea of loſing her ſociety for ever overwhelmed his ſoul with involuntary ſadneſs, nor was all his fortitude ſufficient to ſupport his ſpirits in the contemplation of the event. "But for what do I live?" ſaid he, after ſome moments of bitterneſs, "for whom do I exiſt, but for this darling child? Is

not

not her happineſs far dearer to me than my own? Oh, yes! Let my Julia be but happy, and however forlorn I ſhall be when ſhe is from me, the certainty of her happineſs will ſtill afford a cordial to her father's heart."

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

"Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong."

Pope.

ON the evening of the ſame day in which Capt. Delmond had received General Villers, Henry Sydney paid a viſit to his fair patient at the farm. He had brought in his pocket a new publication, which, at the deſire of Julia and her lovely nurſe, he read aloud, giving by his remarks an additional ſpirit to the wit and humour of the author. He had been about half an hour thus employed, when caſting a glance out of the window, he burſt into a fretful exclamation, "Heavens! here is our evil genius coming to torment us in the ſhape of Miſs Botherim. I wiſh

I wiſh to goodneſs that poor woman had any thing to do at home."

'She is very kind,' ſaid Harriet; 'but I do not know how it is, her viſits are always, I think, *mal-apropos*.'

"To be interrupted in the middle of ſuch an intereſting ſtory is very provoking," ſaid Julia; "but we will make her hear it out."

Miſs Botherim entered with an air of even more than uſual ſolemnity. 'I am come,' ſaid ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to Harriet, 'to announce the neceſſity of your immediate return to your father's houſe: here is a note which will explain the cauſe.'

Harriet ſnatched the billet, which contained an account of her aunt's having been ſuddenly taken ill, for which reaſon ſhe was deſired to leave every thing to the care of Miſs Botherim, (who had offered to ſupply her place with Julia) and to come directly home. Harriet, whoſe aunt had been to her as a mother, and who loved her with the

the ſincereſt affection, was equally ſhocked and afflicted by this intelligence; ſhe loſt not a moment in obeying the ſummons, but in the midſt of her grief and agitation preſerved a ſufficient preſence of mind to give Miſs Botherim every neceſſary inſtruction reſpecting her charge, and then affectionately embracing Julia, ſhe hurried away.

When Bridgetina obſerved Henry preparing to accompany her, 'There is no neceſſity for your going ſo ſoon, Doctor,' ſaid ſhe, making a motion for him to ſit down; 'as you could not be found in time, Dr. Orwell ſent for Mr. Gubbles, ſo that you need not hurry yourſelf; Miſs Orwell, I dare ſay, can walk very well alone.'

Henry coldly declined her invitation, and in ſpite of her remonſtrances he went with Harriet, who, indeed, ſtood very much in need of ſupport and conſolation.

In anſwer to the enquiries of Julia, Bridgetina informed her that ſhe had received the information of Mrs. Martha Goodwin's

Goodwin's illneſs, by happening to be with Maria Sydney when her brother was ſent for; that ſhe had inſtantly gone to the parſonage to ſee if they had found him, and had offered to take the note for Harriet, and inform Captain and Mrs. Delmond that ſhe would do herſelf the pleaſure of remaining with Julia during the remainder of her confinement.

Julia returned Bridgetina the warmeſt acknowledgments for her goodneſs; nor did it once occur to her, that the hope of a more frequent opportunity of enjoying the company of Henry Sydney was the inſpiring motive that lurked at the bottom of Bridgetina's heart. Fearful of introducing a ſubject on which ſhe found it dangerous to dwell, ſhe did not once enquire for Vallaton, though Bridgetina had never yet paid her a viſit without being freighted with ſome tender meſſage from that gentleman; who, not being yet able to write, had no other method of conveying his

his ſentiments, than through the medium of their mutual friend. Theſe melting remembrances of his affection never failed to raiſe a ſoft commotion in the breaſt of Julia, where the idea of the ſufferings of her lover occupied every thought, till ſome kind and tender billet from her father, or ſome freſh inſtance of his anxious ſolicitude concerning her, turned the current of her feelings. and gave her heart to filial duty and affection.

Bridgetina, perceiving the book which Henry had left upon the table, took it up, and eagerly began to run over the contents; which ſhe continued to do in ſilence, notwithſtanding the entreaties of Julia, which ſhe ſilenced by declaring, 'that ſhe never read aloud to any one.' After a few yawns, ſhe at length threw down the book, pronouncing it to be a very poor performance.

"You ſurpriſe me," ſaid Julia, "by ſaying ſo; it appeared to me to contain a great deal of genuine wit and humour."

'I do

'I do not care for wit and humour,' returned Bridgetina; 'they may ſerve to amuſe the vulgar, but you know they are quite exploded by the new philoſophy. The works of imagination which now enlighten the world, are all generated by ſyſtem. The energies of philoſophical authors are all expanded in gloomy maſſes of tenebrific ſhade. The inveſtigators of *mind* never condeſcend to make their readers laugh.'

"I cannot altogether agree with you," replied Julia. "The authors moſt remarkable for wit and humour appear to have had no ſlight knowledge of the human heart. Do you think that Cervantes, or Moliere, or Fielding, were ſtrangers to the ſtudy of the mind; or that they could poſſibly have delineated the minute features of the ſoul in the manner they have done, without an intimate acquaintance with its nature?"

'What is Cervantes, or Moliere, or Fielding,' replied Bridgetina, 'in the eye of

of a philoſopher? What did they know of infinite cauſation, or of perfectibility; or of effects being equal to their cauſes, and cauſes antecedent to their effects? The wit of ſuch men may amuſe the vulgar, but is deſpiſed by the enlightened.'

"It is a ſubject on which people will pronounce according to their taſtes," ſaid Julia. "My father lays it down as a maxim, that the total incapacity for reliſhing humour, is a ſure proof of mental imbecility."

'A ſentiment,' rejoined Bridgetina, 'very ſuitable to the ignorant prejudices of Captain Delmond, but highly unworthy of a philoſopher. I ſhould not have been ſurpriſed to have heard it repeated by Harriet Orwell; but for you, you who have ſpent whole days, and weeks, and months, in ſtudying the writings of the new philoſophers, ſtill to preſerve a taſte for wit! It is truly aſtoniſhing! I perceive the ſociety of Harriet Orwell has perverted your mind.'

"Indeed,"

"Indeed," ſaid Julia, "the ſociety of Miſs Orwell has been a very great happineſs to me. She gives me new cauſe to love and to eſteem her every hour. Never can I be forgetful of her goodneſs."

'Goodneſs!' repeated Bridgetina, with a ſneer; 'from whence proceeds this boaſted goodneſs? Does it flow from a conviction of general utility, purſued through the maze of abſtract reaſoning? If it does not, what, I pray you, is its value?'

"I confeſs," replied Julia, "I never heard Miſs Orwell define the abſtract nature of virtue; ſhe rather appears to practiſe it from the ſpontaneous impulſe of her heart. But though ſhe may not be ſo enlightened by philoſophy as we could wiſh, ſhe is extremely well informed on other ſubjects, and reads a great deal, I aſſure you."

'I ſhould not wiſh to be confined to books of her ſelecting,' replied Bridgetina; 'her taſte and mine would not at all ſuit. Give me the wild ecſtatic wanderings of imagination,

imagination, the ſolemn ſorrows of ſuffocating ſenſibility! Oh! how I doat on the gloomy ravings of deſpair, or delicious deſcription of the ſoul-melting ſenſations of fierce and ardent love! But, alas! Julia, you are a ſtranger to the energetic ecſtacies that pervade my ſoul. It is in a mind of great powers that ſtrong paſſions predominate; and only people ſuch as *I*, can taſte the tender emotions of an importunate ſenſibility. O Heloiſe! divine, incomparable Heloiſe! how, in peruſing thy enrapturing page, have all my latent energies been excited! O Henry Sydney, Henry Sydney, the St. Preux of my affections, how at the mention of thy name has a tide of ſweet ſenſations guſhed upon my heart!'

"Henry Sydney!" repeated Julia, "can you be ſerious? Is it poſſible that Henry Sydney can really have engaged your affections?"

'Poſſible!' ſaid Bridgetina, 'it is not only poſſible, but literally and demonſtrably true.

true. The hiſtory of my ſenſations are equally intereſting and inſtructive. You will there ſee, how ſenſation generates intereſt, intereſt generates paſſions, paſſions generate powers; and ſenſations, paſſions, powers, all working together, produce aſſociations, and habits, and ideas, and ſenſibilities. O Julia! Julia! what a heart-moving hiſtory is mine.'

It was almoſt impoſſible even for Julia to refrain from laughing at the figure of Bridgetina, as ſhe pronounced theſe words. Every feature ſcrewed into formality, and every diſtorted limb ſprawling in affected agitation, ſhe preſented ſuch an apparent antidote to the tender paſſion, that the mention of love from her lips had in it ſomething irreſiſtibly ridiculous. It was with ſome difficulty that Julia could ſufficiently command her voice to deſire her to proceed; which at length, after ſtretching her craggy neck, wiping the rheum from her eyes, and fixing them on the ſharp point of her turned-up-noſe, ſhe did as follows:

'The remoter cauſes of thoſe aſſociations which formed the texture of my character, might, I know, very probably be traced to ſome tranſaction in the ſeraglio of the Great Mogul, or to ſome ſpirited and noble enterpriſe of the Cham of Tartary; but as the inveſtigation would be tedious, and, for want of proper data, perhaps impracticable, I ſhall not go beyond my birth; but content myſelf with arranging under ſeven heads (I love to methodiſe) the ſeven generating cauſes of the energies which ſtamp my individuality; obſerving, that it is by a proper attention to theſe fine and evaneſcent ſtrokes, that the knowledge of *mind* is alone to be attained.

'The firſt of theſe character-forming æras was the hour of my birth. The midwife who was to attend my mother, happening to be a mile or two out of town, her delay ſuddenly excited an energetic impetuoſity which ſcorned to wait for her arrival, and generated a noble ſpirit of in-

dependence, which brought me into the world without assistance. About two hours after I was born, the germ of other passions was produced. The nurse, who from some early associations had acquired a habit of getting drunk, let me fall upon the floor. A torrent of resentment and indignation gushed upon my heart, and the bitter tears that followed were a certain indication of the important consequences which that accident was to have upon my future life.

'The third power-inspiring era is still more worthy of attention. It was, indeed, the fountain-head of all my feelings, the source of those sensibilities and propensities, which have been the springs of every action, the cause of every movement of my soul; it is therefore well worthy the attention of every philosophic mind, of every lover of minute investigation.

'Not to keep you in suspense, (a thing ill-suited to the energy of my character) I hasten to inform you, that my mother not being

being able to ſuckle me herſelf, a young woman was brought into the houſe to be my wet-nurſe, who ſome months before had borne a child to the pariſh-clerk. He kept a little day-ſchool in Muddy-lane; and Jenny, whoſe education had been neglected in her infancy, had reſorted to him to learn to read, and ſoon became ſo enamoured of literature, that from one of thoſe aſſociations ſo natural to the human mind, ſhe conceived a tender paſſion for her inſtructor. "Imagination lent its aid, and an importunate ſenſibility, panting for good unalloyed, completed the ſeduction."* With her milk I greedily abſorbed the delicious poiſon which circulated through every vein; and love of literature, and *importunate ſenſibility*, became from thenceforth the predominant features of my character.

* See Emma Courtnay, a philoſophical novel; to which Miſs Botherim ſeems indebted for ſome of her fineſt thoughts.

'Early

'Early did the fruits of the aſſociations thus formed expand to view; by the time I was four years old, I would have liſtened for hours to the ſtory of little Red Riding-hood; and on a particular inveſtigation of this important era, I have learned from an old domeſtic, that I could actually, at the age of five years, repeat the whole hiſtory of the Glaſs Slipper, without miſſing a ſingle word!

'Having been a remarkably unhealthy child, I was even at this age ſo weak and rickety as to be ſcarcely able to walk; but as *phyſical cauſes are as nothing*, I ſhould not have mentioned this circumſtance, but from the opportunity it afforded of expanding my powers in converſation. In my little chair I ſat, talked, muſed, cried, or fretted, according as events excited my ſenſibility. My father was ſo delighted with my premature eloquence, that he always kept me up to ſupper, and rewarded the exertion of my energies by a nice morſel of high-

ſeaſoned

ſeaſoned ragout or ſavoury paſty. During his life-time my mother almoſt lived in the kitchen. But though her powers were expended in the ſcience of cookery, ſhe ſeldom had the good fortune to pleaſe; and the idea of her character, which from my father's contemptuous expreſſions I obtained, as it became a new ſource of action, may properly be termed a fourth operating principle of my mind.

'My father died when I had attained my ninth year, and my weakly conſtitution deterring my mother from ſending me to ſchool, I learned to read at home; I did not like my needle, and my mother (happily for me!) never controlled the energies of my mind, or cramped its powers by a mean attention to domeſtic concerns. Thus at liberty, I quickly learned to reaſon, to analize, to demonſtrate; and loſt no opportunity of improving theſe powers. Did ſhe at any time deſire me to ring the bell, to ſtir the fire, to fetch her keys from the

next room, I had an ever-ready argument to offer againſt a compliance with her requeſt. I examined its propriety, I inveſtigated its origin, I purſued its conſequences; till convinced by the ſubtlety of my reaſoning, or fatigued with following me through a maze of argument, which her inferior capacity did not permit her to purſue, ſhe gave up the point, and quietly rang the bell, ſtirred the fire, or fetched what ſhe wanted for herſelf.

'The paſſion for literature to which I was pre-diſpoſed by the antecedent propenſities of my nurſe, continued daily to increaſe. I expanded my imagination by novels, I ſtrengthened my energies by romances, and at length invigorated my powers by metaphyſics.

'The manner in which my latent taſte for the latter was brought into action, as it forms the fifth grand era of my hiſtory, deſerves to be particularly narrated.—My mother got a packet of brown ſnuff from London

London by the mail-coach; it was wrapped in two proof-ſheets of the quarto edition of the Political Juſtice. I eagerly ſnatched up the paper, and notwithſtanding the frequent fits of ſneezing it occaſioned, from the quantity of ſnuff contained in every fold, I greedily devoured its contents. I read and ſneezed, and ſneezed and read, till the germ of philoſophy began to fructify my ſoul. From that moment I became a philoſopher, and need not inform you of the important conſequences.

'Still my ardent ſenſibility led me back to novels. As I read each ſweet, delicious tale, I reaſoned, I inveſtigated, I moralized. What!' ſaid I to myſelf, 'ſhall every heroine of all theſe numerous volumes have a lover, and ſhall *I* remain "a comfortleſs, ſolitary, ſhivering wanderer in the dreary wilderneſs of human ſociety? I feel in myſelf the capacity of increaſing the happineſs of an individual;" but where is he? does he live in this town? have I ſeen him?

him? how ſhall I find him? does his breaſt ſympathize with mine? An idea of young Mr. Gabriel Gubbles, the apothecary, came acroſs my mind. Yes, ſaid I, it muſt be he! I heaved a convulſive ſtruggling ſigh. Tears half delicious, half agonizing, guſhed in torrents from my eyes. O Gubbles! Gubbles!' cried I, 'my importunate ſenſibilities, my parting tenderneſs, are all ſerved for thee. I haſtily put on my cloak, and ſnatching up the umbrella, I walked forth to relieve the throbbing ſenſations of my too tender ſoul. A heavy cooling ſhower moſt opportunely at that moment fell. To quench the burning fervour I let down the umbrella, and was ſoon wet to the ſkin. I became ſomewhat more tranquil, more compoſed, and proceeded down the ſtreet. I paſſed the ſhop of Mr. Gubbles; young Gabriel was there; he was looking into the mouth of an old woman, who ſat upon the floor to have a tooth pulled out. The attitude was charming;

ing; the ſcene was intereſting; it was impreſſive, tender, melancholy, ſublime. My ſuffocating ſenſibilities returned. I purſued my walk, leaning at times upon the umbrella; careleſs of the obſervations of the paſſengers, who, ſtrangers to the fine feelings of an exquiſitely-ſuſceptible mind, wondered at my keeping down the umbrella in ſuch a heavy ſhower. Wet, dripping, draggled, dirty, I returned to the ſhop of Gubbles. The old woman was gone. Gabriel was pounding ſome drugs in the mortar, which ſent forth a ſmell too powerful for my high-wrought frenzied feelings. I threw myſelf into a chair, and burſt into tears. Gabriel Gubbles was aſtoniſhed. Alarmed, terrified, diſtracted, at ſeeing me ſo ill, he took down bottle after bottle, and held to my noſe; he poured out lavender and hartſhorn, and preſented them to me with a look ſo embarraſſed, ſo full of feeling, that I exerted myſelf out of compaſſion to a ſenſibility which I obſerved to be already too

too much affected. He perceived my wet clothes, and in a voice of uncommon tenderneſs, begged me to have them changed. Unwilling to give him uneaſineſs, I promiſed to do as he requeſted, and retired. The tenderneſs of Gubbles inſpired the moſt delightful hope. "The delicious poiſon circulated through every vein." I gave myſelf up to the ardent feelings of a morbid imagination, and thus prepared for myſelf a cruel exceſs of wretchedneſs. O Julia! Julia! how will your tender ſoul ſympathize with the ſufferings of mine, when I tell you, that in one week from the intereſting event I have juſt related, I heard of Gabriel Gubbles' marriage!'

Here Bridgetina took out her pocket-handkerchief. Having wiped her eyes, ſhe thus proceeded: "How ſhall I deſcribe my ſufferings? How ſhall I recount the the ſalt, the bitter tears I ſhed? I yearn to be uſeful, (cried I) but the inexpreſſible yearnings of a ſoul which pants for general utility,

utility, are, by the *odious inſtitutions of a diſtempered civilization*, rendered abortive. O divine philoſophy! by thy light I am taught to perceive that happineſs is the only true end of exiſtence. To be happy, it is neceſſary for me to love! Univerſal benevolence is an empty ſound. It is individuality that ſanctifies affection. But chained by the cruel fetters which unjuſt and deteſted cuſtom has forged for my miſerable and much-injured ſex, I am not at liberty to go about in ſearch of the individual whoſe mind would ſweetly mingle with mine. Barbarous fetters! cruel chains! odious ſtate of ſociety! Oh, that the age of reaſon were but come, when no ſoft-ſouled maiden ſhall ſigh in vain!

'In this joyleſs, comfortleſs, deſponding ſtate, I for ſome time remained. As I never at any time debaſed myſelf by houſehold cares, never attended to any ſort of work, I always enjoyed the ineſtimable privilege of leiſure. Always idle, always

always unemployed, the fermentation of my ideas received no interruption. They expanded, generated, increaſed. The ſociety of the philoſophers gave a freſh ſupply to the fuel of my mind. I became languid, reſtleſs, impatient, miſerable. But a mind of *great powers* cannot long remain in a ſtate of inactivity; its ſenſations are ever ready to be called forth. *The romantic, frenzied feelings of ſenſibility will ſoon generate an opportunity for their own exertion.*

" Happening to viſit Maria Sydney after the death of her mother, ſhe ſhewed me a letter ſhe had juſt received from Henry. The ſentiments were ſo tender, ſo delicate, ſo affectionate, I perceived in every word the traces of a mind formed for the pure delightful congeniality of mutual tenderneſs. A thouſand inſtances of his particular attention to me, the laſt time he was at home, ruſhed upon my mind. In going out to walk with his ſiſter thro' the fields, I remembered having once ſtuck upon the top of a ſtile, which

which I vainly endeavoured to get over, till Henry ſprung to my aſſiſtance, and with manly energetic fervour tore my petticoat from the ſtump in which it was entangled. Why did I not then perceive the tender emotion of his ſoul! why was I blind to ſuch a proof of ſenſibility and affection! The letter, the important eventful letter, rouſed me from my lethargic ſlumber; every word thrilled thro' the fibres of my heart. It awaked the ſleeping ecſtacies of my ſoul. I inhaled the balmy ſweetneſs which natural unſophiſticated affection ſheds through the human heart. O Henry! Henry! cried I, I perceive it is with thine my mind was formed to mingle. Thou art, from henceforth, the ſovereign arbiter of my fate!

'The hour, the wiſhed-for ecſtatic hour of his return at length arrived. Excited by his ſenſations, he hurried to our houſe the morning after his arrival; and in his looks, his manner, gave the moſt unequivocal proofs of the tender ſentiments that inſpired

inſpired his mind. But ſtill a myſterious reſerve ſeals his lips. Why does he not ſpeak? Why does he not avow a paſſion ſo ennobling, ſo worthy, ſo natural, and ah! ſo fully returned! Female foibles, ſhrinking delicacies, why do you make me heſitate to begin the ſubject? Why ſhould I bluſh to inform him of my affection? O dear, often-kiſſed relique! (pulling up ſomething that was ſuſpended by a ribbon from her boſom) precious depoſit! choſen confidante of my tenderneſs! how often haſt thou been witneſs to the convulſive ſtruggling ſigh! How often has thy bright face been dimmed by the dear, delicious, agonizing tears, which have ſtolen from my eyes!'

"Is it Henry's picture?" ſaid Julia. "How did you come by it? Did he preſent you with it himſelf?"

'Ah, no!' returned Bridgetina, ſighing; 'it is a ſtolen memento; a theft of love. One day, on following his ſiſter into his bed-chamber, while he was out, I caſt my

my eyes upon his clothes, as they hung upon a horſe, and perceiving a looſe button, which dangled from the coat he had juſt thrown off, I took my ſciſſars, and ſevered the thread by which it hung. I retired without being perceived, and preſſed the button to my throbbing boſom. O button! button! cried I, in the delicious ardour of exquiſite ſenſibility. Once the dear appendage of thy maſter's coat, thou ſhalt from henceforth be the companion of Bridgetina's boſom; the ſolace of her tender ſorrows, the confidante of her afflictions! Yes; without reſerve ſhe ſhall murmur all her miſeries to thee.'

Here Bridgetina ceaſed; and Julia (bewildered, as ſhe often was, by the illuſions of her own imagination) was ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at the effects of a ſimilar illuſion on the mind of her friend. With regard to Bridgetina, ſhe very quickly perceived the fatal conſequences of yielding to the ſuggeſtions of a diſtempered fancy.

She

She ſaw, that under the idea of cultivating *mind*, ſhe had only been encouraging the miſchievous chimeras of a teeming imagination; but never once did it occur to Julia, that ſhe was herſelf the victim of the very ſame ſpecies of folly. So much eaſier is it for the mind's eye to pierce the faults of others, than to caſt a retroſpective glance upon its own.

The good-natured Julia, pitying the deluſion of her companion, earneſtly wiſhed to ſave her from the mortification to which it muſt inevitably expoſe her. "My dear Bridgetina," ſaid ſhe, in a ſoft and gentle accent, "you have very much ſurpriſed me by the hiſtory of your feelings; but I wiſh—I fear—indeed, I cannot help being very much afraid—that with regard to Henry Sydney, you deceive yourſelf. If he loves you, why ſhould he not declare it?"

'*If* he loves me!' repeated Bridgetina. 'Why that cruel *if*? Why ſhould he not love me? What reaſon can he give? Do you

you think I have not inveſtigated the ſubject? Do you think I have not examined every reaſon, moral and phyſical, that he could have to offer againſt returning my paſſion? Do not think I have learnt to philoſophiſe for nothing. But I perceive you are prejudiced,' continued ſhe; 'you do not enter into the fine feelings of an exquiſite ſuſceptibility. O divine Eloiſa! (pulling two volumes from her pocket) thou art the friend, whoſe ſentiments are ever ſoothing to the ſenſibilities of a too tender ſoul!' So ſaying, ſhe put one volume into the hands of Julia, while ſhe began to devour the contents of the other herſelf.

Julia perceiving how impenetrable ſhe was to reaſon, took the book, and read till bed-time, without troubling her with any further remonſtrance.

At the hour of retiring to reſt, Julia firſt felt the misfortune of Harriet's abſence. The ſettee on which ſhe now reclined in

the day, was to be wheeled into the bed-chamber, and from thence ſhe was to be lifted into bed; in which ſhe had hitherto been ſo carefully aſſiſted by Harriet, that ſhe had never experienced the ſmalleſt inconvenience from the removal. Poor Bridgetina, unuſed even to aſſiſt herſelf, was too helpleſs to afford aſſiſtance to another; helpleſs and awkward ſhe ſtood by, while the nurſe and Julia's maid, a ſimple country girl, in ſo blundering a manner performed their taſk, that Julia was in ſome danger of ſlipping to the ground, and in attempting to aſſiſt herſelf, had the thumb of her right hand ſprained to ſuch a degree, that on the following morning ſhe found herſelf totally incapable of writing the uſual billet to her father. It was not without difficulty that ſhe prevailed on Miſs Botherim to become her amanuenſis. Nor was this the only inſtance in which Julia was made to *feel* the abſence of Miſs Orwell. She now learned by contraſt, how much

much ſhe had been indebted to the judicious management of that active and ingenious young friend. She now firſt felt the full value of that ſeries of ſmall, quiet attentions, which, from the unoſtentatious manner in which they had been performed, had paſſed almoſt unnoticed; and now firſt began to ſuſpect, that a well-informed mind, exerting its *powers* to promote the happineſs and comfort of thoſe within the reach of its exertions, might be little leſs uſefully employed than in forming ſpeculations upon *general utility*.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

" Bleſt are thoſe,
" Whoſe blood and judgment are ſo well commingl'd,
" That they are not as pipes for fortune's finger,
" To play what ſtop ſhe pleaſe."

IN anſwer to the billet written by Miſs Botherim, Julia received from her mother the following note:—

" My dear Julia,

" We are, you may believe, very much concerned at the unlucky accident which obliged you to make uſe of the pen of Miſs Botherim; but hope, as ſhe ſays it is only a very ſlight ſprain, that it will ſoon be well; and beg that you may, for all our ſakes, be ſure to take proper care of yourſelf. I am ſorry that my cold is ſtill too bad to permit me to ſee you to-day, as I have

have ſomething to communicate that particularly concerns you. It is the reſult of a converſation which General Villers had yeſterday with your father, but I have not now time to enter into particulars. I have ſent the things you mentioned, and with compliments to Miſs Botherim, remain your very affectionate mother,

"E. DELMOND.

"P. S. Your father has had a very good night, and deſires his bleſſing."

'Something to communicate that particularly concerns me,' repeated Julia, again examining the contents of the note, 'the reſult of a converſation which General Villers had with my father.' Ah! too well do I know what the ſubject of that converſation was; the intelligence of Lady Page, concerning the mean, degrading employment which ſhe believed to be the occupation of Mr. Vallaton, has doubtleſs been communicated to the General; and my father

father now believes me capable of carrying on a clandeſtine correſpondence with a hair-dreſſer! What will he think of his Julia? How will his lofty ſpirit be wounded at the ſurmiſe of her baſeneſs? Perhaps he at this moment loads my name with curſes, and execrates me as the means of caſting a foul blot upon his hitherto-unſtained honour. Never, never will he liſten to my explanation. Never will he be perſuaded that it was but an idle frolic of Vallaton's youth, or that the man who could ſtoop to ſuch employment had the ſoul of a gentleman. No, Vallaton! dear, excellent, unfortunate Vallaton! I muſt never ſee thee more. All hopes of reconciling my father to thy wiſhes are at an end. And muſt I indeed tear thy image from my heart? Muſt I never again have the pleaſure of liſtening to thy converſation, never more be inſtructed by thy philoſophy? O cruel, cruel fate! how flat and joyleſs will the heavy hours of exiſtence now drag on. How—

The

The mental ſoliloquy of Julia was here interrupted by the noiſe of ſteps in the paſſage. She liſtened: ſhe heard her name pronounced by a well-known voice. The door opened, and Vallaton himſelf appeared before her.

An involuntary emotion of pleaſure palpitated in the heart of Julia. In Vallaton's countenance ſhe beheld the rapturous expreſſion of unbounded joy. He knelt before her couch; he eagerly ſeized her extended hand, and preſſed it to his lips in the ſame manner in which Julia had ſo often ſeen deſcribed in her favourite romances.

"What an incident!" cried Bridgetina. "Ah! Julia, Julia! how happy are you in having ſuch a lover! He is indeed a hero!"

After the firſt extravagant expreſſions of his joy were exhauſted, Vallaton took a chair by Julia, and began to recount, in the moſt tender accents, the hiſtory of his own ſufferings; the agony of his apprehenſions for the life of his adored Julia;

the

the torture of ſuſpenſe; the pangs of abſence. But then to have again the ecſtatic felicity of beholding her, of ſeeing her ſo much recovered, of being once more permitted to converſe with her, to enjoy her converſation without fear of interruption! It was an exceſs of happineſs almoſt too exquiſite for the preſent imperfect ſtate of nature to ſupport.

"How divinely he ſpeaks!" cried Bridgetina.

Tears of mingled gratitude and tenderneſs ſuffuſed the eyes of Julia. How could ſhe have the cruelty to injure that happineſs, to deſtroy that ſweet and exquiſite taſte of joy? Impoſſible. 'Ah! no. Let him enjoy the ſweet deluſion of hope for this one ſhort viſit! Let me not ſo ſoon, ſo very ſoon, give him back to all the ſhocking agony of deſpair! Who knows how dreadful might be the conſequences!'

Thus reaſoned Julia; and convinced by her own reaſoning, that humanity and juſtice

juſtice demanded of her this conſideration, for the *feelings* of Vallaton, ſhe ſuffered not one word of her father, or the apprehenſion of his diſpleaſure, to eſcape her lips. She, however, *firmly* reſolved not to permit another viſit. This ſhe thought a proper ſacrifice to duty; but ſince it was to be the laſt time, why ſhould ſhe not aſk him to ſtay to tea? Vallaton did not require that the invitation ſhould be repeated.

At length, however, the hour of departure arrived.

Vallaton hoped he might be permitted the pleaſure of enquiring after her health to-morrow? The beſeeching look, the humble and ſubmiſſive air with which he ſpoke, penetrated the gentle heart of Julia. It was probable her mother might not come to-morrow, if ſhe did, it would be in the forenoon; why then might ſhe not ſee Vallaton in the evening? She might then have an opportunity of acquainting him with her *determined* reſolution of ſubmitting

ting to the will of her father. It was not only proper, it was abſolutely neceſſary, that ſhe ſhould ſee him for that purpoſe.

During the moment of heſitation, while theſe thoughts rapidly hurried through her mind, a ſoft and involuntary ſigh eſcaped from her boſom: with an expreſſion of tender melancholy ſhe raiſed her fine eyes to Vallaton, and in accents ſweeter than the ſummer's breeze, ſhe deſired he would come to tea to-morrow.

He was no ſooner gone, than Bridgetina launched out into the moſt extravagant encomiums on his perſon and manners, but above all on his *exquiſite ſenſibility*. 'Happy Julia! thou haſt *indeed* a lover! O Henry, Henry! when ſhall I ſee thee breathing the ſame tender accents at my feet? Wouldſt thou wer't endowed with the ſenſibility of Vallaton!'

When Bridgetina ſpoke of Henry, Julia perceived nothing in her diſcourſe but the ravings of a diſtempered fancy. She pitied the

the imbecility of her judgment, and deplored the weakneſs of her perception; but when ſhe uttered the praiſes of Vallaton, how judicious, how juſt were her remarks! She appeared endowed with uncommon penetration, and was the friend whoſe congenial mind was moſt worthy of her confidence. She, ſhe knew, would oppoſe her intention of ſacrificing her inclination to duty, if ſuch a ſacrifice ſhould be required; but by combating her arguments, ſhe might herſelf become more enlightened. She had been told by the philoſophers, that views ought to be for ever changing, and that there was nothing ſo pernicious as *fixed principle.* Perhaps ſhe might have been too haſty in her determination? There could be no harm in canvaſſing it. If right, it would bear the teſt of argument; if wrong, it had better be given up. Julia needed not to have given herſelf the trouble of diſcuſſing the propriety of conſulting Bridgetina on her affairs. Bridgetina was

too

too much occupied by her own *feelings* to give her the hearing. With various conjectures concerning the motives of Henry's unuſual abſence, concerning his future plans and proſpects, and the reaſons which induced his ſilence, while tender paſſion, *it was evident*, preyed upon his heart, the tongue of Bridgetina continued to vibrate, till the hour of reſt procured for Julia a ceſſation from its monotonous and unmuſical ſound.

It was, indeed, the firſt day that Henry had omitted to enquire for Julia ſince her unfortunate confinement. The dangerous illneſs of Mrs. Martha Goodwin might well have accounted for his abſence; but of Mrs. Martha, or of the neceſſity of his attendance upon her, Bridgetina never thought. The life of a *prejudiced* old woman was, in her eſtimation, of little value, when compared with the *importunate ſenſations of exquiſite ſenſibility*. Theſe ought to have brought Henry to the farm;

nor

nor ſhould the illneſs of any old woman, whoſe life could not promote the grand object of *general utility*, have detained him for a moment.

Henry was of a different opinion. He had from early infancy experienced from this good lady ſo much kind attention, that the ſimple recollection of the notice ſhe took of the *ſchool-boy*, would have been ſufficient to have enſured the gratitude of the *man*; but to this were added a thouſand remembered proofs of the benevolence of her heart, and the excellence of her underſtanding. She was, beſides, the aunt of Harriet; and had to her ſupplied the place of a mother. From all theſe united conſiderations, he felt for Mrs. Martha a ſort of filial affection and eſteem; and with filial ſorrow did he now perceive that her diſorder was far beyond the reach of human ſkill.

One evening, as ſhe returned from having ſpent the day with Julia and her niece, ſhe

ſhe caught cold, by being expoſed to a ſudden ſhower; but though ſhe continued indiſpoſed for tne whole of the following week, ſhe would not ſuffer Harriet to be made acquainted with her indiſpoſition. Ever accuſtomed to conſider others more than herſelf, the thought of the loſs that Julia would ſuſtain in being deprived of the ſociety of Harriet had repreſſed the deſire of her heart, which yearned for the company of her favourite neice—a ſolace which a ſtrong preſentiment aſſured her ſhe ſhould not long enjoy.

Even when Harriet was (as we have ſeen) at length ſent for, her good aunt was ſo apprehenſive of her being too much alarmed on her account, that ſhe earneſtly intreated Marianne to go to the piano-forte, that the ſound of muſic, reaching Harriet's ear on her firſt entrance into the houſe, might diſpel all gloomy apprehenſions. Her ſtratagem in part ſucceeded, and would have done ſo moſt completely,

had

had not Harriet flown to the muſic-room, where ſhe beheld her ſiſter touching the inſtrument with her fingers, while her eyes ſtreamed with tears, which, as ſhe did not ſtop to wipe, fell faſt upon her hands. At ſight of her ſiſter, the young heart of the tender Marianne, unuſed to ſuppreſs its emotions, ſwelled almoſt to burſting. She flew into the arms of Harriet, and wept and ſobbed without reſtraint upon her neck.

Dr. Orwell entered unperceived. He gently threw his arms round both his lovely daughters, and fondly preſſed them to his heart. "My dear girls," ſaid he, "I cannot wonder at your affliction, but your aunt ſtill lives; and it is our duty, as I am perſuaded it is your wiſh, to promote the eaſe and happineſs of her remaining term of life, whatever that may be. To do ſo effectually, we muſt ſuppreſs the ſelfiſh indulgence of our own feelings. We muſt dry our tears. We muſt, however painful the taſk, exert our reſolution."

'And

'And is there, then, no hope?' cried Harriet.

"While life remains, there muſt be ſome, my love;" replied her father. "But it would embitter the exiſtence of my ſiſter, to ſee you thus. If you would not materially injure her, you muſt conquer theſe ſtrong emotions of ſorrow—you muſt be calm."

'I will, I will,' ſaid Harriet; 'lead me to her, and you ſhall ſee how well I will behave.'

When they entered the apartment of Mrs. Martha, Henry was ſitting at a table by the door, writing a preſcription. His countenance betrayed his fears.

'What is my aunt's diſorder?' ſaid Harriet eagerly, in a low voice, keeping in her breath while ſhe liſtened for his anſwer.

"It is an inflammation on her lungs," replied Henry. "She muſt be kept very quiet; ſtrong emotion would be injurious to her. Therefore, dear Harriet, be compoſed."

The

The feelings of Harriet were naturally acute. Her ſenſations of pain and pleaſure, of grief and joy, were keen and lively; but education and habit had now ſo well taught paſſion to ſubmit to the control of reaſon, that ſhe was ever miſtreſs of herſelf. The alteration which ſhe perceived in the countenance of her beloved friend, gave her the ſevereſt ſhock ſhe had ever yet experienced. She, however, neither ſcreamed nor fainted, nor fell into hyſterics; but ſat down quietly by her aunt's bedſide, and attentively liſtened to every word ſhe uttered, and watched every motion of her eyes, as well as the tears, which ſhe could not reſtrain, but which fell in ſilence, would permit. She ſat up with her all night, which her aunt (who was ſenſible ſhe would have ſuffered more by leaving her) did not oppoſe.

At the requeſt of her aunt, Harriet read to her a ſelect portion of the New Teſtament; it was the laſt diſcourſe of our

Saviour to his disciples, as recorded by St. John. When she had finished, "My dear Harriet," said the dying aunt, in a voice which seemed inspired with new energy as she spake, "My dear, dear Harriet! if ever, in the course of life, a sceptical doubt should be suggested to your mind, under the false colour of philosophy, *think of this night.* Recollect the comfort your dying friend received from these last words of her beloved Master. Remember, how in these awful moments she was supported by the firm hopes of immortality. Oh, my sweet child! could I but make you sensible of the peace, the ineffable peace, that at this moment soothes my heart, you would not be so selfish as to weep. I would, indeed, for your sake, have been contented to have lived a little longer. You are in a situation that requires the guiding hand of experience; but I leave you under the protection of an all-powerful God, who has given you a father,

worthy

worthy not only of your filial affection, but of your unbounded confidence and friendſhip. I have, however, in the proſpect of the event that I feel will now ſoon take place, employed the leiſure moments of the laſt three days in arranging upon paper my thoughts upon a ſubject which nearly concerns your peace. Read it with attention. It is the laſt memento of affection. Do not grieve ſo, my ſweeteſt beſt of girls! do not murmur at a change which is for me full of hope and joy! I would ſay more—but am fatigued, and muſt try to obtain repoſe."

Harriet found it very difficult to ſuppreſs her emotion, but ſhe nevertheleſs ſucceeded, and did not diſturb the ſucceeding ſilence by one articulate ſigh.

In the morning Dr. Sydney found his patient ſo very ill, that he earneſtly recommended ſending to a town, about eight miles diſtant, for further medical advice. His deſire was immediately complied with by Doctor Orwell, and about two o'clock the

the ſame day, the phyſician, who was a gentleman of great and deſerved celebrity, arrived. He no ſooner ſaw the patient, than he frankly declared that there were no hopes. 'Doctor Sydney had (he ſaid) already ordered every poſſible remedy; and all he could now do, was to recommend a repetition of what had been already done.'

The ſentence was as afflictive to the affectionate friends of the good old lady, as if it had been wholly unexpected. In the deep ſorrow painted upon every countenance, ſhe plainly read the opinion of the phyſician; but it had upon her a very different effect from that which it had produced upon her friends. She became more animated, more cheerful, and collected.

"Who would have thought," ſaid ſhe, ſmiling, "that all this concern ſhould appear about a poor, ſolitary old maid? Alas! how abortive are the deſigns and deſires of mortals! How many may join in the ſong of Mary, and ſay, 'Behold, the hungry are filled

filled with good things, and the rich are ſent empty away!' How many have married from the apprehenſion of a deſolate old age, have had their hopes crowned by a numerous family, and yet have had their eyes cloſed by the unfeeling hand of a mercenary or a ſtranger. Whilſt I!—O my gracious GOD! how different haſt Thou made my lot! Yes, my children, I feel all your affection, all your tenderneſs; it is a cordial, a balmy cordial to my heart."

'Oh, my aunt!' cried Harriet, kiſſing her cold hand; 'my more than mother! what do we not owe you!'

Marianne, unable to ſtifle the loud ſobs which roſe from her tender heart, hid her face in the bed-clothes, and gave vent to her feelings. It was a firſt-fruit offering to ſorrow, ardent and ſincere. Her aunt perceived, but ſaw it would be in vain to check her emotions; and therefore did not ſeem to obſerve them. She aſked for drink, which, when Harriet reached, ſhe found

found her own hands unable to raiſe to her head. Harriet held the cup to her lips, ſhe drank it off, and then with a pleaſant ſmile, ſaid, "And now, my good friends, tell me how much the better ſhould I at this moment be, if I had been born heireſs to fifty thouſand pounds? Or if double that ſum were now in my poſſeſſion, would my bed be eaſier, or my beverage taſte the ſweeter? I was born to no fortune. I never was miſtreſs of any. Cordial friendſhip has been my rich inheritance, and my patrimony the protecting favour of the Moſt High! Bleſſed be the name of that merciful GOD, who from my earlieſt youth has been my hope, and my ſtay, and who is now about to be my portion for ever! Amen, amen!" As ſhe ſaid theſe words, ſhe claſped her hands upon her boſom, and ſhutting her eyes, remained as if in mental prayer.* Henry alone perceived that ſhe was gone for ever.

* Such, my young reader, is the picture of a death-bed; not drawn from imagination, but from *real life*.

We ſhall paſs over the ſucceeding ſcene in ſilence. To thoſe whoſe hearts have already been lacerated by the laſt ſigh of a friend, the deſcription would be ſuperfluous. By thoſe who have never witneſſed a ſcene of ſorrow, it would not be underſtood. Suffice it then to ſay, that a more ſincere or tender tribute of grief was never paid to the memory of excellence.

Maria Sydney flew to the conſolation of her friends. She had herſelf lately mourned the loſs of a parent; and what ſo well qualifies us for the tender offices of ſympathy as the experience of affliction? Her good father was never a ſtranger in the houſe of mourning; and as for Henry, his tears mingled with the tears of Harriet, and his whole heart ſeemed to ſhare in her ſorrow. Nor was his ſympathy confined to Harriet,

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It is a faithful tranſcript taken from the record of memory. Who can read it, and not exclaim with the ſon of Balak, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my laſt end be like his!"

neither

neither did ſhe entirely engroſs his attention: he was to Dr. Orwell, upon this occaſion, as a ſon; and never are the tender offices of friendſhip ſo gratefully acknowledged by the heart, as when pride and vanity (thoſe repellers of ſocial affection) are annihilated by the ſtroke of ſorrow. If the heart of the father were penetrated by the tender attentions of Henry, could the heart of the daughter be inſenſible to their value? Surely not: our readers will not ſuppoſe it.

The letter, mentioned by Mrs. Martha, was found in her bureau, addreſſed to Harriet; but it was not till after the lapſe of ſeveral days, that ſhe could prevail upon herſelf to read it. At length, ſhutting herſelf up in her own apartment, ſhe took it out, dropped a tear upon the ſeal, opened it, and read as follows:

"Before my beloved Harriet peruſes this paper, the hand that writes it will have been ſent to mingle with its parent duſt; the

the heart that dictates, will have ceaſed to beat; but the ſpirit which animates and informs it, will ſtill exiſt; and no idea of any ſtate of exiſtence can I at preſent form to my mind, in which the intereſt I take in the happineſs of thoſe now ſo dear to my heart, can be forgotten. If recollection and intelligence remain, that intereſt can never ceaſe. Perhaps I may ſtill be permitted to watch over my darling child. Perhaps—but in vain do I endeavour to penetrate the veil ſo wiſely drawn; in vain I weary myſelf with conjectures; a little, a very little time will put me fully in poſſeſſion of the awful ſecret.

"Certain, however, that whatever you may be to me, to you I muſt inevitably be ſoon, as to this life, loſt—I would employ the little ſtrength that is yet left me, in the manner that may beſt obviate that loſs to my dear children.

"Offspring of a beloved ſiſter! dear pledges of her affection; committed to my care

care by her dying breath; ye are witneſſes of the manner in which I have endeavoured to ſupply to you a mother's care, a mother's tenderneſs. From the manſions of the bleſſed ſhe now beholds you, pure as her own unſpotted ſoul! She ſees the amiable diſpoſitions that inſpired her own breaſt, renewed in yours; and if aught below can add to the happineſs of angelic ſpirits, hers is increaſed by the promiſe of your virtues!

"You, my Harriet, are now arrived at a period which may poſſibly fix the happineſs of your future life. Hitherto all has been the ſunſhine of peace, the uninterrupted ſerenity of domeſtic bliſs. But I now behold you about to launch upon a dangerous ocean, where hidden rocks and quickſands may ſhipwreck all your hopes. Conſider this letter as a chart by which you may ſo ſteer your courſe, as to avoid the moſt fatal dangers of the voyage.

"Your mind is cultivated, your heart is ſincere. Pious, affectionate, benevolent,

and pure, the love of virtue now reigns the ruling paſſion of your breaſt. But the love of virtue, however ardent and ſincere, will not always be ſufficient to keep us in her true and proper path. Imagination is for ever raiſing a bewildering miſt, which diſtorts every object in ſuch a manner, that the path of paſſion is often miſtaken for the road of virtue; nor is the miſtake diſcovered, till cruel diſappointment and bitter ſorrow point out, too late, the fatal error. A philoſopher, who, it may be preſumed, ſpoke from experience, tells us, 'that when the heart is barred againſt the paſſions while they preſent themſelves in their own form, they put on the maſk of wiſdom, to attack us by ſurpriſe; they borrow the language of reaſon to ſeduce us from her maxims.'*

"Our ſex is more particularly expoſed to this illuſion. Our whole courſe of education is, in general, calculated to give ad-

* Rouſſeau.

ditional

ditional force to the power of imagination, and to weaken, in a correſpondent degree, the influence of judgment. You, my Harriet, have in this reſpect an advantage over many of your ſex. You have been early inſtructed in the neceſſity of ſubmitting the paſſions to the authority of reaſon; you have learned to control the throbbing tumult of the heart, when it beats for ſelfiſh ſorrows; and by directing your attention to the real ſufferings of others, you have been taught to eſtimate your own, not by the exaggerated repreſentations of ſelf-love, but by the eternal rules of impartial truth and juſtice. Your mind has not been ſuffered to run wild in the fairy field of fiction; it has been turned to ſubjects of real and permanent utility. And yet, my Harriet, with all theſe advantages on your ſide, much I fear me, that paſſion has already gained an influence over your heart which may coſt you many pangs to break. That conſcious heart, if I am not much miſtaken,

at

at this moment anticipates the mention of Henry Sydney's name. Yes, my deareſt niece, I have ſeen the progreſs this amiable young man has made in your affections; nor can I wonder, that a diſpoſition and virtues ſo ſimilar to your own ſhould have made an impreſſion on your unguarded heart.

"Henry, I confeſs, is worthy of you; I know no man ſo truly worthy of my Harriet; and how in higher terms can I ſpeak his eulogium? But alas! my dear, the beautiful union of congenial ſouls is a ſight ſeldom to be beheld on earth!

"Henry is genteelly educated, he is reſpectably connected; but Henry *is poor*—he cannot marry without a fortune; it would in him be folly in the extreme to do ſo, as certain ruin muſt be the inevitable conſequence. What, then, ſuppoſing it to be mutual, is to become of this romantic paſſion?

"Experience bids me tell you, that if Henry leave W—— without any declaration

ration of his love, he will, like many other men, equally amiable and equally beloved, in the buſtle of the world, loſe by degrees this at preſent ſtrong impreſſion, and at length in other connections forget the attachment of his youth.

"If, impelled by paſſion, he ſeek before his departure to bind you in the ſolemn tie of an engagement, how injurious to the future peace of both may this imprudent engagement prove? That mixture of affection, gratitude, and eſteem, which conſtitutes the greater part of the paſſion in the breaſt of woman, is a ſentiment increaſed by abſence, and foſtered by imagination in the boſom of retirement. But, alas! in the other ſex, as the paſſion is generally leſs pure, ſo it is naturally leſs permanent. Whatever engagements Henry forms, I make no doubt a principle of honour will compel him to fulfil. But on ſuch terms could my Harriet be happy? Could ſhe be happy in being united to a man

man who, perhaps, at the very moment of that union was the prey of regret, or at leaſt, who had exchanged the ſenſations of tenderneſs for the chilling cold of indifference? I know ſhe could not.

"I have proceeded upon the ſuppoſition of Henry's attachment being at preſent real and ſincere; but even in this reſpect, my Harriet, we may be miſtaken. Henry may prefer your ſociety to that of any other young woman in the ſmall circle of W——, and yet be far from harbouring any ſentiment warmer than eſteem. Should you be convinced of this, (and you are not ſo much the ſlave of vanity as to repel the conviction) I have little to fear for you. Every ſentiment of delicacy would, in this caſe, aid the dictates of judgment; and paſſion, all powerful as it is by imagination repreſented to be, would quickly be annihilated.

"If love is to be thus eaſily conquered by the ſuggeſtions of pride, why ſhould it reſiſt

reſiſt the remonſtrances of reaſon? Alas! becauſe ſelf-love rejects her ſalutary counſel. Self-love, ever the advocate of the preſent paſſion, repreſents her dominion as eternal, and her overthrow as impoſſible. Liſten not to her deluſive voice, or believe any thing impoſſible to virtue.

"Inſtead of ſupinely deploring the circumſtances which render the encouragement of this paſſion improper, exert your mind to conſider them with attention. Let not imagination alter their form, or under the ſpecious but falſe hope of ſome unforeſeen beheſt of fortune, divert your attention from the contemplation of reality. If power were granted me to make you happy in the way your heart would dictate, how ſhould I rejoice in procuring for you the accompliſhment of your wiſhes! But is, then, your Heavenly Father leſs benevolent and kind? No: his goodneſs is infinite; but his wiſdom is infinite alſo! What to my weak and limited apprehenſion might

appear

appear the means of happineſs, Divine Wiſdom may perceive to be the very reverſe. Before Him lies the whole ſucceſſion of events, which are to fill up your exiſtence. It is in his power to arrange and model them at his pleaſure; and ſo to adapt one thing to another, as to fulfil his promiſe of making all *work together for good to thoſe who love Him*. Were this life intended for our ultimate ſcene of enjoyment, we may, from the proviſion we ſee made for the inferior creation, be convinced that our innocent inclinations ſhould not be thwarted in their courſe. But can we who believe it only a probationary ſtate, in which we are to be fitted and prepared for the enjoyment of a ſuperior, can we be ſurpriſed, if here we do not meet the fruition of our wiſhes? If reſignation were not a neceſſary trial of our virtue, can we believe that we ſhould be ſo frequently called on to reſign?

"Doth wiſdom, then, exact a gloomy diveſtion of the pleaſures of life? Be-

cauſe the cup of enjoyment be not always filled exactly as our fooliſh fancies would direct, are we with peeviſhneſs to daſh it from our lips? Ah! no. The heart that is properly impreſſed with a ſenſe of the Divine goodneſs, and firmly perſuaded of the Divine ſuperintendance, will not refuſe to taſte of the bleſſings by which it is ſurrounded, becauſe the fancied good on which imagination doated, has been withheld. It is pride and infidelity that produce the querulous murmurs of diſcontent. By reſigning the events of our life to Him whoſe all-ſeeing eye can alone ſurvey the whole of our exiſtence, we double every enjoyment, we enhance the value of every bleſſing. In teaching our hearts to yield a ready acquieſcence to *his* will, we equally diveſt of its ſting the dart of death, and the ſharper (oh, how much ſharper!) arrow of diſappointment.

"Think not that this is the language of declamation. No, my Harriet, it is the ſober

ſober dictate of experience. Time has not taught me to forget the cruel pang of diſappointed love, but it has taught me to rejoice in the diſappointment that coſt me once ſo dear. Nor is it only in this awful moment, when "ſtanding on eternity's dread brink," the objects of former intereſt neceſſarily leſſening on the view, that this conviction has been impreſſed upon my heart. No; it has for years been the ſubject of my gratitude and thankfulneſs to the Supreme Director of events. I have ſeen, that, in ſpite of myſelf, I could be bleſſed; and have been long taught to acknowledge the poſſibility of being made happy in another way beſides my own; nay, happy in the very loſs of that in which I fooliſhly imagined all happineſs to be compriſed. I do not ſay that this was the work of a moment; but I can ſay with truth, that I attribute much of the tranquillity and real happineſs of my after life to a proper improvement of my diſappointment.

"Sweet are the uſes of adverſity."

"By ſtruggling with paſſion, I invigorated my virtue; by ſubduing it, I exalted the empire of reaſon in my breaſt. I learned to take a different view of life and its purſuits. I no longer cheriſhed the idea, that all happineſs was comprifed in proſperous love; and that the lives of ſuch as were united by the tender bonds of mutual affection, muſt inevitably be crowned with *unclouded felicity*. A courſe of viſits to two or three couples of my acquaintance, who had *married for love*, ſufficiently convinced me of the fallacy of this opinion.

"Still in the forlorn ſtate of celibacy, the neglect, the ridicule to which it is expoſed, threw at times a temporary damp upon my ſpirits, and might, perhaps, have betrayed me into that diſcontent, which is, alas! but too often viſible in ancient maidens; had I not learned fairly to look my ſituation in the face, and boldly to examine how far the opinion of the world (that is to ſay, of the ſilly, the thoughtleſs,

and

and the insignificant) ought to affect my happiness.

"I perceived, that the conscious dignity of the being who endeavours to fulfil the duties of humanity, and to make progressive improvement in knowledge and in virtue, ought to be superior to situation; and by degrees lost all anxiety about *appearing happy*, in the consciousness of being really so. In the approbation of my own conscience; in the endearments of friendship; in the gratitude of those I have endeavoured to serve, or to comfort; and in that undisturbed peace which is the exclusive privilege of the unmarried; I have found an ample recompence for the mortification of hearing myself called *Mrs. Martha*.

"Think not, my Harriet, that by any thing I have said, it is my intention to recommend to you a determined resolution of remaining in a single state. All I mean is, to convince you that it is not simply in *situation* to make us either happy or miserable;

rable; to impreſs upon your mind a conviction of the poſſibility of conquering the moſt deeply-rooted and fondly-cheriſhed paſſion; and to aſſure you, that the notion of its being impracticable is both falſe and fooliſh.

"If, upon a candid and impartial view of the circumſtances to which I have alluded, you perceive the neceſſity of baniſhing from your boſom a paſſion which may lead to the deſtruction of your peace; I truſt you have more ſtrength of mind, more real virtue, fortitude, and courage, than to ſhrink from the painful taſk. Depending on this, I ſhall not throw away the time that is now to me ſo precious, in adducing any further arguments to prove the neceſſity of this direliction of your preſent affection; but ſhall, while ſtrength permits, give you a few inſtructions concerning the moſt efficacious mode of proceeding, in order to enſure a victory.

"In the firſt place, I would earneſtly adviſe you never to make a confidante of the

the paſſion prudence bids you conquer. At the deſcription of our own feelings, imagination takes fire, while the appearance of ſympathy feeds the conſuming and deſtructive flame. Few, very few, have ſufficient virtue to oppoſe the current of a friend's deſires; nor is it probable, that thoſe who have will be often choſen for boſom confidantes. In diſburthening our hearts, we ſeem rather more ſolicitous to obtain a ſanction to our paſſions, than to be put upon a method of conquering them; and I can ſay from experience, in looking back upon my paſt life, that I never did any thing, which on cool reflection I had reaſon to regret, to which I was not ſpurred on by the injudicious advice of ſome too zealous friend.

"I would, therefore, recommend to my dear girl to avoid the dangerous condolence of a tender and ſympathetic mind. Should your heart ever feel depreſſed from ſtruggling with its emotions; ſhould your

ſpirits

ſpirits be inclined to ſink, and imagination prompt you to believe that your own ſufferings exceed the ſufferings of your fellow-mortals; ſeek not to diſſipate this gloom in ſcenes of amuſement, which will only increaſe your melancholy, but turn your ſteps to the houſe of ſorrow—fly to comfort the afflicted—to bind up the wounds of the broken in heart; and when you contemplate the real miſeries of life, you will bluſh at having grieved for fancied ills. Oh, may never deeper ſorrow wound the heart of my beloved child!

"Since the events of life are placed beyond our reach, ſince it is ſo ſeldom in our power to regulate them to our wiſhes, it is the wiſeſt path we can purſue, to regulate our deſires in ſuch a manner as may prevent our becoming the prey of diſcontent, and loſing the enjoyment of the bleſſings that are left us, in perverſe and abortive murmurs at inevitable deſtiny. I have heard many different methods of obtaining this deſirable

deſirable frame of mind recommended to our uſe; but upon trial have found all to fail, except an humble and heart-felt confidence in the over-ruling providence of our great Creator.

"Fear not, then, my beloved child, to commit the events of your life to the care of that Heavenly Father, without whoſe knowledge even a ſparrow falls not to the ground. If your deſires are fulfilled, accept it as a boon from Him who alone can turn it to a bleſſing. If your wiſhes are diſappointed, by the previous ſolemn dedication of your will diſappointment will be diveſted of its bitterneſs. In the ſtruggle of contending paſſions, the heart that is determined to ſubmit to no law but that of duty, will ever come off victorious; but the victory will be doubly eaſy, when the prevailing motive is armed with the ſtrength of the Moſt High.

"I know there are, who in the hey-day of health and ſpirits, would ſcoff at this,

this, as the mere effuſions of enthuſiaſm; but when theſe ſhall arrive at the cloſe of life—when, like me, they ſhall ſtand on the threſhold of eternity—when,

" —— from the tomb
" Truth, radiant goddeſs! ſallies on their ſoul,
" And puts deluſion's duſky train to flight;"

depend on it, their deriſion will be at an end.

" My ſtrength is exhauſted. I can hold my pen no longer. Adieu! deareſt, beſt of girls! adieu. May we meet in the regions of everlaſting felicity! and till then, may the GOD of mercies take thee under his protection!

" Amen! and farewell!

" M. G."

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

" Lovers and madmen have ſuch ſeething brains,
" Such ſhaping fantaſies, that apprehend
" More than cool reaſon ever comprehends."

SHAKESPEARE.

" YOUR cold is better, this morning, my dear," ſaid Captain Delmond to his wife, as ſhe poured out his chocolate.

'I think it is;' replied Mrs. Delmond.

" The day appears to be remarkably fine;" ſaid Captain Delmond, looking towards the road that led to the farm.

'It is a very good day;' anſwered his wife.

" I think a walk would be of ſervice to you, my dear;" ſaid the Captain.

'Perhaps it might;' replied Mrs. Delmond.

" It

"It is a long time ſince you have ſeen poor Julia;" ſaid the Captain.

'It will be a week on Thurſday;' ſaid Mrs. Delmond.

If the reader never has had any acquaintance with the race of the *Torpids*, he will naturally conclude, that dear Mrs. Delmond was either ſo intent upon making breakfaſt, or had her mind ſo occupied by ſome ſubject of importance, that the meaning of her huſband in all theſe ſeveral hints concerning the weather, &c. entirely eſcaped her obſervation.

Mrs. Delmond, however, was neither abſent or ſtupid. She was perfectly well acquainted with her huſband's meaning from the firſt; and before ſhe came to breakfaſt, had determined to viſit Julia as ſoon as it was over. But the frank communication of her deſign would, perhaps, have afforded too much pleaſure to her huſband, and might have produced that unclouded cheerfulneſs, which at the time

of

of meals is by many people deemed ſo prejudicial to health. Forming our opinion from obſervation, we ſhould believe it to be a part of the medical creed of many wiſe perſonages, that the motion of the juices of the ſtomach, ſo neceſſary to the proceſs of digeſtion, is happily augmented and aſſiſted by a due proportion of what is called *fretting*. Nor can we ſufficiently admire the tender care that is taken by many heads of families, in the due adminiſtration of this powerful ſtimulant to all who have the happineſs of ſharing in their family repaſts.

Whether Mrs. Delmond had actually ſtudied this theory, we have never been able to learn; but as far as her powers could extend, ſhe frequently put it in practice. Theſe powers, it is true, were very circumſcribed. She could not, by breaking into a violent paſſion becauſe the fowls had got three grains too much or too little, promote the digeſtion of thoſe who had the

pleaſure

pleaſure of ſitting at her table. She could neither fret, nor fume, nor ſwear at the cook for the health of her friends, (a privilege reſerved for us lords of the creation;) ſhe could only contrive to ſmother the blaze of cheerfulneſs by a look of penſive ſadneſs, or an *apropos* reprimand to the attendant, in the very middle of ſome good ſtory of her huſband's, or ſome lively ſally of her daughter's, to which ſhe ſaw him attending with uncommon glee. She now obſerved, that he wiſhed to talk of Julia; and though her own inclination would have led her to the ſame ſubject, ſhe, out of pure regard (no doubt) to his digeſtion, reſolved to balk his intention, and to introduce ſome other topic of diſcourſe. She talked of the ſoot having fallen down the kitchen chimney. "Why then I ſuppoſe it is time to have it ſwept," ſaid the Captain.

'It is but a month ſince it was ſwept,' ſaid Mrs. Delmond, 'and I do not ſee the good of having it ſwept again.'

"What

"What, then, would you have done with it?" ſaid Captain Delmond.

'I do not know, indeed;' replied the lady.

"I wiſh," ſaid the Captain, "you would take a walk to viſit Julia, to day. I have been thinking of her all night. This propoſal of Major Minden's—"

'Pray pull the bell;' ſaid Mrs. Delmond.

"For what?' ſaid the Captain, ſomewhat teſtily.

'Only to take the things;' replied Mrs. Delmond.

"The things may ſtand," ſaid the Captain, taking his hand from the bell. "I was ſpeaking of this propoſal of Major Minden's: it is a ſerious buſineſs; the happineſs of our dear girl's life may depend upon it. His fortune is great, his family is honourable; but I cannot help wiſhing that we knew ſomething more of his temper and diſpoſitions. His manners are pleaſing, and his countenance has the appearance of much

much good humour: don't yout hink ſo, my dear?"

'I did not take much notice of it;' ſaid Mrs. Delmond.

"Do you think it will be proper to mention the affair to Julia?" ſaid the Captain.

'I really do not know;' ſaid Mrs. Delmond.

"I think it will;" ſaid the Captain. "I have ever diſliked concealment. It appears to me to have ſomething in it diſingenuous and diſhonourable, and is ſeldom, very ſeldom, neceſſary. It is the mean trick of timid and daſtardly minds, and does more miſchief in the world than ever was atchieved by blunt ſincerity. Inform her, then, my dear; but at the ſame time aſſure her that——" Here the maid entered; Mrs. Delmond continued to addreſs her in an under voice, while ſhe cleared the breakfaſt-table, and then getting up, bade her huſband good-bye, and went to prepare herſelf for her walk.

She

She found Julia wonderfully better than when ſhe had ſeen her laſt, though her ſpirits were now more languid than ſhe had at that time obſerved them.

Julia, who expected every moment that her mother would mention Vallaton, found her heart palpitate as often as ſhe obſerved her about to open her lips. She ſoon perceived, however, that the preſence of Bridgetina preſented an obſtacle to Mrs. Delmond, who was not well enough acquainted with that young lady to ſpeak of family matters before her without reſtraint. Julia, therefore, delicately hinted to her friend, that ſhe wiſhed to have ſome converſation with her mother in private—but in vain. Every hint was loſt on Bridgetina, whoſe mind was ſo completely occupied in diſcuſſion and inveſtigation of abſtract theory, as to be totally loſt to the perception of all that was obvious to common obſervation. Juſt as thoſe whoſe optics, by being conſtantly employed on diſtant

objects, loſe the power of ſeeing whatever comes cloſe to the eye.

Perceiving that Bridgetina would not move, Julia had recourſe to whiſpering, and at length, in a very low and tremulous voice, aſked Mrs. Delmond whether ſhe had not ſomething to communicate?

"Yes," replied her mother, "I have a great many things to tell you, but not before Miſs Botherim."

'She is reading,' ſaid Julia, 'and will not take any notice.'

"You are then going to be married," ſaid Mrs. Delmond, in a low whiſper.

'Heavens!' ſaid Julia, 'what, my dear mother, do you mean? Indeed, indeed, you do me injuſtice; I never will do any thing without my father's full and free conſent.'

"But he has your father's conſent," whiſpered Mrs. Delmond.

'Has!' repeated Julia, in ecſtacy, 'has my father's conſent! impoſſible. How? where? which way did it come about? It

is

is ſurely all a dream, an enchanting viſion! Oh tell me quickly how it happened.'

"General Villers brought him yeſterday to our houſe," replied Mrs. Delmond, "and ſpoke of him ſo highly to your father, when he propoſed the buſineſs to him——"

'General Villers then propoſed it!' exclaimed Julia.

"Yes," returned her mother, "it was General Villers that ſpoke for him; and got your father's conſent that he ſhould viſit you as a lover. So you muſt make haſte and get well, for you ſee what awaits you."

'It is wonderful!' ſaid Julia. 'But how good it was of the dear General! and how delicate to make ſure of my father's conſent, before he made any direct propoſals to myſelf!'

"It was very proper, to be ſure;" ſaid Mrs. Delmond.

'It is falſe reaſoning;' cried Bridgetina aloud, throwing down the book with great vehemence

vehemence upon the window-ſeat. 'Julia has done nothing wrong; nothing that is not, on every abſtract principle of virtue, laudable, and praiſe-worthy, and meritorious.'

"And pray, who ſays any thing againſt her?" ſaid Mrs. Delmond.

'Yes,' replied Bridgetina, 'the falſe prejudices of the world condemn her conduct. Nor is ſhe herſelf ſublimed and purified from every taint of the odious prejudices of ſociety. Elſe, why this remorſe, why theſe tears?'

"I hear of no remorſe; I ſee no tears!" ſaid Mrs. Delmond.

'It is plain, Madam, you have never read the ſecond volume with attention.'

"The ſecond volume of what?" replied Mrs. Delmond.

'The ſecond volume of the divine Eloiſa;' ſaid Bridgetina.

"Indeed I never read a word of it;" ſaid Mrs. Delmond. "I declare I thought you meant my Julia."

'No,

'No,' ſaid Bridgetina; 'Julia is, to be ſure, very much enlightened; but ſhe has not yet attained the ſublime heights of Eloiſa.'

"I know nothing about her," ſaid Mrs. Delmond. "But I perceive it is time for me to think of returning home; ſo, farewell, Julia! I ſhall tell your father that you are not averſe to the ſubject mentioned by the General."

'Tell him,' ſaid Julia, 'that my heart is penetrated with his goodneſs, and that I am ready to do whatever he pleaſes. Never can I can be ungrateful for his tenderneſs—for his dear concern for my happineſs!'

Mrs. Delmond was no ſooner gone, than Bridgetina began a diſſertation upon the miſtaken notion of gratitude; wondering how a perſon, ſo well informed as Julia, could be guilty of ſuch a monſtrous error.

'I know I have been convinced again and again by the arguments of philoſophy,'

replied

replied Julia, 'that gratitude is contrary to the principles of juſtice, which alone ought to govern our conduct; but I cannot tell how it is—it ſeems to ſpring ſo naturally to my heart, that I know not how to conquer it.'

Mr. Vallaton, punctual to the appointed hour, preſented himſelf in the evening. The fine eyes of Julia ſparkled at his approach. The roſes which had been baniſhed by confinement from her cheeks revived with redoubled luſtre, and gave freſh animation to one of the moſt expreſſive and beautiful countenances the hand of Nature ever formed. The tumult of her ſpirits was not now, as on the day before, excited by a mixture of tender regret and bitter ſelf-reproach. The ſanction of her father's approbation had chaſed every painful emotion from her heart; and the flutter of ſpirits with which ſhe expected the eclairciſſement from Vallaton's lips, was perhaps, the moſt pleaſurable ſenſation ſhe had ever in her life experienced.

Vallaton

Vallaton was, on his part, highly gratified by the manner of his reception; and reſolving to improve the preſent favourable diſpoſition of his miſtreſs, urged the ſubject of his paſſion with all the eloquence of which he was maſter. He was equally ſurpriſed and delighted to find that Julia no longer oppoſed his ſuit by the apprehended diſpleaſure of her father. She, indeed, never mentioned her father's name; for perceiving how it was avoided by Vallaton, and attributing his ſilence to the exquiſite delicacy of his affection, which would be indebted to her heart alone for ſucceſs, ſhe reſolved to indulge him at the expence of her curioſity, which burned to know by what means he had induced the General to plead his cauſe.

While Julia in ſweet confuſion liſtened to her lover's vows, of which in ſilent modeſty ſhe ſmiled her approbation, the heart of Bridgetina ſwelled with vexation, not unmixed with envy, at the ſuperior

happineſs

happineſs of her friend. Finding the attention of Vallaton too much engroſſed by his fair miſtreſs to give her any hopes of a metaphyſical argument, ſhe betook herſelf to the garden; and there in ſweet ſoliloquy ſhe gave a vent to the tender ſorrows of her gentle boſom.

"Ah! miſerable, deplorable, odious, and wretched ſtate of ſociety!" (cried ſhe) "in which every woman cannot find a lover equally ardent and equally amiable. Sweet ſenſibilities! delicious tenderneſs! Why do I ſigh for you in vain? Ah! why was my cruel lot caſt in ſuch a diſmal country? Why was I doomed to come into the world in ſuch an age? Why was I born, when an abſurd, an unnatural inſtitution ties up the hearts of men; and every nobler feeling becomes petrified, and worm-eaten, and mouldy, on the uncomeatable ſhelf of marriage? This is the cauſe, ye gods! this is the cauſe....."

Here

Here a ſeaſonable ſhower of tears came to her relief; and ſeating herſelf down upon the bank of a ſmall ſtream that ran at the bottom of the garden, ſhe increaſed its waters by the pearly torrent from her eyes, in as ſenſible a degree as ever brook was ſwelled from a ſimilar ſource. For an exact meaſurement of the height to which rivers have been ſwollen by ſuch incidents, and other minute deſcriptions of the phœnomena, we refer our readers to the poets; and ſhall content ourſelves with obſerving, that in this, as in ſimilar inſtances, it happened, that the peccant humours which had riſen to the eyes from the region of the heart, were no ſooner carried fairly down the ſtream, than the patient experienced relief.

It would be unpardonable to neglect the opportunity that now preſents itſelf of offering a hint to our very much reſpected friends, the experimental philoſophers; to whoſe ſerious conſideration we would very earneſtly recommend a minute inveſtigation of

of the facts ſo often recorded in the works of celebrated writers. From theſe authors ſufficient data may be obtained for an exact calculation of the greateſt height to which any river was ever known to riſe by the fall of a ſingle ſhower of tears; but much ſubject for inveſtigation will ſtill remain. It is not enough to know how far the waters upon ſuch occaſions actually do riſe; it is ſtill to be aſcertained, by a ſet of repeated thermometrical obſervations, what is the exact increaſe of heat that it experiences from the ſaid ſhower. And a very careful analyzation muſt likewiſe be performed, to know *with certainty* the difference of the component parts of *ſalt tears*, and *bitter tears*, and *ſweet tears*, and *ſweet-bitter tears*, and *ſalt-delicious tears*, and *tears half-delicious, half-agonizing*, &c. &c. upon which a very pretty neat courſe of experiments might undoubtedly be made; and if recorded with philoſophical accuracy, and ornamented with a ſufficient quantity

quantity of technical terms, (diſtinguiſhing, for the benefit of the unlearned readers, the phlogiſtic from the antiphlogiſtic), would make a very learned, uſeful, and entertaining pocket volume. With this hint, for which we are conſcious of meriting the thanks of our fellow-citizens, we ſhall conclude the chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

" His words replete with guile,
" Into her heart too eaſy entrance won——
" Impregn'd
" With reaſon to her ſeeming, and with truth."
MILTON.

WHEN Mrs. Delmond returned to her own houſe, ſhe found Mrs. Gubbles with the Captain, who was amuſing himſelf with the domeſtic anecdotes of a neighbouring family; a ſpecies of information for which he could not have applied to a ſuperior ſource. No one, however, could have half the pleaſure in hearing any piece of news, that this generous woman experienced in communicating it. The delight ſhe took in adding to the general ſtock of information was, indeed, ſo great, ſo truly diſintereſted, that it was not at all affected

affected by the nature of the intelligence ſhe had to give; as whether that was ſorrowful or pleaſant, it was communicated by her with equal alacrity and cheerfulneſs.

No ſooner did the account of Mrs. Martha Goodwin's death reach her ears, than haſtily throwing on her cloak, which always hung upon a nail in the corner of the room to be in readineſs upon ſuch occaſions, ſhe ſallied out to communicate the news of the mournful event to her neighbours.

She firſt called on Mrs. Botherim; but, alas! ſhe was there too late; Mrs. Botherim had heard of it before. So, after ſettling with her the day of the funeral, and debating for ſome time upon the exact age of the deceaſed; the amount of her little fortune; the number of her gowns, petticoats, and ſtockings; and the probability that the maid would come in for a good ſhare of theſe articles of apparel; which, no doubt, the Miſs Orwells would

be

be too proud to wear; ſhe took her leave, and proceeded to Capt. Delmond's, where ſhe had the ſatisfaction of being the firſt to relate the loſs the ſociety of W— had ſuſtained in the death of one of its worthieſt members.

"She was an excellent woman!" ſaid the Captain, "and will be a very great loſs to the family. She has been quite a mother to the young ladies, and was deſervedly beloved by them."

'Oh, yes, to be ſure ſhe was;' ſaid Mrs. Gubbles. 'She was indeed a very good ſort of a body, though a little particular in her way. I always thought it was a mighty odd whim, her never playing at cards; for my part, I have never no ideer of them there particularities; for, ſays I, what is it that can make any one make themſelves ſo particular, ſays I, but pride!'

"She uſed to excuſe herſelf on account of the weakneſs of her eyes," ſaid Capt. Delmond.

'Take

'Take my word for it, that was all a ſham;' replied Mrs. Gubbles. 'Her eyes, indeed! why ſhe could pore upon books for the matter of a whole morning. Never tell me that ſhe could not have played at cards every bit as well, if ſhe had had a mind. No, no; it was all nothing but the pride of being thought wiſer than other people!'

"She was very kind to the poor," ſaid Capt. Delmond. "I have heard of her viſiting their cottages, and kindly ſoothing their afflictions by her ſympathy, when ſhe could in no other way relieve them."

'Aye, poor body,' ſaid Mrs. Gubbles, 'ſhe had nothing elſe to do. People who have their families to look after muſt ſpend their time, aye and their money too, in another gueſs way. But what do you think of young Mr. Churchill's good-luck?'

"I know nothing of it," ſaid Captain Delmond.

'Have you not heard of his old grand-uncle's death?'

"No,

"No, I never heard a word of it," replied the Captain.

'Bleſs me! well, now, that is ſurpriſing. I could have told you of it a week ago. Yes, yes, the old miſerly hunks is gone at laſt. He never did no good to nobody when living; but he has left a pretty fortune behind him, I warrant you; as good as fifteen hundred pounds a year in landed eſtate, beſides a mint of money in them there funds, as they are called. It all goes, every farthing of it, to the young gentleman! and a very pretty ſweet young gentleman he is, as ever I ſeed in my life. Well, well, we ſhall ſee, but *I* know what *I* expects. If he is not over head and ears in love with your daughter Miſs Julia, I give you leave to ſay I knows nothing.'

"With my daughter Julia?" repeated Captain Delmond. "How do you come to think ſo?"

'Oh,' returned Mrs. Gubbles, 'let me alone; I ſaw it all well enough, I warrant ye.

ye. When he was down laſt ſummer, and ſo much with young Dr. Sydney, (though he was no doctor then, neither) I ſaw well enough how much he was taken with Miſs Julia. Did I not ſee them together, when they came with a heap of other company to the fruit-gardens, at the Old Abbey, of a Sunday evening! Did not I perceive how the young gentleman ſingled out Miſs Julia, and went always round to her ſide, and choſe out the very niceſt of the plumbs and the apricots for her!'

"Poh! that's a great while ago," ſaid Captain Delmond.

'Long as it is,' rejoined Mrs. Gubbles, 'the young gentleman has not forgotten it, I warrant ye. It was but a few days before his grand-uncle died, that he came poſt from London, and the very next day he came to our ſhop himſelf to give orders about ſome medicines. He no ſooner ſaw me, than he bowed, and ſpoke ſo genteelly, not pretending, as many of our ſaucy fine

gentlemen would have done, to forget my name. "But, Mrs. Gubbles, ſays he, I think, ſays he, Mrs. Gubbles, I had the pleaſure of ſeeing you at the Abbey gardens laſt ſummer; it is a very charming ſpot, ſays he." 'Yes, ſays I, ſir, that it is, to be ſure, ſays I; I dare ſay, ſays I, you remember Miſs Delmond? Poor, dear young lady, what a terrible misfortune has befel her!' "A misfortune!" ſays he; 'and as I live he turned as white as my apron; and when I told him all the particulars of the whole buſineſs, he looked ſo ſorrowful and ſo melancholy. He clean forgot his grand-uncle, and would have gone away without the medicines he was in ſuch haſte for when he came in, if the boy had not run after him on purpoſe.'

Here the entrance of Mrs. Delmond changed the ſubject of the converſation which, however, made a deep impreſſion on the Captain's mind. Mrs. Gubbles had no ſooner taken her leave, than he

anxiouſly

anxiouſly enquired in what manner Julia had received the intelligence of Major Minden's declaration.

'She ſeemed quite delighted with it,' ſaid Mrs. Delmond. 'I never ſaw her look ſo pleaſed at any thing in my life: ſhe was even thankful to the *dear General*, as ſhe called him, for ſpeaking in the Major's favour; and to you ſhe ſent her duty, and bid me tell you of her grateful ſenſe of your goodneſs.'

"It is very ſtrange!" ſaid the Captain, after a ſhort pauſe. "It is very ſtrange, how the idea of rank and fortune operates upon the mind. She never, that I know of, ſaw this gentleman but once; and though he is a very well-looking man, I do not ſee any thing about him that one ſhould think ſo captivating to a girl's fancy. Perhaps, however, he was at Caſtle-Villers in the ſpring; when Julia, you know, ſpent a fortnight there. Do you think he was, my dear?"

'I do

'I do not know, indeed,' returned Mrs. Delmond.

"Well," ſaid the Captain, "her choice ſhall be mine; though if I could give any credit to what Mrs. Gubbles has been telling me, and could hope that young Churchill was really attached to her; the excellence of his character, his known merit, and his reſidence too in the very neighbourhood, would give him in my mind a decided preference. But I have told her, that a negative in this affair was all I would ever claim; and never ſhall my child reproach me with a breach of promiſe. But ſhe is ſo well, you ſay, as to be able to ſit up upon the ſofa. The dear girl! would that I could once ſee her! She ſurely may ſoon be removed without danger!"

'Mr. Gubbles, it ſeems, adviſes another fortnight's confinement;' returned Mrs. Delmond.

"It can't be helped!" ſaid the Captain, ſighing; "but if the weather be fine, you, my dear, may ſee her every day."

The weather, however, was not fine; it was for above a week perverſely adverſe to the Captain's wiſhes. No poſſibility of Mrs. Delmond's viſiting Julia in all that time. But though the rain prevented Mrs. Delmond, it was no obſtacle to Mr. Vallaton; he loſt not a ſingle day, and every day bleſſed him with increaſed conviction of the complete influence he had obtained over the tender heart of Julia.

He mentioned to her the travels of Vaillant; deſcribed in romantic terms the beauty of the country in thoſe unfrequented regions that daring traveller had explored; and ſpoke of the innocence and amiable ſimplicity of its virtuous inhabitants with enthuſiaſtic rapture. Julia liſtened with delight to his deſcription. When he perceived her imagination begin to glow; "Yes, dear Julia!" ſaid he, "theſe are ſcenes where true happineſs might indeed be found. Freed from the galling chains of a corrupt and depraved ſociety, the mind might

might there have room to expand to virtue, with a companion endeared by ſimilarity of taſte and ſentiment, a congenial ſoul, a noble ſpirit which had ſtrength and energy to ſoar above each vulgar prejudice, and to fly from a ſociety unripe for the improvements of philoſophy. How bleſt, how tranquil, might the delicious moments move!"

'It would be charming, to be ſure,' ſaid Julia.

"Charming!" repeated Vallaton, "all that enthuſiaſts have ever preached concerning the joys of Paradiſe, would be more than realized."

'Oh ecſtatic ſtate of bliſs!' cried Bridgetina; 'dear delirium of delight! Oh that we were all among the Hottentots! And we ſhall be among them too, ere long, I truſt. But Julia knows nothing of the glorious ſcheme. Pray tell her, Mr. Vallaton, all about it; ſhe will make a charming addition to the party.'

Vallaton, who would rather have told Julia in his own way, was a little diſcon-

certed by this abrupt interruption. He had, however, the art to turn it to his own advantage; and Julia, who inſtantly thought of Prior's Emma, conſidered all he ſaid as a trial of her love. Yes, thought ſhe, like the artful lover of the nut-brown maid,

"By one great trial he reſolves to prove
"The faith of woman, and the force of love."

I am aware of his intention; it is at once a proof of the ſincerity and the delicacy of his attachment. Nor ſhall I be leſs ſincere than the faithful Emma:

"Alphonſo too ſhall own,
"That I of all mankind could love but him alone."

We ſhould be extremely happy to oblige the dear boarding-ſchool angels by a faithful repetition of every word that paſſed in theſe intereſting converſations betwixt Julia and her happy lover; but, as we have no doubt that their own ſprightly imaginations will amply ſupply the deficiency, we leave it to fancy to paint the particulars of each tender

tender ſcene, and content ourſelves with obſerving, that by attributing to her lover a refinement of delicacy, which, though congenial to her own mind, was very foreign to his thoughts, Julia became the dupe of her own romantic imagination.

Anxious to remove from his mind every tender doubt, ſhe ſcrupled not to engage herſelf by the moſt ſolemn promiſes to be his, and to follow his fortunes through the world.

Vallaton received this convincing proof of her affection with ecſtacy; but ſtill, to Julia's great ſurpriſe, perſevered in his ſilence with regard to her father. What could be his motive? What, but an intention of making her happy, by giving her an agreeable ſurpriſe? She would not for the world balk his intention, and therefore, not only carefully concealed her knowledge of what had paſſed, but became extremely anxious, leſt by ſome *mal-apropos* diſcovery of her having been acquainted with

with it, the merit of the frank acknowledgment of her attachment ſhould be leſſened in its value.

The week paſſed on without affording any variety of amuſement; yet notwithſtanding the unfavourable ſtate of the atmoſphere, ſo injurious to delicate nerves, and notwithſtanding the ſameneſs of the ſcene, the ſpirits of Julia did not ſink, but, on the contrary, were never obſerved to be better than in this rainy week, which ſhe declared to be the ſhorteſt ſhe had ever paſſed in her life.

Bridgetina was of a different opinion. To her it ſeemed to creep with ſlow and lagging pace. Day after day ſhe expected to behold Henry Sydney, and day after day cloſed in diſappointment. She conſidered his conduct in all points of view; ſhe diſcuſſed every poſſible motive that could induce him to forbear gratifying himſelf in her ſociety; ſhe divided and ſubdivided every argument in its favour; ſhe reaſoned,

ſhe

ſhe inveſtigated, and always concluded with proving, in the moſt ſatisfactory manner, that ſhe was right, and that therefore Henry muſt inevitably be wrong.

As ſhe was one morning ſitting with Julia, who could now, with very little aſſiſtance come from her own room into the parlour, ſhe was interrupted in the ſixth head of her argument by a loud knock at the door. She was ſtill in her morning *deſhabille*, which, to confeſs the truth, was none of the moſt elegant, and would willingly have been excuſed from being ſeen by Henry in a dreſs ſo very unbecoming; but to eſcape was now impoſſible: ſo folding over the laps of her wrapper, pulling up the heels of her ſhoes, and ſettling the bow of her morning cap, which ſhe in vain endeavoured to adjuſt to the middle of her head, ſhe ſnatched up a book, and reclining her head upon her hand while her arm reſted on the arm of the chair, ſhe fixed herſelf in a meditating attitude,

truly

truly becoming the character of a female philoſopher.

She had ſcarcely time to arrange her poſture, when the door opened, and diſcovered—not Henry Sydney, but Mrs. Botherim; who, unable longer to ſupport the abſence of her dear Bridgetina, had bid defiance to every obſtacle, in order to ſatisfy her impatient deſire of ſeeing the ſole object of her affections.

"And is it *only you?*" cried Bridgetina, in the querulous tone of diſappointment, as her mother entered the room.

'*Only me?*' repeated Mrs. Botherim, 'and very well it is that you ſee me alive, after all I have come through!'

Julia, with her wonted ſweetneſs, endeavoured to make amends by the kindneſs of her expreſſions, for the abrupt manner of Bridgetina; at which, however, the good lady appeared neither hurt nor ſurpriſed. Accuſtomed to her petulance, ſhe never felt its impropriety; but with a blind partiality,

tiality, which converted every foible into a perfection, ſhe thought every word her daughter uttered, was at all times, "wiſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt." After having, at the earneſt entreaty of Julia, taken ſome refreſhment, the old lady began to expatiate upon the ever-ready topic of the weather; declaring ſhe had never ſeen ſuch continued rains in her life, or was ever out in ſuch a day.

"I hope, however," ſaid Julia, "that your health will not ſuffer from it."

'Nobody's health ought to ſuffer from any phyſical cauſe;' ſaid Bridgetina. 'Rain, wind, tempeſt, hurricane, are mere trifles to a reflecting and inveſtigating mind. It is nought but the weak prejudices of ſociety that makes them be regarded in the light of evils. Let the rain beat, and the ſtorm rage; can rain or ſtorm be ſo pernicious or deſtructive, as the cruel ſtate of protracted and uncertain feelings?'

"It is mighty fine talking," ſaid Mrs. Botherim, "and mighty eaſy talking, too, in a

in a good dry warm room; but let me tell you, Biddy, it is no ſuch eaſy matter for a perſon at my time of life to carry about a great umbrella, and to tug a heavy pair of pattens through the mud for two long miles in ſuch a day. Well, what does it ſignify? I am quite well, now that I ſee you; for I have been dreaming of you at ſuch a rate!"

'What fooliſh notions you have about dreams,' ſaid Bridgetina. 'I don't know how often I have explained to you their whole theory; but you never can remember any abſtruſe point.'

"Indeed, I never can;" returned the old lady. "You know I never pretend to diſpute with you in any point of learning; as, indeed, why ſhould I? But it does my heart good to hear you talk, and I have been ſo tired, and the houſe has been ſo loneſome ſince you have been away, that you can't think."

'I am extremely ſorry,' ſaid Julia, 'to have deprived you of Miſs Botherim for

ſo

ſo many days, and very ſenſible of my obligation to you, as well as to her for the favour of her company.'

"Alas! my dear Miſs," ſaid Mrs. Botherim, "I have but little of her company at any time. She is always ſo taken up with them there wiſe books as ſhe reads on from morning to night, that I often don't get a ſingle word out of her the length of a whole day! But then it is a pleaſure for me to ſee her, and to do all her little jobs, while ſhe is making herſelf wiſe. Did you ever know any one with ſuch a memory as my Biddy?"

'Few, indeed,' returned Julia, 'have the advantage of a memory ſo retentive.'

"Few!" ſaid Mrs. Botherim, "I don't believe there is the like on't. She will talk you out of any book ſhe has been reading, for the length of a whole hour, and never once put in a word of her own. It is a fine thing to have ſuch a genius! I wonder, for my part, who ſhe takes after.

Dear

Dear Mr. Botherim was, to be ſure, a very learned man, but he kept it all to himſelf."

'My father was no philoſopher,' ſaid Bridgetina; 'he cultivated no ſenſations but thoſe of the palate; his diſtinguiſhing taſte in cookery ſhewed, however, that he was not totally deſtitute of *powers*. Had theſe *powers*, by ſome early combination of circumſtances, taken a metaphyſical direction, he might, doubtleſs, have enlightened the world.'

"See now," cried Mrs. Botherim, "what it is to reaſon! There have all the people in our own town been wondering for this week paſt at the learned pig; when, if they had known any thing of them there *powers* and *combinations of circumſtances* that Biddy ſpeaks of, the learning of the pig would have been accounted for at once."

Julia could not forbear ſmiling at the ſimplicity of the fond mother; but found ſomething ſo pleaſing in the expreſſion of maternal

maternal affection, that though thus united to weakneſs, ſhe could not behold it with indifference. She exerted herſelf to entertain the old lady by her own and Bridgetina's converſation; for to Julia was Mrs. Botherim indebted for every ſentence that was uttered by her daughter, who conceived it to be great loſs of time to converſe with one who was incapable of canvaſſing the nice points of her extraordinary ſyſtem.

As Mrs. Botherim took leave, another viſitor to Julia was announced. It was the faithful old Quinten, her father's ſervant, who had been on a ſix weeks' leave of abſence into Yorkſhire, from whence he had returned the preceding evening. Capt. Delmond himſelf was not more ſhocked at the firſt accounts of Julia's misfortune, than was this affectionate creature. He could not get it from his mind all night. 'If I had not gone on this fool's journey, now, (ſaid he) this accident would never have happened.

happened. I would have attended Miſs myſelf, and taken care that no harm had come on her. I would ha' died ſooner than that ſhe ſhould have been ſo hurt. I wiſh I had been at home.'

Thus did the poor fellow continue to lament over the misfortune of his young miſtreſs, which he entirely attributed to his own abſence; and in the morning, much as his wearied limbs demanded repoſe, he intreated permiſſion to go to ſee her with ſo much earneſtneſs, that Captain Delmond could not refuſe his requeſt.

"Welcome home again, my good Quinten!" cried Julia, as he entered, holding out her hand to the old veteran, who advanced reſpectfully towards her. "I hope you have been well ſince you left us, and I am indeed very glad to ſee you ſafe returned."

'God bleſs thee, dear young lady!' ſaid Quinten, the tears running down his furrowed cheeks, 'God Almighty bleſs

thee! I ſhall never forgive myſelf for going away at ſuch a time. If I had been at home, I ſhould ha' prevented it; I know I ſhould.'

"Indeed, my good Quinten, no one could have prevented it;" ſaid Julia.

Quinten ſhook his head. 'Who can tell, Miſs,' ſaid he, 'what one might ha' done? Old as I am, I'm not yet ſo feeble but that I might ha' ſtopped the horſe; or perhaps, ſaved your fall—or—Well, well! it was the very devil himſelf that contrived theſe curſed gigs, that's for certain. They are more dangerſome, and do more miſchief in the courſe of one ſummer, than any one of our beſt field-pieces in a whole campaign. There was a gentleman and his wife nearly killed t'other day out of them whirligigs, as I paſſed through Newark. May I be ſhot for a coward, if I would not ſooner march up to the very muzzle of the enemy's guns, than venture into one of them.'

"A great

"A great many accidents are occaſioned by them, to be ſure," ſaid Julia; "but I ſhall ſoon get the better of mine; I am almoſt well already."

'Thank God you are!' ſaid Quinten; 'but I ſhall never be happy, till I ſee you tripping it about again, as you uſed to do. It breaks my heart to think what his Honour muſt ha' ſuffered in bearing you ſo long from his ſight. Before he ever ſaw you, Miſs, it was the joy of his heart to hear what a pretty baby you were. I remember, it was juſt as we were recovering from the third fever we had in that vile peſtilence of a place, on the very morning that Enſign Wilſon died; Captain More and Lieutenant Danby had been buried the day before; and in the courſe of the week ſeventeen of the ſtateſieſt fellows in our company had all dropped off, and made ſuch a blank in our ranks, that it ſhook the braveſt ſpirit of us all; had they met their death in the field, it would have been

been nothing; but to die without having fired a ſhot—without having ſo much as ſeen the enemy—'twas enough to vex the braveſt man alive! Well, juſt at this time I heard of the arrival of the packet; and though ſcarcely able to crawl out of my room, I went as faſt as my limbs would let me, to ſee if there were any letters for my maſter. I got one, and came back with it ſo joyfully! I thought no more of my weakneſs. Here, ſaid I, pleaſe your Honour, here is a cordial for your Honour's heart, that will do it more good than all the drugs in the medicine-cheſt. Had you but ſeen, Miſs, how his ſunk eyes revived at the ſight! "It is a letter from my wife!" ſaid he, as he took it from me with his waſhed hand; and holding it to his heart, he wept juſt like a baby. As he read it, I ſtood at the foot of the bed, and when I ſaw how happy he looked, (though the tears ſtill ſtood in his eyes) I could have cried for joy too. 'I knew

it

it would be a cordial to your Honour's heart;' ſaid I. "It is indeed, Quinten, ſaid my maſter, a very great one. And Quinten, ſaid he, here is a crown to drink my wife and daughter's health. My dear girl comes on charmingly, ſaid he; by all accounts, ſhe will make as great a beauty as her mother.'" And would you believe it, Miſs, from that very hour he recovered; and had it not been for another fever, in which no letter from England arrived to comfort him, he might ha' been as well now as ever.'

"You are a kind-hearted ſoul," ſaid Julia, "and I hope you have been made happy with your friends. How did you find them?'

'Oh, Miſs,' returned Quinten, 'I have no friends in Yorkſhire now. Death has ſtruck every ſoul off the muſter-roll, that either cared for me, or that I cared for. My two brothers, my uncles, my couſins, all were dead. Not even an old ſchool-

fellow

fellow remained in the place, excepting one who was the ſon of the ſhoemaker, a top man in the village, worth a deal of money, and kept as warm a houſe as any man in his ſtation in all the riding. But ſee the chance of war! What man can be ſure that his ſon will maintain his poſt in the ſame condition in which he leaves it to him? Poor Jack is now, in his old age, obliged to go upon the pariſh; but the honeſt fellow has a heart ſtill. He was as glad to ſee me, Miſs, as if I had been his brother; related the hiſtory of all our old ſchool-mates; and told me that I had ſtill a near relation left—my brother William's ſon, who had got up greatly in the world, and was a manufacturer at Halifax, he ſaid. So I thought I would go to ſee him, out of reſpect to his father's memory, who I loved very dearly. I little thought that the ſon of my brother would be aſhamed to own me; but the pitiful dog is ſo puffed up with pride, that he ſcorned to call an honeſt ſoldier

uncle.

uncle. Well, ſaid I, thank God! I have the houſe of my own dear maſter to return to. He knows that I am no ſneaker. Under his command I have fought for my king and country; we have battled it together with the world theſe thirty years paſt, and when marching orders for heaven ſhall arrive, I know his honour won't refuſe to let theſe old bones be placed in the ranks along-ſide with his own. So, Miſs, here I am; and pleaſe God, I ſhall never go from home again as long as I live.'

Julia, who had a great affection for this faithful domeſtic, liſtened to his garrulous prattle with much complacency. Obſerving how much he had been fatigued, ſhe made him ſit down, and ordered him a glaſs of wine and ſome biſcuit. Nor did ſhe make any apology to Bridgetina for taking this liberty, as ſhe thought it would have been a ſarcaſm on her principles to have ſuppoſed the poſſibility of her taking offence from ſuch a circumſtance. Great, therefore,

therefore, was her ſurpriſe, on obſerving the face of Bridgetina to redden with diſpleaſure, as the old veteran retired to a chair at the further end of the room. He ſtood a moment after he had reached it, and on Julia's beckoning him to be ſeated, he put his hand upon his heart, and bowing with an expreſſion of reſpect, humility, and gratitude, he ſat down.

'Upon my word, Miſs Delmond,' ſaid Bridgetina, ſtarting from her ſeat, 'this is a liberty to which I have not been accuſtomed!' And then, before Julia could poſſibly make any reply, ſhe ſuddenly left the room.

Julia, though much diſturbed at perceiving the emotion of Bridgetina, would not ſuffer Quinten to depart till her maid had brought him the refreſhments ſhe had ordered. She then diſmiſſed him with a long and tender meſſage to her father, who, ſince the departure of Miſs Orwell, had, through the medium of verbal meſ-

ſages

ſages alone, heard of her welfare; Miſs Botherim being too much engaged, either in ſtudying or in talking, to have leiſure to think, far leſs to write, upon any one's affairs but her own.

On the departure of Quinten, Bridgetina re-entered the room. As the traces of diſpleaſure were ſtill viſible in her countenance, Julia began an immediate apology for the liberty ſhe had taken in deſiring the old domeſtic to ſit down. "I thought," ſaid ſhe, "that when you conſidered the long journey the poor fellow has ſo lately had, and obſerved how much he appeared to be worn out with fatigue, you could not poſſibly have been diſpleaſed."

'How much ſoever I admire the beautiful ſyſtem of perfect and complete equality,' ſaid Bridgetina, 'I hold every partial and premature attempt at introducing it to be improper, and therefore muſt declare my opinion of its impropriety.'

"Indeed," replied Julia, "I had no thoughts of introducing equality at all. I

only wiſhed to reſt poor old Quinten's legs for a few minutes. I am ſorry it offended you; but ſurely if philoſophy teaches us that the difference of ranks is an obſtacle to perfectibility, it cannot be truly philoſophical tenaciouſly to adhere to the imaginary diſtinctions that ſo unfortunately ſeparate us from our fellow-creatures. Have not I a thouſand times heard you lament the preſent miſerable ſtate of things, and pathetically mourn over the wretched depreſſion of the lower ranks?"

'Oh, yes,' ſaid Bridgetina; 'in a general view, nothing to be ſure is ſo deplorable! But the age of reaſon is not yet far enough advanced for people to deſire their ſervants to ſit down in the ſame room with them. The time will come, to be ſure, when all the unhappy diſtinctions of ſtation, and rank, and ſex, and age, ſhall be aboliſhed; when all ſhall be equally wiſe, and equally poor, and equally virtuous. Oh, happy period! Oh, much wiſhed-for æra of felicity!'

"But pray how is this bleſſed ſtate to be brought about," ſaid Julia, "if every one pertinaciouſly refuſes to deſcend, and proudly prohibits the exaltation of his inferiors?"

'It will all be brought about by the diſſemination of philoſophy,' ſaid Bridgetina. 'All will be then enlightened; but at preſent——'

"Well," cried Julia, "here comes Mr. Vallaton to decide upon our diſpute,—which of us has been in the right he ſhall now determine."

Vallaton was no ſooner ſeated, than Julia informed him of the incident which had occurred, dwelling much upon the virtues of the old domeſtic, for whom ſhe expreſſed much kindneſs and attachment.

"As to deſiring the perſon you mention to ſit down," ſaid Vallaton, "you certainly did it from a principle of benevolence, and as ſuch it cannot be very ſeverely reprehended; though upon inveſtigation, it

it may appear to have been founded upon miſtake. True benevolence, or rather real virtue, (for there is, ſtrictly ſpeaking, no ſuch thing as benevolence) gives no preference to any object, but for the ſake of certain beneficial qualities which really exiſt in that object. Now what beneficial qualities can poſſibly exiſt in a man who, for thirty years, has been in a ſtate of ſervitude and depreſſion? How long muſt every nobler power of the ſoul have been loſt in the degrading habitude of ſubmiſſion? *If the hopeleſſneſs of his condition have not long ere now blunted every finer feeling of his mind, giving him for the habits of his reflection ſlavery and contentment, muſt he not cheriſh in his boſom a burning envy, an unextinguiſhable abhorrence againſt the injuſtice of ſociety?** Such a perſon cannot, therefore, be a proper object of regard."

'But, indeed,' ſaid Julia, 'honeſt Quinten is the very reverſe of all this; he is quite a

* See the Enquirer, by Godwin.

noble-

noble-minded creature, indeed he is. The affectionate attachment he has ſhewn to my father and his family, is beyond all deſcription. And ſo diſintereſted is his regard, that when my father would, on coming home, have diſmiſſed him from his ſervice, as thinking it inconſiſtent with his plan of economy to keep a man-ſervant in his houſe, Quinten, on his knees, beſought him to ſuffer him to ſtay without wages, which, he ſaid, his Chelſea penſion rendered now ſuperfluous. I ſhall break my heart, if I leave you, (ſaid the poor fellow, with tears in his eyes) and what good will this penſion do me then? I could not bear the thoughts of your honour's being without a ſervant now, when you ſtand more in need of one than ever; indeed I could not, ſaid he, with ſo beſeeching a look, that my father could not reſiſt it. He wept as much as Quinten, while I climbed up on his knees, and caſting my arms about his neck, My dear papa won't

let

let the good Quinten leave us, cried I, I'm ſure he won't. A ſpeech for which poor Quinten has ever ſince been ſo grateful, that I am perſuaded he would lay down his life to ſerve me!'

"Is it poſſible that the enlightened mind of my Julia does not perceive, that all ſhe has ſaid tends rather to confirm than to rebut the force of my argument, which goes to prove, that as a ſervant, this perſon *muſt inevitably be deſtitute* of the beſt characteriſtics of a rational being. This blind affection, this degrading gratitude, which, it would ſeem, has excited your regard—how dark and ignoble is the ſource from whence it ſprings! But this fellow has not only been a ſervant, he has been a ſoldier. *He has learned ferocity in the ſchool of murder. His mind has been familiarized to the moſt dreadful ſpectacles. He is totally ignorant of the principles of human nature. Whatever appearance he may wear, depend upon it he is at bottom mean, baſe, cruel, and arrogant;*

ſince

ſince it is impoſſible that a ſoldier ſhould not be a depraved and unnatural being."*

'They may be ſo in general,' replied Julia; 'but I am ſure both Quinten and his maſter are exceptions to the general rule. They, I am certain, have each of them hearts as good, and tender, and humane, as any human being ever yet poſſeſſed.'

"Impoſſible!" cried Vallaton; "utterly impoſſible! It is only, believe me, charming Julia, it is only from having been ſo fatally accuſtomed to their prejudices, that you view them with indifference. Could you diveſt yourſelf of that weak partiality, which ſo unhappily throws its deluſive miſt before your eyes, you would view with juſt and noble abhorrence thoſe very perſons who are now the objects of your much-miſtaken regard. There is no point of philoſophy more difficult of acquirement, than that which teaches us to make a proper eſtimate of the merits of individuals.

* See Enquirer.

This

This never can be done till we conſider them, not with regard to ourſelves, but to general utility. When our minds, purified from every narrow and illiberal prejudice, are enabled to take this enlarged and comprehenſive view, our regards will be no longer influenced by the mean conſideration of friendſhip or affection; we ſhall no longer admire any caſual virtue; but in exact and juſt proportion to the talents, the powers, and capacity of the object, will be our reverence and eſteem."

'Alas!' ſaid Julia, 'how few are capable of this diſcernment! How few poſſeſs the ſtrength of mind neceſſary for exerting it!'

"Few, to be ſure, in the preſent depraved ſtate of ſociety," ſaid Vallaton; "but it is only the regard of thoſe few that poſſeſſes any real value. What is the indiſcriminating affection of a parent, whoſe weak and ſelfiſh fondneſs blindly doats upon a child, becauſe, forſooth, he believes it to be his own? What is it, when put in

compariſon

compariſon with the dignified regard of an enlarged and philoſophic mind, which has attentively weighed its merits? How many beauties, how many excellencies do I diſcover in the ſoul of Julia, which were never diſcerned by the eye of her father! From an accurate examination of the powers of her mind, I bow before her as the firſt of human beings; while her father merely loves her for the obedience that has been ſubſervient to his will, and beholds in her an object that at once ſoothes his pride, exalts his conſequence, and gratifies his ambition."

Julia ſighed deeply at this mortifying view of the motives of her father's tenderneſs; and Vallaton, perceiving the impreſſion he had made, continued his attack upon her prejudices, which he carried on in ſo maſterly a manner, that Julia, though ſhe could not ſo eaſily pluck from her heart the deep-rooted ſentiments of filial tenderneſs, was too much aſhamed of her weak-

ness to give encouragement to their growth. Finding herself incapable of refuting the arguments of her logical admirer, she readily admitted the belief that refutation was impossible; and so artfully did he contrive to mingle argument with flattery, that vanity and self-love were too much interested in the truth of his representations, to render her solicitous of having them contradicted.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

" Fancy! thou busy offspring of the mind;
" Thou roving, ranging rambler, unconfin'd;
" Pleasing, displeasing, aping, marring, making;
" Oft right for wrong, and wrong for right mistaking."

BRIDGETINA, to whom every day became more and more insupportable, was at length gratified by the appearance of Henry Sydney. The cruel youth, taking no notice of her soft embarrassment, totally regardless of the faint scream she uttered, or of the soft languishment of her non-bewitching eyes, only made her a slight bow, and advanced to enquire for Julia, to whom, and whom alone, he thought it necessary to make an apology for his absence.

While he addressed himself to Julia, Bridgetina regarded him with much attention; she observed that an air of melancholy overspread his countenance, that he looked

looked pale and thoughtful, and that the quick intelligence of his dark and brilliant eyes was exchanged for heavy languor and liſtleſs dejection.

The heart of Bridgetina beat quick at the diſcovery. "It is evident," ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "that the dear youth has been made miſerable by this cruel ſeparation. Yes; the pangs of abſence have been more than he could bear. Delightful ſenſibility! enchanting tenderneſs! how amiably intereſting do ye make him now appear!" Then addreſſing herſelf to Henry, "How much muſt it grieve the friends of Doctor Sydney," ſaid ſhe, "to behold him thus the prey of ſorrow! It is but too evident that ſome tender ſenſation preys upon his heart. Could he but conſider me as worthy of his confidence, with what delight would I ſoothe each tender emotion of his trouled mind!"

'You are very good, Madam,' ſaid Henry, ſmiling. 'I really did not know that

that my feelings had been quite ſo apparent; but you will not wonder that I ſhould be a little out of ſpirits, when I inform you that I leave W—— to-morrow; and that it is probable I ſhall never more return to it as a place of reſidence.'

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Bridgetina, "is it poſſible? Can you really be ſo cruel, ſo barbarous, ſo inſenſible to the affection——"

'I am certain,' ſaid Julia, (interrupting her friend, for whom ſhe bluſhed nearly as deeply as Henry had done from the force of her expreſſions, which he was convinced could only allude to one object) 'I am certain,' ſaid Julia, 'that the friends of Dr. Sydney muſt, indeed, ſuffer much from the loſs of his ſociety. I pity poor Maria from my heart.'

"What is the affection of Maria," exclaimed Bridgetina, "or of a thouſand Marias, in compariſon of that heart-burſting emotion—thoſe romantic, high-wrought, frenzied

frenzied feelings, which are inſpired by fierce and ardent love? Doctor Sydney muſt know that he leaves behind him one perſon, and one alone, who is capable of ſuch a tide of tenderneſs."

'Good God!' cried Henry, in amazement, 'what is it you mean?' Then recollecting himſelf, 'What a fool I am,' ſaid he, 'not to perceive your intention of making a jeſt of me!'

"Me jeſt!" ſaid Bridgetina. "No one can ſay that I ever made a jeſt, or ſo much as laughed at one, in the courſe of my whole life. On a ſubject ſo ſerious, in a moment of ſuch impreſſion, it is not likely that I ſhould ſpeak lightly. Ah! too well you know the truth, the cruel truth of the circumſtance to which I allude!"

'You aſtoniſh me beyond meaſure,' ſaid Henry. 'But do not thus play with my feelings, I beſeech you: for heaven's ſake, be more explicit.'

"It is you that ought to be more explicit, I think," returned Bridgetina. "Why,

acting under the influence of falſe delicacy, of erroneous prejudices, do you forbear to come to an explanation with her whoſe happineſs, whoſe fate is in your hands? What right have you by ſuſpenſe to deſtroy her peace, by delay to protract her utility?'

'You aſtoniſh me more and more!' ſaid Henry, in the greateſt agitation. 'But ſince you have ſo unaccountably diſcovered the ſecret of my heart, in juſtice to myſelf, I think I am bound to explain to you the motives of my conduct.' The paſſion that inſpires my breaſt, I have indeed laboured to conceal. Alas! I now find how ineffectually. But when I conſidered the narrowneſs of my fortune, the precarioufneſs of a profeſſion, in which neither aſſiduity nor abilities can enſure ſucceſs, I thought it would be ungenerous and baſe to ſeek to bind by an engagement the hand and heart of her whoſe happineſs is, and ever will be, dearer to me than my own. No, never will I be ſo vilely ſelfiſh; ſhe ſhall be free, though

though to her I am bound in ties indiſſoluble and eternal!'

"And do you really feel for her ſo much affection?" cried Bridgetina, ſoftening her ſhrill voice as much as poſſible. "And do you think," continued ſhe, "that ſhe is leſs generous, leſs noble-minded than yourſelf? Ah! no; be aſſured ſhe is at this moment ready and willing to ſacrifice to you all the falſe prejudices of a depraved and misjudging world. What is the world to her who exiſts, who lives, who breathes, but for you alone?"

'Dear Miſs Botherim,' ſaid Henry, 'you at once delight and grieve me by what you ſay! Dear as the flattering idea of being beloved is to my heart, it but renders the cruelty of my ſituation the more intolerable. Shall I take advantage of ſuch endearing ſenſibility? Shall I involve a generous and exalted woman in my misfortunes? Good heavens! how miſerable is my ſituation!'

"And

"And why miſerable?" returned Bridgetina. "Why is your ſituation to be deplored? It is this depraved and diſtempered ſtate of civilization, that alone puts preſent happineſs beyond your reach; but this is not an evil without a remedy. Leave this corrupt and barren wilderneſs, where the rank weed of prejudice ſpreads peſtilence and perdition through the tainted air; and in a region uncorrupted by the baleful inſtitutions of ſociety, enjoy the delicious delirium of ſweet and mutual love!"

Henry ſtarted at this ſpeech, which was to him totally incomprehenſible. Before he had time to aſk for an explanation, the entrance of Mr. Gubbles put an end to the converſation.

Henry, deeply agitated by what he had heard from Bridgetina, now gave himſelf up to joy at the diſcovery of Harriet's affection; and again relapſed into the moſt gloomy melancholy from the cruel recollection of the barrier which remained, and might

might long remain, to oppoſe their union. His reſolution of leaving W—— without making any declaration of his paſſion began to waver. It was the idea of her happineſs that had determined his ſilence; but now that he had been ſo plainly informed of her tenderneſs for him, he thought it would be equally cruel and diſhonourable to leave her in any ſuſpenſe concerning his ſentiments.

Bridgetina, on the entrance of Mr. Gubbles, thought it neceſſary to retire, in order to conceal her emotion; which was, however, obſervable to no eyes but thoſe of Julia, as in truth ſhe was the only perſon who either looked at or thought of her at all. She had not yet returned, when Henry, impatient to be gone, haſtily took leave of Julia; who, much aſtoniſhed at his whole behaviour, aſked him if he would not ſtay to ſee Miſs Botherim. 'She will have the goodneſs to excuſe me,' ſaid he, 'as my time is now ſo limited;' and then

then again repeating his wiſhes for Julia's complete recovery, he departed.

With haſty ſteps he proceeded to Dr. Orwell's. As he drew near the houſe, a thouſand different emotions crouded on his mind; much as he was flattered by the pleaſing certainty of Harriet's attachment, his delicacy was in ſome degree hurt by her making a confidante of Miſs Botherim.

'What a perverſe, what an inconſiſtent being is man!' ſaid he to himſelf, with a deep ſigh. 'How miſerable did I deem the anxiety of doubt! how often have I trembled with the apprehenſions of Harriet's indifference! and now that I have nought to fear, I am leſs happy, leſs contented than ever! Oh, had I wooed the confeſſion from her own lips, how bleſſed would it have made me! But is not this vile, is it not ungrateful? Yes, dear Harriet, I ought, and I ſhall love you more than ever!'

He entered the houſe without ceremony, and proceeded to the ſaloon; where he beheld

beheld Harriet ſitting at a ſmall work-table which ſtood near the window. Her claſped hands reſted on a folded letter which lay on the table, on the direction of which her eyes ſeemed to dwell with that unconſcious fixedneſs that denotes deep and painful meditation. Tears trickled faſt down her lovely cheeks, and a long and heavy ſigh heaved her boſom. On perceiving Henry, ſhe inſtantly took up the letter, and haſtily putting it in her pocket, endeavoured to reſume an air of cheerfulneſs and ſerenity.

'I fear I intrude upon you,' ſaid Henry; 'but I know your goodneſs will pardon my intruſion, when I tell you that the long-dreaded hour of my departure is arrived; that ſhort is the time I can now enjoy the ſociety moſt dear to me; ſoon, very ſoon muſt I be torn from it, perhaps for ever.'

"I am extremely ſorry to hear it," ſaid Harriet, with much compoſure in her looks, but in accents ſcarcely articulate; "though, as I hope it will be for your advantage,

advantage, your real friends ought rather to rejoice than grieve at the event."

'And can Miſs Orwell part with her old friend thus coolly?' ſaid Henry.

"No one can take a deeper intereſt in the happineſs of their friends than I do," replied Harriet. "Could my friendſhip be of ſervice to you, you ſhould find that it was neither lukewarm nor inſincere. For your kind attentions to this family in our late affliction, I can never be either ungrateful nor forgetful; but——" Here her voice totally failing her, ſhe ſtopped for a moment; and then, as if recollecting herſelf, ſaid, "I muſt acquaint my father with your being here; he too, I know, will wiſh to return you his grateful acknowledgments, and will be ſorry to loſe a moment of your company."

'Cruel Harriet!' ſaid Henry, 'in a moment ſuch as this to talk of thanks for the common offices of humanity! When my full heart is burſting with anxiety to communicate

communicate to you the ſenſations which agitate it almoſt to madneſs, will you refuſe to me the conſolation of a hearing?"

"Doctor Sydney," ſaid Harriet, with a look of mingled dignity and ſweetneſs, "do not think me either inſenſible or capricious. You can have nothing to communicate to me to which I ought to liſten, that you may not freely ſpeak in the preſence of my father."

Often (thought Henry) have I heard of the caprice of the ſex, but never did I imagine that in Harriet Orwell I ſhould behold a proof of it. 'And do you,' ſaid he, 'indeed prohibit me to make uſe of this laſt, this only opportunity of declaring to you the ſtate of my heart! of——'

"Indeed," ſaid Harriet, interrupting him, "it is very fooliſh, very improper to have any converſation of this kind." And then haſtily pulling the bell, ſhe deſired the ſervant, who immediately entered, to acquaint her father that Doctor Sydney wiſhed to ſee him.

Vexed,

Vexed, mortified, and diſappointed, Henry ſtood for ſome moments ſilent. 'Am I in a dream?' he at length exclaimed. 'Is it from Miſs Orwell's lips I hear theſe words! Has ſhe then no regard, no pity, no feeling for me? Vain illuſion! (continued he, in great agitation, ſtriking his hand againſt his forehead) oh, how fully is my temerity and preſumption puniſhed!'

"I am truly grieved," ſaid Harriet, in great confuſion, "I am ſorry, I am diſtreſſed to ſee you ſo much agitated. But if the aſſurance of my *friendſhip*—my ſincere and laſting friendſhip, can afford you any conſolation, it ever has been—it ever will be your's."

Her trembling lip and faltering voice, as ſhe pronounced theſe words, proclaimed the agitation of heart. Hearing her father's ſtep in the paſſage, ſhe aroſe, and holding out her hand to Henry, who ſeized it in a ſpeechleſs agony of amazement and deſpair, "Farewell!" ſaid ſhe, "may happineſs—"

pineſs—" She could proceed no further; but as her father entered at one door, ſhe hurried out at the other, and running to her own apartment, gave vent to the emotions ſhe could no longer ſuppreſs.

Harriet had been in ſome degree prepared for the intended departure of Henry, of which ſhe had heard about an hour before he came to take his leave of her. Her heart had ſunk within her at the intelligence, and her agitated ſpirits had been forced to ſeek relief in a burſt of involuntary ſorrow. Far, however, from giving indulgence to theſe feelings, ſhe had ſummoned up all her reſolution to ſuppreſs them; ſhe knew that Henry would certainly call to take leave, and prepared her mind to ſuſtain the parting ſcene with dignity. When ſhe had a little compoſed herſelf, ſhe went to her bureau, took out the laſt letter of her beloved aunt, and endeavoured to fortify her mind by a peruſal of its contents. She then bathed her eyes in cold water to

take

take away the veſtiges of her tears, and proceeded to the ſaloon, whither ſhe knew Henry would be ſhewn; again ſhe read over the laſt advice of her venerable friend, and with an enthuſiaſm kindled by the high-wrought emotion of her ſpirits, ſhe vowed to obey her wiſe inſtructions.

How well ſhe performed her reſolution has been already ſeen. Her heroiſm was, however, pretty nearly exhauſted by the time ſhe reached her own apartment; ſhe threw herſelf into a chair, and for ſome minutes gave way to the feelings of her deeply-wounded heart. She now regretted not having liſtened to Henry's declaration. "How cruel, how unfeeling muſt he now think me!" cried ſhe; "his eſteem, at leaſt, I might ſurely have retained: oh why did I, by the appearance of ſuch pride, deprive myſelf of a regard ſo precious?" Thus did ſhe for ſome time add to the weight of ſorrow by the bitterneſs of ſelf-accuſation. But her underſtanding was too

good to be long warped by the influence of paſſion. She ſoon perceived, that to have acted in any other manner, would have brought on all the evils which her aunt had ſo forcibly pointed out; and no ſooner did a conſciouſneſs of the propriety of her conduct reach her mind, than it comforted and ſoothed her. By an act of ardent and ſincere devotion, ſhe fortified her reſolution; and while her innocent ſoul was poured out to Heaven in earneſt ſupplications for her lover's happineſs, that ſerenity which is the companion of elevated ſentiment, took poſſeſſion of her mind.

Let us now return to the mortified and diſappointed Henry, who remained, for ſome time after ſhe left the ſaloon, in ſuch a ſtate of ſtupefaction, that he was almoſt inſenſible to the preſence of her father. He was at length rouſed from his reverie by the repeated queſtions of Dr. Orwell, and forced, in reply to them, to give him an account of the cauſe of his ſudden de-

parture

parture from W——; which was occaſioned by advice that morning received from his patroneſs Mrs. Fielding, through whoſe intereſt he hoped to be appointed phyſician to the ——— Hoſpital, vacated by the death of Dr. ——.

Dr. Orwell very ſincerely congratulated his young friend on ſo flattering a proſpect, and highly approved of his fixing in London in preference to the country, where, though his virtues would be eſteemed, his talents would be loſt.

Henry in reply ſaid, 'that he merely went in conformity to the opinion of his father, who did not wiſh to diſoblige Mrs. Fielding by a non-compliance with her requeſt. 'For my own ſhare,' continued he, 'I am perfectly contented with the country, I have no wiſh to quit it; never ſhall I be ſo happy in any other place as I have been here; never, from the hour I leave this, ſhall I know a moment's peace.'

"I hope you will ſoon have too much buſineſs upon your hands to give you time

for vain regrets," ſaid Dr. Orwell, ſmiling. "Greatly, however, ſhall we all miſs you —much have we been obliged to your attention; and wherever you are, the beſt wiſhes of me and of my family will attend you. Surely Harriet did not know that you were going away ſo ſoon, or ſhe would not have run away without bidding you farewell. But, poor girl, you muſt excuſe her; ſhe has now a great many domeſtic concerns to look after. I can aſſure you ſhe wiſhes you well, and will never forget your kind attention to her aunt."

Henry, much diſtreſſed by this ſpeech, and unable to carry on the converſation any farther, ſuddenly ſtarted up, and ſhaking hands with his good old friend, bade him farewell, and went away as faſt as poſſible. The behaviour of Harriet had aſtoniſhed as much as it had mortified him. Prepoſſeſſed with the idea of Miſs Botherim's being in her confidence, (for how elſe could ſhe attain the knowledge of the diſpoſition

of

of her heart?) he could not doubt of her affection. From whence, then, proceeded this unneceſſary and vexatious reſerve? Why to Miſs Botherim ſo free and open in the acknowledgment of her attachment, and to himſelf ſo backward as not even to deign to liſten to his vows? "Alas! it is but too evident," cried he; "pride and ambition have ſtifled the voice of love; it is at the ſuggeſtion of thoſe accurſed paſſions that ſhe rejects the man her heart approves. Oh, Harriet, Harriet! how oppoſite to the exalted generoſity of thy ſentiments is thy preſent conduct! If excellence ſuch as thine be found imperfect, in whom may we hereafter confide?" Thus did he continue to upbraid the gentle Harriet for a behaviour, which, could he but have read her heart, and ſeen its real motives there diſplayed, would have rendered her more eſtimable in his eyes than ever.

And here, kind reader, of whatever age or gender thou mayeſt haply chance to be, we

we entreat thee to make one moment's pauſe; and to be ſo obliging as to give a glance towards the perſon whoſe conduct thou haſt laſt condemned. Believe it certain, that with all thy penetration thou mayeſt, peradventure, have miſtaken the intentions of his heart. Mitigate, therefore, the fierceneſs of thy wrath. Retract the harſhneſs of thy cenſure, and ſo ſhalt thou, when the ſecrets of all hearts ſhall be revealed, eſcape the bitterneſs of remorſe for the cruelty of injuſtice.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

"With too much thinking to have common thought."
POPE.

WHEN Bridgetina returned to the parlour, and found that Henry had departed without taking leave of her, ſhe was beyond meaſure diſconcerted. She had the day before received from Mr. Glib's a new novel, the declamatory ſtyle and quaint phraſeology of which had ſo highly pleaſed her, that, anxious to dreſs her thoughts on the preſent occaſion to the very beſt advantage, ſhe had tried to refreſh her memory with a few of the moſt ſtriking paſſages; ſhe now returned fraught with three long ſpeeches, ſo ardent, ſo expreſſive, ſo full of energy and emphaſis, that it would have grieved a ſaint to have had them loſt.

"And

"And is he gone?" cried ſhe, in a voice that at once denoted her ſurpriſe and mortification. "Was his ſenſibility too great to bear the ſad—ſad ſcene of ſeparation! It was not his own feelings but mine, of which he was thus tender. Ah! the delightful exceſs of morbid ſenſibility!"

Julia, perceiving the aſtoniſhment of Mr. Gubbles, felt very much aſhamed; and afraid leſt Bridgetina ſhould ſtill further expoſe herſelf, begged her, in a whiſper, to ſay no more upon the ſubject at preſent, as they ſhould have an opportunity of talking it all over when they were alone.

"I know your meaning," replied Bridgetina aloud, "you would have me baſely conceal my ſentiments, in conformity to the pernicious maxims and practices of the world. But what ſo much as the dread of cenſure has cramped the energy of the female mind? Have not the firſt of female characters deſpiſed it? And do you think the odious fetters of a depraved ſociety ſhall ſhackle me?"

'Indeed, Miſs Botherim,' ſaid Mr. Gubbles, 'I muſt make bold to tell you, that if you mean, (for I cannot pretend to ſay that I very well underſtand you) but if if you mean to ſay, that you intend to be above the cenſures of the world, I can aſſure you I never knew any good come of ſuch notions.'

"What are the cenſures of the world to me? (ſaid Bridgetina.) Do you think I have not ſufficient philoſophy to deſpiſe them?"

'Well, well,' returned Mr. Gubbles, 'I hope it will not be your caſe, Miſs; but I muſt needs ſay, that in the long courſe of my practice I never knew any one that began in deſpiſing the cenſures of the world, that did not conclude in deſerving them.'

Mr. Gubbles then took his leave, and was no ſooner gone, than Bridgetina informed Julia of her intention of following Henry to London. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Julia, "you cannot, ſurely, be ſo very imprudent as to harbour a deſign of

of this ſort now? Think of the conſequences to your character. Think of the diſtreſs of your mother! Nay, to Henry himſelf ſuch a circumſtance could not fail at preſent to be inconvenient and diſtreſſing to the laſt degree."

'To anſwer your objections methodically,' ſaid Bridgetina, 'for you know I love to methodize) they are, I think, threefold. Firſt, with regard to my character; ſecondly, in reſpect to my mother; and thirdly, in reſpect to Henry himſelf. Theſe are your objections; they may all, however, be anſwered in one word—*general utility*. What is the uſe of character to an individual, when put in competition with the intereſts of general utility? By what moral tie am I bound to conſult the inclinations of my mother? The only juſt morals are thoſe which tend to increaſe the bulk of enjoyment: my enjoyment can never be increaſed by living with my mother, conſequently living with her is adverſe

adverſe to the grand end of exiſtence—general utility. As to Henry, will not my preſence increaſe his happineſs? And is not happineſs and pleaſure the only true end of our being?* When we attain theſe, do we not then beſt promote general utility? Theſe are the ſublime principles of philoſophy, and all that oppoſes it is the fable of ſuperſtition.'

"But I am not convinced, that by following Henry to London, before he has had time to arrange his affairs, or even to enter upon the profeſſion on which he depends for his ſupport, that you will contribute either to his happineſs or your own."

'What obſtinacy of prejudice!' cried Bridgetina. 'Was not melancholy painted upon his countenance? Was not his miſery, at the thoughts of leaving me, evident to the moſt careleſs obſerver? And ſhall not his happineſs at again beholding me be equally apparent? Yes; I feel in myſelf

* See Emma Courtney.

a capa-

a capacity for increaſing his happineſs, and my powers ſhall not be loſt. Our ſouls ſhall mingle, our ideas ſhall expand together. Senſations! emotions! delicacies! ſenſibilities! Oh how ſhall ye overwhelm us in one great torrent of felicity!'

"Still," ſaid Julia, "I wiſh—indeed, my dear Bridgetina, I wiſh—that with regard to Henry, you may not labour under ſome miſtake. Forgive me; but I think it would be wrong to conceal from you, that I have ſtill ſome doubts—"

'Doubts! after what you have heard him ſay?' cried Bridgetina, interrupting her. 'Was ever declaration more explicit? Was ever confeſſion more ſweetly candid or ſincere?'

"He did indeed confeſs that he was in love with ſomebody," returned Julia; "but as he ſpoke in the firſt perſon, the object of his paſſion might, I think, be with greater probability ſuppoſed abſent than preſent."

The

The rage of Bridgetina, at a ſuppoſition ſo injurious to her wiſhes, and ſo deſtructive of her hopes, was for ſome time too great for utterance. She at length, however, gave vent to her wrath, and loaded poor Julia with the bittereſt reproaches, mixed with many ſarcaſtic obſervations on her want of penetration. Julia was at great pains to appeaſe her, in which ſhe at length happily ſucceeded; and though ſhe could by no means prevail upon her to relinquiſh the plan of following Henry to London, ſhe extorted from her a promiſe of delay.

Bridgetina then entered into a very long, and doubtleſs a very inſtructive, inveſtigation of the nature of mind; proving, by a thouſand irrefragable arguments, the utter impoſſibility of Henry's having continued inſenſible to the charms of her mental qualifications; and concluded her oration by an obſervation ſo full of novelty and wiſdom, that it alone were ſufficient to immortalize her name. 'Having proved,' ſaid ſhe,

'that

'that mind is ſuperior to matter, and never more ſuperior than when the faculties are in the full vigour of youth, it neceſſarily follows, that were man, uncorrupted by the prejudices of ſociety, to act from the pure impulſe of nature, he would, in the wild career of energetic youth, deſpiſe the trifling diſadvantages of uglineſs and decrepitude. Regardleſs of the mere forms of matter, he would leave the unnatural admiration of beauty to the old, the dull, and the inſenſible; and ſeek for the object of his affection a diſcuſſing, a reaſoning, and an inveſtigating mind. This is the true courſe of nature! This is the moſt ſublime proof of the perfectibility of man!'

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

" Alike in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,
" Whether he think too little or too much;
" Chaos of thought and paſſion, all confus'd,
" Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſabus'd."

POPE.

JULIA was now ſo far recovered, as to be able to walk acroſs the room with very little help. She could ſit up the whole day, without experiencing any inconvenience; and certain that ſhe could well bear the motion of a carriage, ſhe would no longer have delayed her removal to her father's houſe, had it not been for the earneſt entreaties of Vallaton.

She aſked him with a ſmile, if any thing was to prevent his ſeeing her there as frequently as he did in her preſent ſituation?

" Alas!"

"Alas!" returned Vallaton, "I may, indeed, have there the pleaſure of beholding you, of hearing the muſic of your voice; but can I pour out my ſoul to you in the preſence of your father, as I do now in this bleſſed retirement? Ah! deareſt Julia, do not ſo ſoon deprive me of the exquiſite happineſs I have of late enjoyed. If you have any regard for me, you will not heſitate to prolong the period of my felicity."

Julia, who was herſelf too happy in the uninterrupted enjoyment of her lover's converſation to be very ſolicitous of change, conſented to remain for ſome days longer. Meantime the ſky brightened up, the ſun again ſhone forth, the floods abated, and Vallaton on his next viſit brought ſuch an account of the dryneſs of the road, as induced Bridgetina, who was all impatience to learn ſome tidings of the young phyſician, to propoſe walking to her mother's, leaving Vallaton *téte-à-téte* with Julia, till her

her return. Her propoſal met with no oppoſition from either of the parties, and ſhe immediately ſet out.

By inceſſantly ruminating on her own ſituation, ſhe had worked her mind into a ſtate of effervescence, whoſe airy fumes ſo completely filled the light balloon of fancy, that judgment and common-ſenſe (like the adventurous brothers* of aëroſtatic memory) ſuffered themſelves to be carried along by its wild career.

Full of diſtinguiſhing herſelf by ſome bold ſtep that ſhould immortalize her fame, ſhe walked on with precipitation, unheedful of every object, careleſs of every obſerver; ſometimes ſtopping to make a ſoliloquy, ſometimes trotting along as faſt as the ſhortneſs of her legs would permit; till, when about half-way to the town, ſhe was ſtopped by Mrs. Delmond, who was thus far on her road to viſit Julia. Mrs. Delmond was

* Stephen and Joſeph Montgolfier.

ſurpriſed by ſeeing her, and immediately enquired for her daughter. Bridgetina only ſtaid to ſay, that ſhe would find Julia very well; and then, careleſs of Mrs. Delmond's intreaties that ſhe would be ſo good as to take up her gown, which trailed after her upon the dirty road, ſhe ſet off with redoubled ſpeed.

A few ſteps from her mother's door, ſhe was met by Mr. Glib. "How d'ye do, Citizen Miſs?" cried he, as ſoon as he obſerved her. "Exerting your energies, I ſee. That's it! energies do all. Make your legs grow long in a twinkling. Won't then ſweep the ſtreets with your gown. All owing to this d****d good-for-nothing ſtate of civilization. No ſhort legs in an enlightened ſociety. All the Hottentots tall and ſtraight as May-poles."

'Certainly,' ſaid Bridgetina, bridling, 'if a perſon of energetic mind chooſes to be tall, there is nothing to hinder it; mind, we all know, being deſpotic over matter; but

but I ſee no good in being tall, for my ſhare, and would much rather remain as I am.'

'"As you are, Miſs?" cried Glib, grinning. "No, no; change your mind, when you get among the Gonoquais. Grand ſcheme goes bravely on. Four new philoſophers agreed to go already. Nothing at our houſe but preparations. Shut up ſhop to-morrow. Ship to be freighted ſoon. Only want the caſh. Philoſophers are ſadly out at elbows. Depend on you for five hundred."

'"Yes,' replied Bridgetina, 'and I hope to bring an acquiſition to the party of more real value than fifty times five hundred.' She had now reached her mother's door, but finding her not at home, ſhe proceeded without delay to the houſe of Mr. Sydney.

Maria was at home, and alone; her ſpirits dejected by parting with her brother, who had ever been the object of her fondeſt affection—an affection now increaſed by the

the ſtronger ties of tender friendſhip, unbounded confidence, and exalted eſteem. She would willingly have been excuſed from the painful taſk of talking on common topics with ſuch viſitors as chance might ſend her, at a time when her full heart was occupied by its own feelings; but as ſhe had early learned too great a reſpect for truth to command a domeſtic to commit a breach of it, ſhe did not aſſume the privilege of being denied. Nor did ſhe, like ſome pretenders to ſanctity, make amends to herſelf for the ſelf-denial practiſed in one inſtance, by the indulgence of peeviſhneſs or ill-humour in another; but repreſſing her mortification at being thus unſeaſonably diſturbed, ſhe received our heroine, if not with the diſſembled ſmile of pleaſure, with the urbanity of real hoſpitality.

Bridgetina inſtantly enquired for Henry. When ſhe heard that he had ſet off early in the morning, ſhe burſt into an exclamation

tion of ſorrow. "And is he gone?" cried ſhe. "Gone, without one tender adieu? Cruel Henry! why didſt thou thus leave me? why deny me the delicious agony of a parting embrace? But thy feelings were too much awakened! thy manly ſoul ſtruggled with the ſuffocating ſenſations of ſorrowing ſenſibility! Tell me, Maria! tell me, I conjure you, every word he ſaid. Did he not murmur at his cruel fate? did he not ſigh? did he not appear extremely wretched?"

'If you mean my brother,' ſaid Maria, 'it cannot be doubted that he was very ſorry to part with us. He has too much feeling to leave his friends with indifference.'

"Feeling!" cried Bridgetina, "oh, he is all feeling, all ſenſibility, and ſoftneſs, and intereſting melancholy. But grieve not for him, Maria; ſoon ſhall I ſoothe his ſorrows with the tender aſſiduity of unſophiſticated and affective love; ſoon will I claſp him to my throbbing boſom; ſoon—"

'Indeed,

'Indeed, Miſs Botherim,' ſaid Maria, 'you talk very wildly. I ſuppoſe you mean to rally me for my dejection; but, indeed, this is not the way to increaſe my ſpirits.'

"Has your brother then not told you of our loves?"

'Why, my dear Miſs Botherim, will you perſiſt in this abſurd way of ſpeaking? Indeed it is not kind; my ſpirits are by no means equal to it.'

"Why will you perſiſt," returned Bridgetina, "in believing me not to be ſerious? Never was I more ſo, I do aſſure you, in my life. Henry was wrong in concealing from you his long and tender attachment; but ſince upon the formation of our firſt attachment depends the colour of our future life, happy may you be that exiſting circumſtances led him to ſuch an object. Yes, Maria, rejoice that your brother loves one who glories in returning his tenderneſs; who, with inexpreſſible yearnings, pants to convince him of the power he has obtained over her heart."

'For Heaven's ſake,' cried Maria, 'to what do you allude? To whom is my brother thus attached? How did you come by this confidence?'

"To whom is your brother attached?" repeated Bridgetina; "to whom ſhould he poſſibly be attached, but to me? Yes; long the fierce conſuming fire has flamed in ſecret; nor till yeſterday morning did it get vent in the dear intereſting channel of a full explanation. Oh, Maria, how did our ſouls then mingle! how delicious was the ſympathetic tenderneſs that heaved our throbbing hearts!"

Amazed, yet doubting, Maria ſtared upon Bridgetina; at length, recovering herſelf, 'I ſee, Miſs Botherim,' ſaid ſhe gravely, 'you have a mind to amuſe yourſelf by an experiment upon my credulity; but I am not ſo eaſily deceived. Believe me, we have had enough of this fooliſh converſation, and had better change the ſubject.'

Bridgetina,

Bridgetina, much offended at a ſpeech which inſinuated a doubt of her being the object of Henry's affection, retorted with ſome warmth; and by a minute detail of the converſation that had taken place the preceding day, laboured to enforce the conviction, while ſhe increaſed the aſtoniſhment of his ſiſter.

In repeating what had been ſaid by Henry, Bridgetina followed the method obſerved by many worthy people, who, from a benevolent deſire of making whatever they recount appear to the beſt advantage, take the trouble of tranſlating every ſentence into their own language, and thus kindly beſtow upon their friends their own peculiar turn of expreſſion. So effectually, in the preſent inſtance, did Bridgetina purſue this admirable plan, that ſhe made the declaration of Henry appear, even to the prejudiced mind of his ſiſter, as full and unequivocal as it had done to her own. Every word ſhe uttered

filled

filled the breaſt of Maria with an increaſing portion of aſtoniſhment and diſmay.

That Henry, the brother in whom her hopes were fondly centered; he, to whom, in her opinion, belonged all excellence and perfection; whoſe ſentiments were ſo delicate, whoſe obſervation was ſo penetrating; that *he* ſhould make choice of ſuch a woman as Miſs Botherim! It was equal ſubject of mortification and amazement! Yet when ſhe conſidered the evident perturbation of his mind, when ſhe recollected how anxiouſly he had ſought for an opportunity of ſpeaking to her unobſerved by their father, which many little croſs accidents had interpoſed to prevent; and that he had been forced to depart without an opportunity of communicating to her what ſeemed to hang ſo heavy on his mind; the recollection ſeemed to confirm the truth of the extraordinary tale. Bridgetina proceeded to mention her intention of immediately following

Henry

Henry to London, and taking out her tablet, deſired his addreſs.

"Impoſſible!" cried Maria, reddening with vexation; "it is impoſſible you can be ſo ridiculous as to harbour a thought of following my brother to London."

'I not only think of it,' returned Bridgetina, 'but am determined upon going. You, my dear, who are the child of prejudice and ſuperſtition, would, perhaps, ſtartle at the idea of following a lover. You have no ſtrength of mind to devote yourſelf to that *moral martyrdom* which every female, who enters upon the grand path of true philoſophy, muſt, in this depraved and corrupt ſtate of civilization, be certain to encounter.'

"Indeed, indeed, Miſs Botherim, theſe fine theories do very well to talk about," returned Maria; "but, believe me, they were never meant for practice. Think but for a moment on the conſequences that muſt enſue both to yourſelf and my brother,

brother, from perſiſting in a project ſo wild —ſo ridiculous. And I am ſure you have too much ſenſe to proceed any farther in a ſcheme that muſt bring ruin to you both."

'My ſcheme,' ſaid Bridgetina, 'is too extenſive for any but a mind of great powers to comprehend. It is not bounded by the narrow limits of individual happineſs, but extends to embrace the grand object of general utility. Your education has been too confined to enable you to follow an energetic mind in which paſſions generate powers, and powers generate paſſions; and powers, paſſions, and energies, germinate to general uſefulneſs. I ſee you do not underſtand this; it is, indeed, beyond the comprehenſion of a vulgar mind; but when I have more leiſure, I ſhall be happy to enter with you into an inveſtigation of the ſubject. As I know the addreſs of Mrs. Fielding, it is of little conſequence whether I have your brother's or not; ſo good-bye!'

"Do

"Do not go, I beſeech you," cried Maria; "do not go, dear Miſs Botherim, till I talk to you a little further upon this ſubject. You would not, ſure you would not wiſh to injure the intereſts of my brother, whoſe principal dependence is on the friendſhip of Mrs. Fielding! What would ſhe think of ſeeing a lady come after him to London? What could ſhe think, that would not be injurious to the honour and character of both?"

'If ſhe be a perſon of ſuch vulgar prejudices, her opinion is of little conſequence,' anſwered Bridgetina. 'But make yourſelf eaſy, Maria; I have for Henry a ſcheme of happineſs in view, which will make the friendſhip of Mrs. Fielding very immaterial.' So ſaying, Bridgetina hurried away without liſtening to any further expoſtulation, leaving poor Maria a prey to the moſt haraſſing perplexity and vexation.

Greatly ſhe now regretted the abſence of her father, who had gone to pay a viſit

to

to a gentleman in the country, in order, to procure from him an introduction to his numerous connexions in London in favour of Henry; and as this gentleman's houſe was ten miles diſtant from W——, ſhe thought it probable he might not return till the following day. Upon this emergency, ſhe determined to conſult her friend Miſs Orwell; and if ſhe found that Bridgetina ſtill perſiſted in her extraordinary plan, reſolved to apply to Dr. Orwell himſelf for his interference; as his voice, ſhe thought, would be effectual for its prevention.

She inſtantly hurried to the parſonage, where ſhe found Harriet buſily employed in preparing baby-linen for the wife of a poor labourer, who had that morning been brought to-bed of twins, and was altogether unprovided for this double demand upon her tiny wardrobe. The other children, whoſe noiſy prattle diſturbed the mother's repoſe, Harriet had brought home with her in the morning, and found their company

pany very efficacious in driving away the troubleſome companion—*thought.*

She diſmiſſed her little gueſts on the entrance of Maria, whoſe countenance betrayed ſuch ſymptoms of agitation, that it ſtruck diſmay to her inmoſt ſoul. She took Maria's hand, and with faltering voice inquired if any thing had befallen her. "Has your brother—has any accident—oh! for heaven's ſake, ſpeak!"

'My brother, I hope, is well,' returned Maria; 'but he has loſt himſelf—has thrown himſelf away—has—oh, Harriet, how ſhall I tell you?—he has engaged himſelf to Miſs Botherim.'

"To Miſs Botherim!" repeated Harriet, ſtaring wildly upon Maria, whoſe feelings were now ſo overcome, that ſhe could no longer refrain from tears, but throwing her arms round her lovely friend, for ſome time wept in ſilence on her neck. Harriet, ſtupefied by the information ſhe had received, made no attempt to interrupt her.

her. Yet though tears are ſometimes, it is ſaid, infectious, not one found its way to the eyes of Harriet. She neither moved nor ſpake, till Maria, her voice half choked in ſobs, exclaimed, ‘ Oh, Harriet! the ſiſter of my heart, how often have I flattered myſelf that you, you were the object of my brother's love. You, indeed, were formed to make him happy; but Miſs Botherim!—Oh, what ſorcery has bewitched him?”

Whether it was the extreme tenderneſs of Maria's accent, as ſhe pronounced theſe words, that touched ſome uniſon in Harriet's heart, or whether it was the words themſelves that ſtruck the chords of feeling, we know not; but they produced upon Harriet the inſtantaneous effect of ſympathy. She ſtrained Maria to her boſom, and mingled her tears with her's. After the firſt emotions of both had a little ſubſided, Maria proceeded fully to relate what ſhe had learned from Miſs Botherim,

and

and by her relation, excited in Harriet ſeelings ſtill more poignant than thoſe ſhe had herſelf experienced.

Harriet had indeed ſtill more reaſon for aſtoniſhment: for though Henry had never talked to her of love, he had, by a long ſeries of minute and delicate attentions, given her ſuch unequivocal proofs of his partiality, that ſhe could as ſoon have entertained doubts of her own exiſtence as of the ſincerity of his affection. As Maria proceeded in her narration, a thouſand recollected proofs of tenderneſs ruſhed upon her mind. She remembered, too, how uneaſy he had ever appeared in the preſence of Miſs Botherim, for whom he ſeemed to entertain an unconquerable diſlike. Could this be affectation? Could it be a maſk to conceal his real ſentiments from obſervation? In any other inſtance Harriet would not have heſitated to have pronounced a firm negative to thoſe unworthy ſuſpicions. But where is the judgment

ment which, under the influence of paſſion, can coolly exerciſe its undiminiſhed powers? Where the candour, that jealouſy cannot bias? Where the firmneſs, that ſuſpicion cannot ſhake?

" Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination;
" That if he would but apprehend ſome joy,
" *It* comprehends ſome bringer of that joy;
" Or in the night imagining ſome fear,
" How eaſy is a buſh ſuppos'd a bear?"

SHAKESPEARE.

The entrance of Dr. Orwell and Marianne put a ſtop to the converſation, and reſtored to Harriet the liberty of ruminating in ſilence on the ſtrange event, which, in ſpite of all ſhe had heard, ſhe ſcarcely knew how to believe.

The Doctor ſpoke to Miſs Sydney of her brother, in whoſe welfare he took the moſt ſincere and friendly intereſt. He talked of his journey, of his proſpects, of the probability of his ſucceſs in the capital; and mingled all he ſaid reſpecting him with ſuch diſcriminating, yet ardent praiſe,

as would at any other time have kindled the flame of gratitude in the breaſts of more than one of his auditors. In the midſt of his panegyric, a loud knock at the door announcing the approach of a viſitor, Maria, who was in no ſpirits for ſeeing company, would have retired; but before ſhe could get away, Mrs. Botherim haſtily entered the room.

Breathleſs, pale, and trembling, the poor old lady ſunk into the chair that was offered her, and hiding her face with the corner of her cloak, ſhe burſt into a flood of tears. The ſight of age, venerable in itſelf, is doubly venerable in affliction. The hearts of theſe amiable young people bowed before it; and each, forgetful of her own particular ſorrow, turned her whole attention towards thoſe of the unhappy mother, the cauſe of whoſe diſtreſs they were at no loſs to conjecture.

"Oh! Dr. Orwell!" cried ſhe, taking out her handkerchief to wipe away her tears;

tears; "you know what it is to be a parent, and will not wonder at what I feel, when I tell you that I have loſt my child! Yes, ſhe leaves me! ſhe deſerts me! in my old age ſhe forſakes me! She will make my grey hairs go with ſorrow to the grave?"

'Miſs Botherim about to leave you!' ſaid Dr. Orwell in aſtoniſhment. 'Where is ſhe going? Does ſhe leave you for a huſband? If ſo, you know, my dear Madam, it is what parents muſt lay their accounts with.'

"Oh! it is no ſuch thing as for a huſband," returned Mrs. Botherim; "it is for madneſs, for ruin, for miſery! She ſays as how that young Dr. Sydney and ſhe are going to live among the Hottentots. And Mr. Glib is going, and all them there philoſophers are going. And this is what at laſt comes of all her fine larning, and all her argufications out of them there wiſe books. To run from her poor mother, and

and to go a harloting among the Hottentots! Oh, that I ſhould ever live to ſee it!"

Much as Dr. Orwell was affected by the good lady's diſtreſs, at the mention of the Hottentots he could not help ſmiling. A ſcheme ſo wild was, he thought, in no danger of being put in practice. 'Into what abſurdities Mr. Glib or his friends may be led, I know not,' ſaid he; 'but I think I can anſwer for Dr. Sydney, that his principles are built upon a rock, that gives ſecurity for the ſteadineſs of his integrity and diſcretion.'

"Oh, you know nothing of him at all," returned Mrs. Botherim. "Who would have thought that he had been all this time ſlily a courting o' my daughter, and 'ticing her to follow him to London, with no other view but to make her his concubine? For ſhe told me to my face they were to live together without being married. Think of this, Dr. Orwell! think what a blow it is to my heart! oh, I ſhall never ſurvive it!"

'Depend

'Depend upon it, Mrs. Botherim, there is ſome miſtake in this,' rejoined the Doctor. 'That Dr. Sydney ſhould take a fancy to Miſs Botherim, as there is no accounting for taſte, is not impoſſible; but that he ſhould be guilty of the arts of baſe ſeduction, is ſo inconſiſtent with the whole tenor of his conduct, with the manly generoſity of his ſentiments, with the ſoundneſs of his principles, that it is utterly incredible. The beſt of men, it is true, act not at all times with conſiſtency. By the impulſe of ſudden paſſion, all are liable to be ſometimes betrayed; but the tranſient erratic wanderings of a noble mind never reach the confines of baſeneſs. The man who entertains exalted conceptions of the Being to whom he believes himſelf accountable, is not likely to loſe the tranſcript of his image on his heart, by an act of deliberate perfidy and wickedneſs. Henry Sydney, I repeat it, is incapable of being the ſeducer of innocence!"

Harriet

Harriet graſped her father's hand; tears of gratitude and pleaſure gliſtened in her eyes. Her looks ſpoke more than words could have conveyed, and her approbation of his opinion was by no means indifferent to Dr. Orwell, who knew the generous warmth of her feelings, and highly eſteemed the ſoundneſs of her judgment.

"How greatly is my brother honoured by your eſteem, ſir," ſaid Maria, with great emotion; "but indeed you do not think more highly of him than he deſerves."

'I know not what he deſerves,' cried Mrs. Botherim; 'no, not I. If he takes away my daughter, he deſerves every thing that's bad; and I ſhould not have thought that any body would have given countenance to ſuch doings. My poor Biddy! little did I think what all her learning was to come to! Seeing my late dear Mr. Botherim conſider me as nobody, becauſe I was not book-read, I thought I would take care to prevent my daughter's meeting with

with ſuch diſreſpect from her huſband; and ſo I encouraged her in doing nothing but reading from morning till night. Proud was I when they told me ſhe was a philoſopher; for few women, you know, are philoſophers; and ſo I thought ſhe muſt ſurely be wiſer than all her ſex, and that all the men of ſenſe would be ſo fond of her! And to be ſure ſhe was fit to talk with e'er a judge or an archbiſhop in the kingdom; and often have I thought, that if ſome of them great wiſe men had but heard her—'

"If your daughter has gained the affections of ſuch a man as Henry Sydney," ſaid Dr. Orwell, interrupting her, "you have nothing to regret. In a ſon-in-law ſo ſuperior in talents, ſo unexceptionable in character, any reaſonable parent may rejoice."

'I don't ſay any thing to diſparage the young gentleman,' returned Mrs. Botherim; 'no, not I. And though I cannot ſay that I ſhould much have liked her marrying

marrying a diſſenter, (ſeeing that the late dear Mr. Botherim hated the very name o'em) yet I might have been brought to give my conſent to their lawful marriage, had he courted her for that purpoſe; but to think of his 'ticing her to leave her mother's houſe, without being married at all! I wonder how you can have the conſcience to take his part; it is not like a man of your cloth, Doctor; and what I ſhould never have believed of you!'

The Doctor explained; and juſtified his opinion of young Sydney by many ſtriking inſtances of noble and virtuous conduct, altogether incompatible with the crime alledged againſt him; and of which, for theſe reaſons, he perſiſted in believing him incapable.

'Ah!' cried Mrs. Botherim, ſhaking her head, 'you don't know what them there preſbyterians are capable of. The late dear Mr. Botherim uſed to ſay as how they were all as cunning and deceitful as

Satan

Satan himſelf; and not one of them would he ſo much as ſpeak to; no, nor give a farthing to one of their beggars, though in ever ſo much need of it, becauſe it was encouraging a ſchiſm in the church; but the honour of the church was indeed ever next his heart. Poor dear gentleman! hard would it have been upon him, had he but known that he was to fall from his horſe at a diſſenter's door, and breathe his laſt in a diſſenter's houſe!'

"And can there, my dear madam, be any ſtronger argument againſt the entertainment of ſuch unchriſtian prejudices, than that which you have now adduced. The behaviour of Mr. Sydney, upon the unhappy occaſion you have mentioned, evinced him to be a true diſciple of the meek and forgiving JESUS; and from ſuch let not the vile partition of ſect or party ſeparate our hearts. The truly religious, the truly good, are children of one family, by whatever names they may be diſtinguiſhed.

guiſhed. They ought, therefore, to love as brethren; to be united in affection; and, inſtead of harbouring the ſpirit of animoſity, to *bind faſt the bond of peace.* But where is Miſs Botherim? I ſhould like to have a little converſation with her, and perhaps may be able from it to procure you ſatisfaction."

'It was juſt for that that I came,' replied Mrs. Botherim. 'I wiſh you to come and ſpeak to her, and try if you can make her liſten to reaſon; for ſhe minds me no more than nothing at all. I may ſpeak, and ſpeak my heart out, all to no purpoſe; ſhe dumb-founds me in ſuch a way, by talking out of them there wiſe books, that I know not how to anſwer her. But you can ſpeak in print like herſelf. Do, then, good Doctor, come with me, and try to perſuade her paſt this vile notion of going to ſee them there Hottentots; and if ſhe will have Dr. Sydney, let her be but honeſtly married, and I won't contradict her.

her. Indeed, I never contradicted her in my life: ſhe knows I did not, and it a'nt time to begin now.'

Dr. Orwell very readily agreed immediately to try the force of his arguments upon Bridgetina, and ſet out with Mrs. Botherim for her houſe, entertaining no doubt of his ſucceſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

" Aſſaying by his dev'liſh arts to reach
" The organs of her fancy.——Thence to raiſe
" At leaſt diſtemper'd, diſcontented thoughts,
" Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate deſires,
" Blown up with high conceits, ingend'ring pride."

MILTON.

GREATLY to Mrs. Botherim's delight, and not a little to the ſatisfaction of Dr. Orwell, did they learn from the ſervant who opened Mrs. Botherim's door, that Miſs, fearful of being too late upon the road, had ſet out on her return to Miſs Delmond. The Doctor had an eaſy taſk in convincing the fond mother, that her fears for the miſconduct of her daughter were founded in miſtake; and having ſoothed and quieted her mind, by his mild and ever-inſtructive converſation, he returned to his own houſe.

Bridgetina,

Bridgetina, mean time, inflamed by the oppoſition ſhe had met with from her mother, and alarmed by a hint, that had dropt from her in the heat of argument, of detaining her by force, if reaſon could not prevail upon her to give up her extraordinary plan, reſolved not to loſe a moment's time in carrying it into effect. Inſtead of returning to Julia, ſhe went directly to the houſe of Mr. Glib, from which ſhe could take the ſtage-coach the following morning; and having declared her intention to the philoſophers, whom ſhe found aſſembled in the back parlour, entreated their ſecrecy and aſſiſtance.

Her reſolution was applauded by Mr. Glib in terms of high encomium. 'What! haſt left old Poke-about for good and all?' cried he, rubbing his hands with an air of infinite ſatisfaction. 'Now that is ſomething excellent, indeed! Live with no one one does not like. Love no one but for what is in them. That's it! that's the way

way to perfectibility! What is it but loving one's own child, or one's own mother, or one's own wife, better than other people's, that obſtructs the progreſs of morals? Leave them all. Let them all ſhift for themſelves. Make them exert their energies. That's it! Bring on the age of reaſon in a twinkling. Warrant, though, the old lady takes on at a great rate. Poor ſoul! knows nothing of philoſophy. What is ſhe then good for?'

"Mrs. Botherim, indeed," ſaid Mr. Myope, "has a mind of ſuch limited powers, that ſhe cannot be expected to do much towards general utility; and ſhe has certainly no right to deprive the world of the vaſt advantages of Miſs Botherim's converſation and example; which, nevertheleſs, muſt have been in a great meaſure loſt to ſociety, if ſhe had continued to live immured in her houſe. When ſuch talents as her's are exerted in a wider field, and have the advantage of a happier ſoil and purer

purer air, who can ſay how far they may extend, or what diſtant regions may not be meliorated by their fruits? To the event of Miſs Botherim's leaving her mamma, may the future Mandarins of China be indebted for their knowledge; and Tartars and Otaheitans, yet unborn, may from it experience, through channels that will never be diſcovered, an incitement to their virtue."

Bridgetina had too much philanthropy in her nature not to rejoice in the proſpect of being ſo extenſively uſeful; and pleaſed with the approbation of minds ſo congenial, ſhe regarded herſelf with even more than uſual complacency. Having procured a meſſenger from Mr. Glib's, ſhe diſpatched a ſhort note to Julia, informing her, "that the urgency of her affairs permitted her not to return to her again, but that ſhe ſhould hear from her as ſoon as ſhe reached London; and in the mean time begged to have her things from the farm;

farm; which, as her mother had ſent her three times more than there was the leaſt occaſion for, would ſerve her for ſome time after ſhe went to town." Hoping that Julia would ſoon follow her example, ſhe concluded with wiſhes for her happineſs.

The ſituation of Julia, at the time this note arrived, was by no means an enviable one. The reader will recollect, that we left Mrs. Delmond on the road to the farm, where ſhe ſoon after arrived. Her voice was heard by Julia, enquiring for her of the farmer, who was clipping the ſtraggling plumage of a yew-tree peacock that grew before her window.

"Huſh!" ſaid Julia, (withdrawing her hand from Mr. Vallaton, and gently tapping his ſhoulder, while her eyes were lighted up with an arch and charming ſmile) "here comes my mother, to whom you, I ſuppoſe, are quite a ſtranger."

'Had I not better make my eſcape?' cried Vallaton.

"Certainly,"

"Certainly," returned Julia, ſtill ſmiling ironically; "ſhe muſt be *vaſtly* ſurpriſed at ſeeing you here. But as you muſt now inevitably meet her, you may as well ſit ſtill."

'I wiſh,' cried Vallaton, greatly diſordered, 'I wiſh I could get off.'

"Now, indeed," ſaid Julia, "this is carrying the jeſt too far." Here Mrs. Delmond entered, and Julia, with a look of infinite ſatisfaction, roſe to receive her. "I can now," ſaid ſhe, holding out her hands, "I can now, you ſee, receive my dear mamma with proper reſpect. I cannot yet, indeed, make a handſome curtſey, but Mr. Vallaton here ſhall make a bow for me; for which I ſhall bye and bye make him two curtſies in return. What ſay you to the bargain?"

Vallaton, who, on the entrance of Mrs. Delmond, had made a haſty retreat from the ſide of Julia to a chair at the further end of the room, made a ſtiff and formal bow. Mrs. Delmond, with an air ſtill

more ſtiff and embarraſſed, coldly returned his ſalute. So ſeldom were the impreſſions made upon the mind of this ſweet lady ſtrong enough to form an index of her countenance, that Julia was thunderſtruck on obſerving diſpleaſure and ſurpriſe to be now written upon it in the moſt legible characters. She took the ſeat which Vallaton had lately occupied, and remained for a few moments ſilent. Mortified and perplexed by a behaviour which to her was wholly unaccountable, Julia heſitated on what ſubject to addreſs her; but longer ſilence being utterly inſupportable, ſhe at length aſked, whether ſhe had met Miſs Botherim?

'Yes,' returned Mrs. Delmond. Another pauſe enſued.

"I hope ſhe will come back to tea;" ſaid Julia. "Did ſhe not tell us that ſhe would?" looking to Vallaton.

'I believe ſo,' ſaid Vallaton; 'yes, ſhe certainly promiſed, now that I remember.

ber. I think I had better go and meet her. Perhaps, as ſhe is ſo bad a walker, ſhe may be glad of my aſſiſtance.'

Julia bowed her aſſent; and Vallaton, ſeemingly rejoicing in the excuſe, quickly hurried away.

"Good heavens! my dear mother," cried Julia, as ſoon as he was out of the room, "how ſtrange you looked upon Mr. Vallaton! What is the matter with you? You ſeem as if you had never ſeen him before."

'I never did ſee him!' returned Mrs. Delmond, 'and very little expected to find him here. He is a ſort of perſon, with whom, I am ſure, your father will be highly diſpleaſed with you for cultivating any acquaintance.'

"My father," repeated Julia, raiſing up her hands, "diſpleaſed with Mr. Vallaton! What does this mean? What has happened, my dear mother, ſince you were laſt here, to occaſion this change?"

'Since

'Since I was laſt here, child! I really do not underſtand you.'

"Ah! do not, my dear, deareſt mother! for heaven's ſake, do not perplex me! Did you not tell me that my father approved of Mr. Vallaton? that he had promiſed Gen. Villers to—to give his conſent to—Oh! my mother, why do you look ſo aſtoniſhed?"

'Why? Becauſe I *am* aſtoniſhed. What has General Villers to do with this man? Or how ſhould your father come to talk of ſuch a perſon to the General? You ſeem to me to be quite in a dream. Really, child, I wiſh you would recollect yourſelf.'

The heart of Julia ſunk within her at this ſpeech. The vermillion tint which had ſo lately fluſhed her lovely cheek, making her brilliant eyes ſtill more brilliant, gave place to the pale livery of deſpair. She could ſcarcely retain command enough of her voice faintly to ſay, as ſhe graſped her mother's hand, "Have I indeed been in a dream? Did I not hear of Gen. Villers's viſit to my father, and of his introducing—"

'Major Minden as your lover,' ſaid Mrs. Delmond.

"Major Minden!" faintly repeated Julia, her eyes fixed in a ghaſtly ſtare. "Then—then, indeed, am I wretched for ever!"

'Indeed, Julia, you are very ſtrange,' ſaid Mrs. Delmond. 'You ſeemed mightily pleaſed with his propoſal when I firſt told you of it: you were then all ſmiles and acquieſcence. What now I wonder has made ſuch an alteration in your ſentiments? If this Mr. Vallaton were not a married man, I declare I ſhould think that he had got hold of your heart.'

"Is Mr. Vallaton a married man?" ſaid Julia, without being at all conſcious of what ſhe ſaid.

'Yes, to be ſure!' returned her mother. 'Don't you know that he has a wife and five children?'

"I had forgot that!" ſaid Julia, with a vacant ſmile.

'Why,

'Why, child, what is the matter with you? You appear quite ſtupified—bleſs me, how pale you are! Are you ſick?'

"Yes; very, very ſick!" uttered Julia, ſinking upon the arm of the ſofa, and immediately fainting away.

Her mother, who happily was not ſubject to violent alarms, quietly went to the kitchen to deſire ſome water. 'Julia is in a fainting fit,' ſaid ſhe to the maid, in the ſame voice ſhe would have ſaid, Julia has put on her gloves, or Julia wants her ſlippers; and then, with equal compoſure, added, 'you had better come to ſee if you can help her.' The girl ſtood in no need of the injunction; for no ſooner did ſhe hear of her young miſtreſs having fainted, than forgetful of the reſpect due to her ſuperior, ſhe ſprang paſt Mrs. Delmond, and was in a moment on her knees by the ſide of Julia, ſprinkling water in her face, and trying all the uſual methods of recovery.

Julia

Julia at length recovered, but it was to more cruel ſufferings than her ſickneſs had occaſioned. She at one glance perceived the dreadful conſequences of the fatal miſtake into which the equivocal expreſſions of her mother, aided by her own ſanguine imagination, had ſo unfortunately plunged her. Her virgin heart, her plighted vows, were given to Vallaton; while her father's promiſe was paſſed to the General in favour of a man whom ſhe ſcarcely recollected to have ſeen, but whom ſhe was thoroughly convinced it was utterly impoſſible ſhe ſhould ever love. Thus was ſhe on the eve of one of thoſe cruel perſecutions with which ſo many heroines have been tormented. Often, indeed, had ſhe wondered at having eſcaped ſo very common a calamity for ſuch a length of time; and often in imagination had ſhe approved of the ſpirit with which ſhe was reſolved to act upon ſuch an occaſion. Already did ſhe behold Major Minden, with the determined

determined and ſelfiſh obſtinacy of the hateful Solmes, perſiſting in ſeizing her reluctant hand; while her father, with all the cruelty of all the Harlowes, attempted to force her to the hateful union. But never (ſhe reſolved) never would ſhe diſgrace the principles ſhe had adopted, by a baſe ſubmiſſion to the will of an arbitrary tyrant. Her fate was cruel, but it was not unexampled. From all that ſhe had read, ſhe had rather cauſe to eſteem herſelf peculiarly fortunate in being ſo long exempted from the common misfortune of her ſex. Few novels furniſh an example of any young woman who had been permitted to attain her nineteenth year, without having been diſtreſſed by the addreſſes of a numberleſs train of admirers, all equally odious and diſagreeable as this Major Minden. Where was the female, poſſeſſed of any tolerable ſhare of beauty, who had not been perſecuted by a cruel hard-hearted father, in favour of ſome one of the de-

teſted

teſted wretches by whom ſhe was beſet? Why, then, ſhould ſhe complain? Her ſufferings were only ſuch as, in the preſent depraved ſtate of ſociety, were the inevitable lot of her unhappy ſex!

Such were the reflections of Julia, on recovering her recollection. But before ſhe had ſufficient time to conſider the plan of conduct it would be proper to adopt on this momentous criſis of her fate, ſhe was rouſed from her reverie by Mrs. Delmond, who peremptorily deſired to know, what had occaſioned the violence of her emotions? The tone in which the queſtion was put, though it had in reality acquired its emphaſis from aſtoniſhment and curioſity, appeared to Julia a ſufficient indication of the determined exertion of deſpotic authority; ſhe therefore took care to arm herſelf againſt the weapons of tyranny and injuſtice by an evaſive anſwer.

'The weakneſs of your ſpirits!' rejoined Mrs. Delmond, repeating the concluding words

words of her daughter. 'It is ſtrange that your ſpirits ſhould be ſo much weaker, now that your health is almoſt quite eſtabliſhed; and ſtill ſtranger, that Major Minden ſhould appear ſo much more diſagreeable to you now, than at the time I firſt mentioned him.'

"Major Minden! ah, deareſt madam, have mercy on me, I beſeech you, and repeat not his odious name! It is worſe than death to me to hear it! No ſound was ever half ſo hateful to my ears! It thrills my inmoſt ſoul with horror! Oh, wretched, miſerable, and unhappy girl that I am! Why was I doomed to ſurvive the late accident? Why was I reſerved for this much more unhappy fate? Never, ſurely, was any one ſo truly unfortunate! Never was the miſery of mortal equal to mine!"

'Julia! why, Julia, have you loſt your ſenſes? I know not for my life what to think, what to make of all this nonſenſe. I wonder what your father would ſay, if he

he were to hear you? But I would adviſe you to beware of talking in this ridiculous ſtrain to him.'

" And can my father be ſo determined againſt me? Can he be ſo cruel, ſo hard-hearted to his Julia, as to force her to a hated union with the man ſhe moſt deteſts? Will he not be moved by my prayers? Will he not be touched with pity by my diſtreſs? Will he behold the miſery of his poor unfortunate Julia, without one feeling of compaſſion? Oh, yes, yes; his heart is ſteeled by the cruel prejudices of ſociety, and I am doomed to add one to the numerous victims of a depraved and unnatural ſtate of civilization!"

' Really, Julia, while you ſpeak ſuch nonſenſe, you do not deſerve an anſwer. Let me tell you, Miſs, your father is too good to you by half, and has completely ſpoiled you by his indulgence!'

" And is my mamma too become the advocate of this detested man? Does ſhe too

too join in the cruel perſecution of her poor unhappy Julia? Oh, my dear mamma, on my knees, if I could, on my knees would I conjure you to ſpare me—to ſave me from this cruel, cruel fate!"

'Surely,' cried Mrs. Delmond, riſing, 'nothing was ever ſo provokingly abſurd as this ridiculous behaviour. I cannot ſtay to liſten to ſuch jargon, which, I ſuppoſe, you have learned from Miſs Botherim, who has made herſelf the town-talk with her nonſenſe.'

"Oh madam, dear madam! dear, dear mamma! do not leave me in diſpleaſure!"

'Why ſhould I ſtay, if you are reſolved not to liſten to any thing I ſay? I had, indeed, many things to communicate to you, not only concerning Major Minden, but about young Mr. Churchill, from whom we have had a viſit. He made a polite offer of his carriage to fetch you home, which your father has accepted. Indeed, if we had known where to procure

cure one, we ſhould have contrived to have had you carried home a week ago, notwithſtanding the opinion of Mr. Gubbles; but as the General's family had gone to Brighton races, and are not to return till the end of the week, we knew not where to apply. Mr. Churchill, however, has ſaved us from all further trouble on this head; and has ſo pleaſed your father by his behaviour, that if you really give him the preference to the Major, I do not believe your choice will meet with any oppoſition. The—'

"Dear madam, let me——"

'Nay, do not interrupt me; I will hear no more of your nonſenſe. The chariot will be here to-morrow afternoon about five o'clock, which your father thinks the beſt time for your removal. He is ſo much taken up with the thoughts of ſeeing you, that I do not believe he will get a wink of ſleep to-night. Indeed, Julia, you can never ſhew enough of gratitude

to

to ſo good a father, who loves you to his very ſoul. I ſhall not ſay a word to him of your behaviour this evening, as it would only ſerve to vex him; and I hope to find you in a better frame to-morrow."

Julia again attempted to ſpeak, but Mrs. Delmond, with more firmneſs than it was uſual for her to exert, prevented her reply; and after giving ſome directions to the ſervants, departed, not a little diſſatisfied with the conduct of her daughter.

Soon as her mother was out of hearing, Julia burſt forth into a pathetic exclamation on the hardſhip of her deſtiny. Her calamity had now aſſumed a hydra form; in the ſhape of Churchill, another perſecutor appeared! And though two were a trifling number, to be ſure, compared with the *hoſts* which diſturbed the repoſe of the Lady Seraphinas and Angelinas, over whoſe diſtreſſes ſhe had ſhed ſo many tears, her imagination could even from theſe have extracted enough of food

for

for terror and alarm, had no ſuch perſon as Vallaton been in exiſtence. At preſent, however, it muſt be confeſſed, that in the encouragement ſhe had given to that gentleman's addreſſes; in the intereſt he had obtained in her affections; and in the utter deſtruction of the hopes ſhe had been led to entertain of her father's approbation of his ſuit; ſhe was not without real cauſe of uneaſineſs and diſquiet.

She bitterly reproached herſelf, for having been duped by her own ardent imagination into a miſtake, which ſhe now perceived ſhe might have ſeen through on a moment's reflection. But ſtill more bitterly did ſhe bewail thoſe falſe prejudices, which influenced her father's mind; prejudices, which engendered the wiſh of ſeeing her united to a man of eſtabliſhed character and independent fortune; and which erroneouſly concluded, that the want of either of theſe in the object of her choice would be an obſtacle to her felicity.

"Unhappy

"Unhappy ſtate of civilization!" cried ſhe; "deplorable conſtitutions of ſociety! I am doomed to add to the number of your wretched victims! While things continue in the preſent miſerable ſituation, fathers will be often led into the fatal error of thinking themſelves in ſome inſtances wiſer than their children! Oh, that I had not been born, till truth had enlightened the world!"

In this manner did Julia continue to deplore herſelf, till the entrance of Mr. Vallaton; who, having watched the departure of Mrs. Delmond, was no ſooner aſſured of her being out of ſight of the houſe, than he eagerly returned to renew the intereſting converſation which her appearance had ſo unſeaſonably interrupted.

'In tears, my Julia!' exclaimed her aſtoniſhed lover. 'What has occaſioned your uneaſineſs? From whence proceed theſe looks of ſoft dejection?'

"Ah! Mr. Vallaton, you ſee before you the moſt unfortunate of human beings! My cruel father——"

'What of him? Has he forbidden you to ſee me? Has he been ſo——'

"Alas!" he knows not of your viſits; but he has formed the dreadful reſolution of uniting me to a man my ſoul deteſts!"

'And will you tamely ſubmit to this outrage upon the firſt principles of juſtice? Will you, from an immoral and ſlaviſh deference to the man who calls himſelf your father, ſacrifice the firſt rights of humanity—the right of following your own inclination? What magic is there in the name of father, that can ſanctify ſo baſe a dereliction of duty?'

"No, my beſt, my only friend," cried Julia; "be aſſured I would ſooner die, than break the promiſe I have made to you. My father ſhall never prevail upon me to do that; but I dread the thoughts of what I have to encounter in braving his diſpleaſure."

'As to your promiſe,' returned Vallaton, 'you know, that by the principles of our

true philoſophy, all regard to promiſes is utterly diſcarded. In the eye of a philoſopher no promiſe is, or ought to be, binding. All ſcrupuloſity about fulfilling the engagements into which we have entered, is childiſh and abſurd. It is not, therefore, becauſe you have *promiſed* to be mine, that you ought to become ſo;* but becauſe by an union with me you can beſt promote the grand end of life—general utility.'

"Dear, generous Vallaton, how noble are thy ſentiments! How charmingly diſintereſted—how purely virtuous!"

'They are ſimply the deductions of truth. If the perſon that is choſen for you by your father, ſhould, upon inveſtigation of his principles, be found more enlightened; if he ſhould be poſſeſſed of ſuperior powers; if he ſhould be more capable of energizing; if, as a percipient being, he ſhould be endowed with a keener ſenſibility of your ſuperior merit; ſhould be able to

* See Pol. Juſ.

make

make a higher eſtimate of the extraordinary powers of your mind; then it becomes my duty to yield to him, who ſhall in this caſe be proved a being of greater moral worth.'

"Ah! Vallaton, where ſhall the man be found poſſeſſed of ſuch an exalted way of thinking as yourſelf? How mean, compared to your's, would be the ſelfiſh ſentiments of either of the gentlemen, (for there are two pretenders to my favour) whoſe addreſſes are encouraged by my father! But as to them my mind is perfectly made up."

'Why, then, this cruel agitation of your ſpirits? Why this diſmay and apprehenſion?"

"And would you have me, without diſmay, behold the approach of our ſeparation? I go home to-morrow; and long, very long may it be, before we can have an opportunity of ſeeing each other again."

'And why go home to-morrow, my adored Julia? Why obey the arbitrary mandate

mandate of a tyrant father? Why return to the baſe control of unjuſt and uſurped authority? Let me at leaſt conjure you to examine the conſequences of your return, that ſo your conduct may be governed by proper motives.'

"Alas! what can I do? what apology can I offer for delay? He knows I am now able to bear a much longer journey."

The eyes of Vallaton ſparkled with ecſtacy as, ſeizing her hand, he eagerly exclaimed, 'Then take that longer journey, my beloved Julia; take it under the protection of a man who prefers you to all your ſex, becauſe of your *real*, *intrinſic*, and *imperiſhable* excellence; who loves you as virtue perſonified; and whoſe love muſt, of neceſſity, be laſting as the adamantine foundation on which it ſtands.'

"Good heavens! Mr. Vallaton, what is it you propoſe? Elope with you! no more to ſee my father! Ah, no; it would too ſurely break his heart. I cannot think of taking ſo very unjuſtifiable a ſtep."

'Unjuſtifiable!' repeated Vallaton; 'and upon what principles unjuſtifiable? If, indeed, you can prove your father to be a being of more moral worth, (and that, therefore, his happineſs ought to be promoted in preference to mine) I have nothing further to urge.'

"Alas!" returned Julia, ſighing, "how incapable am I of eſtimating the moral worth of two individuals ſo oppoſite in their ſentiments, and of characters ſo totally different. May not both, in their way, be equally eſtimable?"

'Impoſſible!' retorted the philoſopher; 'utterly impoſſible. To one of us you muſt give an immediate and decided preference. Let us be judged by the correct and infallible criterion of philoſophy. Conſider which of us is moſt likely to benefit the ſpecies by the exertion of powers, and energies, and talents; which of us has the moſt diſtinct perception of the nature of happineſs, and the cleareſt

views

views of the progreſs of mind? For this alone is virtue.'

"Alas!" ſaid Julia, "my poor father knows nothing of the new philoſophy; but notwithſtanding his unhappy prejudices, he is one of the worthieſt of men."

'How can one of my lovely Julia's very ſuperior underſtanding admit of ſuch contradictions? You confeſs his ignorance, (for one who knows not the new philoſophy muſt, of courſe, be ignorant;) you own him the victim of narrow and illiberal prejudice; and yet you ſpeak of his worth! What is the worth of any being, but as it tends to general utility? In what reſpect can ſuch a perſon as your father benefit ſociety? And what is the force of that claim which he pretends to have upon you?'

"Has he then no claims upon his daughter?"

'How can the well-informed, the philoſophically-inſtructed Julia put ſuch a queſtion? Does ſhe not know that the

progreſs

progreſs of mind—the virtue, the happineſs, the perfection of the human race, depends upon abrogating theſe unnatural and faſtidious diſtinctions, which ariſtocratical pride and ſelfiſhneſs have interwoven in the conſtitutions of ſociety? Has it not been to demonſtration proved, that the prejudices of *filial duty*, and *family affection*, *gratitude to benefactors*, and *regard to promiſes*, are the great barriers to the ſtate of perfect virtue? Theſe obſtacles to perfection it is the glory of philoſophy to demoliſh, and the duty of every perſon, impreſſed with a ſenſe of perfectibility, to remove. In the preſent inſtance, you, my Julia, are called to the energetic conflict by another motive, which involves a duty of a very ſerious nature. It is in your power to promote the happineſs of an individual, whoſe talents and virtues may either be called forth "to energize, according to the flower and ſummit of their nature;" or, blaſted by the ravages of paſſion,

paſſion, and withered by the canker of diſappointment, may become loſt to the grand purpoſe of general utility. Oh, Julia, let me beſeech you to conſider——'

Here the note from Bridgetina was put into the hands of Julia by her maid, and amply repaid Mr. Vallaton for the temporary interruption it occaſioned, by the opportunity it afforded him of reinforcing his arguments from the authority of ſo illuſtrious an example.

When Miſs Botherim had firſt intimated her intention of following Henry to London, the ſcheme appeared to Julia to be fraught with romantic abſurdity, improper, diſgraceful, and ridiculous. But now that it was diſplayed in its proper colours by the eloquence of Vallaton, ſhe perceived in it the grand effort of a noble mind, that roſe ſuperior to the vulgar prejudices of an ill-conſtituted ſociety.

We ſhall not fatigue our readers by the particulars of the converſation that enſued.

Suffice

Suffice it to ſay, that the oppoſition of Julia to the propoſal of her eloquent admirer became fainter and fainter; till, convinced by his arguments, or overcome by his perſuaſion, ſhe finally conſented to ſet an example of moral rectitude, by throwing off the ignoble chains of filial duty, and to contribute her ſhare to the general weal, by promoting the happineſs of one of the moſt zealous of its advocates.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

——— " Becoming my critical foe,
" Has declar'd that my ſtyle *is exceedingly low:*
" *That facts are miſſtated, aſſertions untrue;*
" *That I give her not half of the praiſe which is due.*
" But if the ſaid ſpeeches ſeem not very good;
" I will ſwear I detail'd them as well as I cou'd."
SIMKIN'S LETTERS.

THE peaceful village of W—— was ſtill huſhed in the ſilence of repoſe, when juſt as the ſteeple-clock repeated the hour of four, Citizen Glib gave notice to Bridgetina of the arrival of the ſtage-coach. She immediately haſtened with him to the inn at which it changed horſes, and fortunately found a vacant ſeat in the heavy-laden vehicle, into which ſhe was helped by the worthy citizen; who, while he puſhed her in, gave her his uſual advice to exert her

her energies, to which he was adding ſome other wiſe inſtructions, when the coachman ſmacked his whip, and drove off.

Little was ſpoken by any of the party during the enſuing ſtage; but from what paſſed at breakfaſt, our heroine diſcovered ſo much of her companions, as to learn that two of them were gentlemen of the law, returning from the aſſizes, and that the third was a farmer or grazier from her own neighbourhood. They all treated her with great civility, but ſpoke chiefly to each other concerning affairs to which ſhe was a total ſtranger; ſo that a conſiderable time elapſed, before ſhe found an opportunity of joining in the converſation. At length, however, ſhe burſt upon their aſtoniſhed ſenſes in an harangue, by which if they were not greatly edified, the fault muſt have lain in their own ſtupidity, or rather, perhaps, in thoſe prejudices which rendered them invulnerable to the weapons of truth. In vain did ſhe labour to convince

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the two lawyers of the inutility of the law, and of the immorality of every ſpecies of coercion. In vain did ſhe conjure up all the flowers of rhetoric, to perſuade them to give up a profeſſion which ſhe deſcribed to be one uniform maſs of error and abſurdity.

The two lawyers were not a little aſtoniſhed to hear ſuch a ſtream of eloquence flow from ſo unexpected a ſource. They for ſome time thought it inexhauſtible, but on putting ſome pertinent queries to their fair orator, they diſcovered that her eloquence, like the little coach and horſes to be ſeen in the ſhew-box at the fair, ran always the ſame round. In vain did they endeavour to make it trace a wider circle; it could neither ſtop, nor turn, nor go ſtrait forwards, nor move in any other direction than that in which it had at firſt attracted their curioſity. After exciting it to take two or three rounds over the ſame ground, they were perfectly ſatisfied as to

to the extent of its powers; and in order to give it leiſure to run quietly down, they compoſed themſelves to ſleep. The honeſt farmer had reſigned himſelf to Morpheus in the beginning of the debate, ſo that Bridgetina was left to enjoy the pleaſure of her own meditations for the greater part of the journey.

Of all the accumulated evils with which the preſent unnatural ſtate of civilization is ſo fully fraught, none is more ſeverely felt by the modern biographer than that facility of communication eſtabliſhed throughout all parts of the kingdom, whereby the poſſibility of adventures upon the road is almoſt entirely cut off. In former times, an heroine could not travel twenty miles, without encountering ſo many ſtrange incidents, that the reader no ſooner had notice of her having mounted her horſe, than his imagination was upon the ſpur for ſome great event. Every inn was a ſcene of action; and every ſtage ſo fruitful of adventures,

adventures, that the judicious writer had ſome difficulty in compreſſing them within the limits of his volume. But now that maids and matrons of every rank and ſtation, from the dame of quality who daſhes in her chariot and ſix, to the ſimple adventureſs, who from the top of the heavy coach looks down upon her Grace, all may travel from one end of the kingdom to the other, without let, hindrance, or moleſtation; an author might as reaſonably expect to pick up a purſe of gold upon the road, as an event worth narrating. If I do not this minute take care, Bridgetina will be at the end of her journey before I finiſh my digreſſion. *Allons*, then, my good reader, let us haſten to the inn-door, to be ready to receive her. We are juſt in time; for here, at the Golden-Croſs, you may behold her juſt alighted.

Impatient as our heroine may be ſuppoſed to be to fulfil the great purport of her journey, ſhe found herſelf ſo oppreſſed by fatigue,

fatigue, (this being the firſt time of her having travelled ten miles from her native village) and ſo utterly incapable of further exertion, that ſhe reſolved to recruit herſelf by a night's repoſe. She was, at her own deſire, conducted to a bed-chamber, but did not find it ſo eaſy a matter to get the bed prepared for her reception. The chamber-maid prudently reſolving, that if ſhe did not chooſe to eat ſupper, it ſhould not be for want of time, left her for a full hour to enjoy the benefit of her own reflections. In vain did ſhe ring her bell; in vain did ſhe poke her head out into the paſſage, at the ſound of every footſtep, and repeat to every waiter an account of her diſtreſs. No one ſeemed to trouble themſelves about her; and ſhe ſaw no alternative, but either to paſs the night in her chair, or to throw herſelf on the bed as it was. She preferred the latter; but juſt as ſhe was lying down, the chamber-maid appeared.

"You

"You ought to have known, young woman," ſaid Bridgetina, "that man has not as yet arrived at that degree of perfection that can render him inſenſible to the languor of fatigue. I do not ſay that you ought to have returned to make my bed, becauſe you promiſed: but becauſe what you promiſed you ought to have performed, whether you had promiſed it or not."

'I came as ſoon as I could get away;' replied the girl pertly. 'There is no being in twenty places at a time.'

"What you ſay is indeed juſt, in the preſent ſtate of ſociety;" returned Bridgetina. "No one has yet been capable of energizing in ſuch an extraordinary degree. But who can ſay what future improvements may not yet take place? Who can ſet bounds to the attainment of a perfectible being? Or who, that knowing mind to be all, and matter to be as nothing, will dare pronounce what is, or what is not, poſſible to its exertions?"

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The girl ſtared, and on ſurveying our heroine more minutely, wondered that ſhe had not ſooner diſcovered the proofs that were now ſo evident of her inſanity. Perceiving, however, no ſymptoms of outrageous phrenzy, ſhe went on with her work, but determined to acquaint her miſtreſs with the diſcovery ſhe had made.

Bridgetina, perceiving that ſhe had attracted the ſervant's attention, fatigued as ſhe was, would not loſe the favourable opportunity of impreſſing the mind of a percipient being with the important truths of philoſophy. "I ſee," ſaid ſhe, raiſing her voice, "I ſee, by the attention you have given to my diſcourſe, that you are not deſtitute of moral ſenſibility. Perhaps, notwithſtanding your lowly ſtation, you may, in this houſe of public reception, have been favoured with an opportunity of liſtening to the diſcourſes of enlightened men. Perhaps ſome philoſopher, by addreſſing the common ſympathies of our

nature, has awakened the dormant powers of your mind. Perhaps the germ of intellect has been aroused. If so, by adding the improvement of to-day with the progress of the day before, you may (though a servant) be no longer destitute of the best characteristics of a rational being."

'You had better get into bed, ma'am,' said the girl; 'you will be much the better for a night's sleep.'

"Till the progress of mind is further advanced, sleep is, as you say, a necessary restorative to the bodily organs. But if, as I suppose, you have had an opportunity of listening to the deductions of truth, you cannot be ignorant, that the time approaches when sleep shall be no longer necessary. Oh, that to that chain of events, which has been generating from all eternity, some link had been added that would have brought me into the world at a more advanced period! Oh, that I had lived at an æra when one's bones could have borne

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the jolting of a ſtage-coach for a hundred miles without being ſenſible of fatigue! But in the preſent diſtempered ſtate of civilization it is impoſſible to energize ſo effectually. We are only, as you know, my good girl, perfectible, but not perfect beings. And notwithſtanding the illuſtrious examples, recorded in the annals of ſome celebrated modern romances, of heroines who have energized in ſo extraordinary manner, as after having travelled for hundreds of miles on the hard backs of mules or horſes, without either ſtop or refreſhment, to have alighted ſo little wearied with their journey as to have no occaſion for the vulgar reſtorative of ſleep, we may depend upon it ſuch inſtances are yet but rare."

Bridgetina had no ſooner ſtepped into bed, than the chambermaid hurried to her miſtreſs with the very unwelcome intelligence, that a perſon of deranged intellects had got poſſeſſion of one of her apartments.

"Who

"Who is ſhe? From whence did ſhe come?" aſked the miſtreſs.

'I don't know who ſhe is,' replied the girl, 'but from the manner in which ſhe preachified, I ſhould ſuppoſe her to be a Methodiſt.'

"Oh, if ſhe be a Methodiſt, ſhe will be taken care of;" ſaid the miſtreſs, much relieved by this part of the girl's information. "If ſhe does not get ſo well as to leave us in the morning, I ſhall inform ſome of the congregation, and I know that at leaſt they will not let her want."

In the morning, as ſoon as Bridgetina's bell gave notice of her being awake, the landlady herſelf attended her; not, however, without the precaution of placing the chambermaid at the door of the apartment, to be ready in caſe ſhe ſhould find it neceſſary to call further aſſiſtance. The hoſteſs found the young lady up and dreſſed; and though the extraordinary manner in which her clothes were put on confirmed,

in

in her opinion, the account of the chambermaid, ſhe did not now ſpeak in ſuch a manner as to ratify the ſuſpicion. After anſwering the civil enquiries of her hoſteſs, ſhe ſaid, "ſhe ſhould be glad to have breakfaſt immedately, as ſhe was impatient to fly to her friends; ſome of whom ſhe expected would be overwhelmed with rapture at her arrival."

'I know ſome of your friends very well,' returned the landlady, 'and muſt needs declare, that let people ſay of them what they will, I, for my ſhare, have always found them to be very worthy people.'

"Yes," ſaid Bridgetina, "they are, to be ſure, the deſtined long-looked-for ſaviours of the human race; the expungers of ignorance and error; the eradicators of prejudice; the——"

'Pray, ma'am, is Mr. Timothy Tottenham of your acquaintance? He, I am told, is a very powerful preacher.'

"I know no preachers," retorted Bridgetina, with an air of ſuperlative contempt.

Poor lady! (thought the landlady) ſhe is deranged, ſure enough. 'You have, you ſay, ma'am, ſome friends in London, whom you now propoſe to viſit; and if I may preſume to adviſe, I think the ſooner you put yourſelf under their care the better.'

"I ſhall, you may depend upon it," replied Bridgetina, "loſe no time in accompliſhing the great end of my journey. Pray do you know Mrs. Fielding, of Hanover-ſquare? It is through her I muſt obtain the direction to him who is the object of my journey; with whoſe mind my ſoul yearns to mingle its ſentiments of congenial purity."

One of the fathers of the congregation no doubt, thought the landlady. He has evidently touched this poor lady's conſcience by ſome very awakening diſcourſe; then curtſeying to Bridgetina, ſhe took her leave, kindly wiſhing, that the friend ſhe was in ſearch of might ſpeak comfort to her wounded ſpirit.

Before

Before we accompany Bridgetina to the houſe of Mrs. Fielding, it is neceſſary to give the reader a previous introduction to her acquaintance. A variety of methods preſents itſelf for this purpoſe. We might either, according to the plan we have hitherto purſued, ſelect from the authorities before us the neceſſary materials, and then give them to the reader of our own good pleaſure, without deigning to account for the manner in which the ſaid materials came into our poſſeſſion; or we might place him in ſome convenient ſituation to hear the good lady recount her own hiſtory to ſome female confidante; who, though perhaps for years an inmate of her family, muſt yet be profoundly ignorant, not only of the incidents of her life, but of her temper and diſpoſitions, the names of her connexions, and the rank and ſituation ſhe has always held in ſociety. As this method has the greateſt number of precedents in its favour, we ſhould not

heſitate

heſitate to adopt it, did not another preſent itſelf, which, while it indulges the indolence of the writer, will be equally conducive to our purpoſe of inſtruction. This is no other than tranſcribing, for our reader's peruſal, a letter written ſome time previous to the period to which we have brought our hiſtory, from Mr. Sydney to his ſon. For which letter we ſhall refer our reader to the following chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

" I venerate the man whoſe heart is warm,
" Whoſe hands are pure, whoſe doctrine and whoſe life,
" Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
" That he is honeſt in the ſacred cauſe.
" To ſuch I render more than mere reſpect,
" Whoſe actions ſay that they reſpect themſelves."

COWPER.

Letter from the Reverend Mr. Sydney to his Son.

" I CAN neither be offended nor ſurpriſed, my dear Henry, at your expreſſing a deſire to be acquainted with the origin of that friendſhip which has ſo long ſubſiſted betwixt me and your benefactreſs. You have a natural claim upon my confidence; and the terms upon which, from your boyiſh days, we have lived together, may prove to you how fully I acknowledge it.

" If I have hitherto been more reſerved upon this ſubject than upon any other, it has

has only been becauſe where the feelings of another were concerned, I did not find myſelf at equal liberty to be explicit. I deteſt the affectation of myſtery, and think the neceſſity for ſecrecy is ſeldom any other than imaginary. But where ſilence is no infringement on the duty of ſincerity, where it does not interfere with the law of truth, it is a debt due to delicacy, the payment of which is guaranteed by ſenſibility and honour.

"Without the conſent of Mrs. Fielding, therefore, I ſhould have declined a compliance with your requeſt; but it is at her own deſire, that I now proceed to give you a ſketch of her little hiſtory.

"You know the degree of our relationſhip, which is juſt near enough to authoriſe a poor couſin to claim kindred with a rich one, and ſufficiently diſtant to afford the latter an excuſe for forgetting the connexion. Her father was a clergyman of the Church of England, and poſſeſſed a very

very good living, but which was inconſiderable when compared to his expectations. Theſe looked to the firſt preferments in the church, to which he was ſo certain of ſucceeding, that he thought it proper to poſtpone the thoughts of making any proviſion for his family till they were actually in his poſſeſſion. The deanery of ——, worth fourteen hundred a year, was only withheld from him by the life of an infirm old man, who had long been waſted to a ſhadow by the ſevere attacks of a chronic aſthma. Nothing could be more precarious than ſuch a tenure of exiſtence, except thoſe air-built ſpeculations upon futurity, whoſe rapid extinction ſo often mocks the hopes of man. Two years before the death of this confirmed valetudinary, a fever of a few days carried off his appointed ſucceſſor; by whoſe death his only daughter, then in her nineteenth year, was left deſtitute of all proviſion, and doomed to undergo the mortifying trials of dependence.

"A few

" A few months previous to the death of Mr. Fielding, I had, in conſequence of a recommendation from Profeſſor *****, under whoſe auſpices I had finiſhed my ſtudies at the college of Glaſgow, been appointed tutor to the ſons of Lord Brierſton. I had entered the family with no great predilection in favour of ſuch a ſituation; but in the politeneſs of his Lordſhip's manners, and in the good diſpoſitions of my pupils, I found a counterbalance to the mortifications which petulent affluence is ever ready to beſtow on humble poverty. Lady Brierſton, his Lordſhip's ſecond wife, was the widow of an eaſtern nabob, who had left to her the whole of his immenſe fortune, which, during the period of her own life, and in caſe of ſurviving his Lordſhip, ſhe ſtill reſerved in her own diſpoſal. This lady was firſt couſin to Mr. Fielding, and to her protection, at the death of her father, was Maria Fielding conſigned.

" Never ſhall the day of her arrival at Brierſton be effaced from my memory.

Never ſhall I forget the dignified humility, the modeſt and graceful propriety with which ſhe anſwered the unfeeling interrogatories of her haughty kinſwoman.

"Lady Brierſton ſoon felt, but could not ſo ſoon pardon, the ſuperiority of her dependent couſin. From a knowledge of what paſſed in her own mind, ſhe conſidered pride as the neceſſary concomitant of every advantage, natural or acquired; and to mortify this imaginary pride, ſhe concluded to be equally wiſe and meritorious.

In the execution of this plan of mortification, her Ladyſhip had abundance of auxiliaries.

"It is the peculiar misfortune of thoſe who move in a certain ſphere, to have their worſt propenſities ſo flattered, as to render it almoſt impoſſible for them to eſcape the ſnare of ſelf-deluſion. The poſſeſſors of rank and fortune are every one ſurrounded by a ſort of atmoſphere of their own, which not only diſtorts and obſtructs the

view

view of external objects, but which renders it difficult for them to penetrate the motives of their own hearts. Such was the ſituation of Lady Brierſton. As her charity and benevolence, in taking the orphan daughter of her couſin under her protection, were the theme of daily praiſe; ſhe could not doubt that ſhe had exerted a very extraordinary degree of thoſe amiable qualities. And no ſooner did ſhe, by a ſarcaſtic ſneer at the ſuperior information and extraordinary talents of her couſin, declare the birth of jealouſy and envy, than ſhe received ſuch encomiums on her *wiſdom* and *prudence* in checking the conceit of a young creature who had been quite ſpoiled by indulgence, as perfectly ſatisfied her of the propriety of her conduct.

"When her ladyſhip formed the reſolution of wounding the ſpirit of her too amiable relation, by attacks upon her ſuppoſed vanity, ſhe was ignorant of the character with which ſhe had to deal. The

mind

mind of Maria Fielding was too great for the abode of vanity. Her ideas of excellence were too grand, too exalted, to permit her to view her own attainments through any other medium than that of unfeigned humility. She perceived the unkindneſs of her couſin, and grieved at the proofs of it, as they appeared to witneſs againſt the heart of one ſhe wiſhed to love; but ſhe was not to be mortified by ſneers againſt learned ladies, while conſcious ſhe could make no pretenſions to the character of *learned*; or hurt by alluſions to that ſtate of poverty, to which ſhe had never attached the idea of diſgrace, and of which, therefore, ſhe knew not how to be aſhamed. In ſhort, the real dignity of Miſs Fielding's character roſe above every aſſault; and at laſt ſo far conquered even the ſelfiſh arrogance of her proud protectreſs, that ſhe gradually became leſs aſſiduous in her efforts to torment her, and finally ſuffered herſelf to reap the advantage of thoſe talents which ſhe had ſo long pretended to deſpiſe.

"Miſs Fielding was not long an inhabitant of Brierſton, till my heart did homage to her virtues. The ſimilarity of our taſtes, ſentiments, and diſpoſitions, was of itſelf ſufficient to create a ſympathy betwixt us, which was perhaps increaſed by the ſimilarity of our ſituations. In ſhort, my ſon, for I feel it painful to dwell upon the ſubject, our mutual eſteem was ſoon increaſed to the ardency of a ſincere and mutual paſſion, which, during the two years that we lived under the ſame roof, was the ſource of the ſweeteſt pleaſure, the moſt delicious hope, and the moſt anxious ſolicitude.

"At length the hour of trial arrived. Lord Brierſton, who had for ſome time entertained ſuſpicions of our attachment, queſtioned me upon the ſubject. I had too great an abhorrence of duplicity to deny the juſtice of his ſuſpicions. He heard my confeſſion in ſilence, and left me without any expreſſion either of cenſure or approbation. A week paſſed without any

alteration

alteration in the behaviour of his Lordſhip, which was at all times polite, diſtant, and reſerved. At the end of that period, he one morning entered my apartment with a look that denoted unuſual ſatisfaction; and deſiring his ſons to leave the room, told me he was exceedingly pleaſed at having it in his power effectually to promote my happineſs. I need not, to a young man like you, tell how my heart throbbed at this intelligence, or deſcribe with what tumultuous joy it bounded at the idea of being united to the dear object of my affections! For ſuch was the interpretation I gave to the deſigns of his Lordſhip: nor was I deceived in my conjectures. He told me, that from the moment he had perceived the mutual affection that ſubſiſted between me and his amiable couſin, he had conceived a plan for our union, which, though it had at firſt met with ſome oppoſition from his lady, was now honoured with her full approbation. It was fully

ripe for execution. I had nothing to do but to take orders, and the living of ——, worth more than ſix hundred a year, waited my acceptance. Nor ſhould the couſin of Lady Brierſton be ſuffered to enter into any family as a beggar. Her Ladyſhip had that morning ſealed to her a gift of two thouſand pounds, which they ſhould both think very well beſtowed upon one whoſe whole character and conduct were ſo worthy of their eſteem. 'You make no reply, Mr. Sydney,' ſaid his Lordſhip, perceiving the contending emotions that ſtruggled in my breaſt: 'Is there any thing diſagreeable to you in my propoſal?'

"What reply can I make to generoſity ſo noble—to goodneſs ſo unmerited? And yet, forgive me, my Lord; forgive me, if, in the tumult your Lordſhip's unexpected propoſal has excited, I am deprived of the power of deciding. Yet why ſhould I heſitate? The moment that makes paſſion the conqueror of conſcience, renders

renders me unworthy of the affections of her who is dearer to me than every thing but duty."

'I really do not underſtand you;' returned his Lordſhip, with apparent pique. 'Your conſcience is of a very extraordinary nature, indeed, if it ſtand betwixt you and a good living!'

"Are there not, my Lord, certain preliminaries neceſſary to qualify me for that preferment? Am I not by theſe to declare my ſolemn aſſent to explanations and points of doctrine, which either I do not underſtand, or cannot approve? And ſhould I do ſo with one remaining doubt upon my mind, muſt I not incur the heavy guilt of perjury?"

'And pray, Mr. Sydney, do you conſider yourſelf as ſo much wiſer and ſo much better than all the learned and worthy men who every day make the declaration at which you ſcruple? Are all who enter the church to be conſidered as perjured?'

"God

"God forbid! Various are the views, which, with equal integrity of intention, may be taken of the ſame ſubject. That which I cannot reconcile to myſelf, another may fully approve. The arguments which carry conviction to my mind, may to his appear nugatory and futile. No honeſt man will condemn another for differing from him in opinion; but who can approve the hypocrite, who, from views of intereſt or ambition, makes public profeſſion of opinions which privately he condemns? No; rather let me eat the bread of miſery, and drink the tears of affliction, than purchaſe the enjoyment of every earthly bliſs at the expence of ſincerity!",

"His Lordſhip, far from being convinced by my arguments, was not a little diſpleaſed at my preſumption. In daring to think for myſelf, he thought I had aſſumed a right to which I had no proper title. His prejudices, from birth, education, and habit, were ſtrong; but his heart

was

was ſtill benevolent. He wiſhed me to overcome ſcruples he conſidered as ridiculous; and did not doubt, that upon reflection I would open my eyes to my true intereſt. He gave me two days for deliberation, at the end of which I was either to be conſidered as the future huſband of Miſs Fielding, or take my leave of Brieſton, and all that it contained, for ever."

'You, my dear Henry, are yet a ſtranger (oh, may you long be ſo!) to the wild impetuoſity of an extravagant and domineering paſſion. An union with Miſs Fielding had long compriſed in it every idea of earthly bliſs. Honours I could have ſpurned; fortune I could have deſpiſed; but to reject the choſen miſtreſs of my affections, was an effort of virtue to which my feeble ſoul was hardly equal.

"While his Lordſhip was converſing with me, Lady Brierſton, willing to take to herſelf as much merit in the affair as poſſible,

poſſible, had communicated to Miſs Fielding the whole ſcope of the generous plan that had been formed for our future happineſs. Judge, then, what muſt have been her feelings in beholding me; when, inſtead of the ardent lover, tranſported into ecſtacy at the bliſsful proſpect that had been opened to him, ſhe beheld a trembling wretch, writhing with the torture of contending emotions, and pale from the agony of deſpair! I ſaw how keenly the diſappointment pierced her gentle ſoul, I could not bear the ſight, but haſtily getting up from table as ſoon as the cloth was removed, buried myſelf for the reſt of the day in my own apartment.

"To leave me at perfect liberty to purſue my deliberations, his Lordſhip had ſent my pupils on a viſit to their grandfather, ſo that I was maſter of my own time; but far from being able to employ it in inveſtigation and argument, I ſupinely yielded to the ſtupour which ſtole upon my

my ſenſes, and had not yet found courage to determine in what language to addreſs my patron, when I was rouſed from my painful lethargy by a meſſage from Miſs Fielding. She deſired to ſee me in the library, and thither, with trembling ſteps, I inſtantly attended her. She, too, was in agitation; but it was not the agitation of doubt. An air of heroic fortitude mingled with the native meekneſs and gentleneſs that characteriſed her manners. She held out her hand to me when I entered. 'Noble, excellent Sydney!' ſaid ſhe; 'I have ever thought you worthy of my eſteem, and now ſhall I be for ever exalted in my own for having diſtinguiſhed your merit. But why, my friend, this perturbation? Is it poſſible that you can heſitate? Can you entertain a doubt about how you are to proceed? Tell me, I beſeech you; to me you may ſafely entruſt the ſecrets of your ſoul; you ſhall find that I am worthy of your confidence.'

"I know

" I know not what anſwer I returned, but it ſufficiently betrayed the irreſolute ſtate of my mind, and diſcovered to her how much I ſtood in need of the ſupport ſhe ſo generouſly beſtowed.

' Has your reaſon been convinced?' returned ſhe, with the moſt unſhaken firmneſs. ' Does GOD, does your conſcience bear witneſs that it has! You cannot ſay ſo. Ah! then never, with ſuch tremendous witneſſes againſt you, will I be the partner of your boſom. Sooner would I beg my bread with you through the world, than ſhare with you a throne purchaſed at a price ſo dear.'

" It would be injuſtice to this admirable woman, to pretend to give a minute detail of the arguments ſhe adduced to fix my wavering reſolution, and to give effect and vigour to my hitherto unſhaken principles. Far leſs can I convey any idea of the dignity and ſweetneſs of her manner, while ſhe endeavoured to ſoothe the

ſtruggling

ſtruggling emotions of my troubled ſoul; and by diſtant hope to alleviate the pangs of preſent diſappointment. Even at this diſtance of time, I find the ſubject too much for me. I ſhall therefore quit it for the preſent, and renew it in my next letter. Adieu."

Second

Second Letter of Mr. Sydney.

"MY DEAR HENRY,

"YOU expreſs ſo much impatience for the remainder of Mrs. Fielding's ſtory, that I can no longer delay to gratify your curioſity.

'You cannot imagine how I could ever enter into any other connexion.'

"At your time of life the ſurpriſe is natural, and I freely pardon the reproach that is implied in it. When you arrive at my age, your notions of eternal conſtancy may, perhaps, be ſomewhat leſs ſanguine. But though the object of a firſt affection may be loſt, and time may ſo far reconcile us to the loſs, as to ſupply the vacancy by another love, never will the heart become totally indifferent to the firſt object of its tenderneſs.

"It

"It is, I ſuppoſe, from a conſideration of this fact, that women, who are in general much better caſuiſts in theſe matters than we are, ſeem to be univerſally agreed in treating thoſe whom they ſuſpect of having (at however diſtant a period) once poſſeſſed a ſhare in their huſband's affections, with hatred, jealouſy, and averſion. Not ſo your excellent mother. Greatly ſuperior to the mean jealouſy of little minds, ſhe felt a peculiar complacency for every object that had ever been dear to that faithful huſband whoſe affections ſhe knew to be now her own. But to return to the promiſed concluſion of my narrative.

"Strengthened by the fortitude of my charming friend, I was enabled calmly to review the arguments that had formerly occurred to my mind upon the ſubject in queſtion. Every objection remained in full force. They might, perhaps, have been removed to me, as they have been to others, by ſome new light or ſatisfactory explanation;

explanation; but I did not think myſelf at liberty upon this *peradventure* to ſtake my integrity and honour.

"In a letter to his Lordſhip I gave ſuch an explanation of my ſentiments as I hoped might have proved ſatisfactory; but I was miſtaken. It muſt be a mind of no common greatneſs, that can bear to have its intentions thwarted by thoſe on whom it meant to confer obligation, and not take offence. His Lordſhip felt my refuſal as ingratitude, and treated my objections as the wild dreams of fanaticiſm, or the pretended ſcruples of hypocriſy.

"The cenſures of his Lady were ſtill more ſevere; her indignation was unbounded. From her lips I received the dreadful aſſurance, that the leaſt attempt on my part to ſee or correſpond with Miſs Fielding would be the means of ſending that young lady deſtitute into the world, and for ever depriving her of the favour of her preſent protectors. For the contumely

tumely of pride, and the bitterneſs of reproach; I came prepared to the conference; but this, this was a ſentence equally ſevere and unexpected. I however made no difficulty in engaging my promiſe never to enter into any clandeſtine correſpondence with Miſs Fielding; but the privilege of taking leave of her, either in perſon or by letter, I would by no means relinquiſh. Seeing me firm and reſolute in my purpoſe, her Ladyſhip at length gave her reluctant conſent to my writing one letter before I left Brierſton, which ſhould be delivered on my departure; but the happineſs of ſeeing her was a bleſſing which I was deſtined never more to enjoy.

"On leaving Brierſton, I returned to the univerſity of Glaſgow, and in the purſuit of ſcience fought to obtain the reſtoration of tranquillity. My ſlender finances might have been augmented from the ſmall fund raiſed by ſubſcription for the ſupport of the ſons of our clergy; but I could not

in

in conſcience accept of a bounty which was intended for the aſſiſtance of the indigent and the helpleſs. In my learning and talents I found a more worthy reſource.

"Under the patronage of the Profeſſors, I formed a claſs for claſſical reading, which was chiefly attended by young men of fortune, who wiſhed to facilitate the progreſs of their knowledge and information. Mr. Campbell was one of my pupils; and it was at this time that ſtrong friendſhip was cemented, which was only diſſolved by his death. My attachment to him would have afforded me a ſufficient inducement to accept of his propoſal of accompanying him to the Continent, without the proſpect of any pecuniary advantage; but with a firmneſs and generoſity peculiar to himſelf, he peremptorily inſiſted on my acceptance either of a large ſalary during our tour, or of a life-annuity at its concluſion; an alternative which had been formerly offered by his guardian to another gentleman. The idea

idea of Maria Fielding rushed upon my mind, and I immediately accepted of the latter, in the fond hopes that it might one day be shared by her who was still mistress of my heart.

"Two years and a half had then elapsed from the period of my leaving Brierston, nor had I in all that tedious space heard one word of intelligence concerning its inhabitants. On the morning we arrived at Dover, happening to run my eye over a London newspaper that lay on the table, my attention was arrested by the following paragraph: 'On Tuesday last was married by special licence, at the house of Lord Brierston, in Piccadilly, Sir William Danvers, bart. to Miss Maria Fielding, cousin to Lady Brierston.' I shall not attempt describing to you my feelings upon this occasion; they were, perhaps, beyond what the disappointment of any earthly hope ought to have inflicted upon a rational being. Of the truth of the intelligence I could

could not entertain a doubt. Little did I imagine, that information given to the public in this authentic form could be a forgery! Little did I conjecture, that a wanton ebullition of female malice could have produced the wicked and accurſed lie; or that a refutation of it was to be given in the next paper. That paper, however, I did not ſee; for before it reached Dover, a favourable wind had wafted us to the Gallic ſhore.

"Deep, very deep was the wound which this intelligence gave to my heart. But, thanks to the goodneſs of Providence! the wounds of the heart are not by nature intended to be indelible; nor do they ever reſiſt the healing influence of time, except when the will, acted upon by an overheated imagination, reſiſts the ſalutary aſſiſtance of reaſon. Severe as was the conflict, I ſtruggled not in vain to teach my heart ſubmiſſion to irremediable evil. The time ſpent in our long tour aſſiſted

my

my endeavours, and an incident which occurred on our way back to England, gave a new turn to my ideas, and preſented a new object to my affections.

"On our return from Italy, through the ſouth of France, we happened one day to be detained by accident at a ſmall village, remarkable for the ſalubrity of its air, and the poverty of its inhabitants. On taking a walk through the village, as I ſtopped at the door of one of the houſes to ſpeak to a poor creature who ſolicited my charity, I obſerved a female come out of the houſe in tears.

'She is dead!' ſaid ſhe to a perſon who met her in the ſtreet; 'the good lady is dead, and I believe the dear creature will die with grief too; it almoſt breaks my heart to ſee her.' The other obſerved, that "it was no wonder the poor young lady ſhould be afflicted; it was very hard to loſe both father and mother in a ſtrange country."

"I could no longer forbear enquiring into the circumſtances of a caſe that appeared ſo intereſting, and was informed, that the perſon of whom they ſpake, was a young lady from my own country, who had accompanied her parents to the ſouth of France, which they were induced to viſit on account of the declining ſtate of the old gentleman's health: that he had died ſix weeks before; and that his widow and daughter were preparing for their return to England, when the former was ſeized with a fever, which had that morning put a period to her exiſtence.

"I was ſo much affected by the idea of the young ſtranger's ſituation, that I involuntarily advanced towards the door of her lodgings; but afraid of hurting her feelings by abruptly intruding upon her affliction, I there heſitated. I knew not, indeed, how to proceed. At length recollecting myſelf, I enquired for her maid. Alas! ſhe had no maid; ſhe had herſelf been the only

only attendant of both father and mother. I prevailed upon the woman of the houſe to carry up a meſſage, informing the fair mourner, that an Engliſh gentleman was below, and wiſhed to ſee her. The fond remembrances that ruſhed upon her mind at this unexpected intelligence, occaſioned ſuch a powerful revulſion of feeling as to overcome her ſenſes. The fortitude that had ſupported her through all the trying ſcenes of ſorrow, now ſo entirely forſook her, that ſhe fainted away. The woman called to me for help, and I haſtily entered the apartment. How ſtriking was the ſcene that here preſented itſelf to my view! The poor afflicted girl had ſunk upon the bed that ſupported the lifeleſs body of her mother. Her cheek, pale as that of the corpſe, preſſed the clay-cold hand of her departed parent, while her ſnowy arm, thrown over the body, ſeemed in death to cling to the protectreſs of her youth. The old woman being too feeble to give any

effective

effective aſſiſtance, I took up the lovely creature in my arms, and carried her into the adjoining room, where I had at length the pleaſure of ſeeing her reſtored to life and recollection.

"Such, Henry, was my firſt interview with your dear, beloved, and ever-to-be lamented mother! Her gentle, generous, and grateful heart, magnified the common exertions of humanity into deeds of extraordinary merit. I could not be unconſcious of the intereſt I had in her affections, or remain inſenſible to the value of ſuch a treaſure. By a ſympathy of taſtes, views, and ſentiments, our hearts were ſoon ſo firmly united, that the arrangements for our future life were formed without difficulty. Immediately after our nuptials, we retired to my native village, where, having received ordination, I became the paſtor of my father's little flock, who, I humbly hope, will one day witneſs for me, that my endeavours to promote their temporal and

and eternal happineſs have neither been lukewarm nor ineffectual!

"I need ſay nothing of our domeſtic felicity to the dear boy who has at once ſhared and augmented every pleaſure of his parent's heart; but ſhall only hint to you, that the full value of that homefelt happineſs you have hitherto witneſſed, will not probably be truly known, till a more enlarged knowledge of the world ſhall enable you to make compariſons. Then, when you behold the miſery of family diſſenſions, the heart-burnings of contention, and all the little gnawing ſorrows which oppoſition of ſentiments and difference of opinion create in the generality of houſes, you will look back to the cheerful fire-ſide of your father, and ſay, with the wiſe king of Iſrael, ſurely, 'Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a ſtalled ox and hatred therewith.'

"On my return to England, I had forborne to make any enquiry about the ſuppoſed

poſed Lady Danvers; and the retirement in which we lived, precluded us from the poſſibility of receiving any intelligence concerning people who were in every reſpect ſo far removed from our own ſituation. When you were about five years old, I was called to the melancholy office of attending my friend Mr. Campbell in his laſt illneſs. I had been abſent about a fortnight, when your mother was one day ſurpriſed by a carriage driving up to the door. As it was the firſt that had ever ſtopped at it, ſhe was thrown into a conſiderable degree of alarm, and dreaded that ſomething had befallen me, for of a viſitor to herſelf ſhe had not the leaſt idea. A lady begged to ſee her, who was immediately ſhewn into the parlour. She at firſt appeared a little embarraſſed; but ſoon recovered herſelf, and with a peculiar air of ſweetneſs and affability informed my wife, that ſhe was a near relation, and had formerly been an acquaintance of her huſband's,

huſband's, and having been accidentally led to that part of the country, could not reſiſt the inclination ſhe felt of introducing herſelf to the partner of his affections, and embracing his little family. You ſoon caught her attention, and the ardour with which ſhe preſſed you to her boſom, while tears ſtole from her eyes, convinced my wife that ſhe had a more than ordinary intereſt in him from whom you ſprung.

"May I," aſked my wife, with heſitation, "may I enquire the name of the lady who does my boy ſo much honour?"

'My name is, I ſuppoſe, quite unknown to you, madam. *You* never, I dare ſay, heard of Maria Fielding?'

"Is it, then, Lady Danvers that I behold?" returned my wife, in aſtoniſhment.

'No,' ſaid Miſs Fielding, equally aſtoniſhed at ſuch a ſuppoſition, 'my name never has, nor ever will be changed.'

"A mutual explanation immediately took place. I need not tell you, how affecting

affecting to both theſe amiable women ſuch an explanation muſt neceſſarily be. Equally noble, and equally generous, the ſympathy of their affections ſerved but to endear them to each other. Aſſured that my abſence was ſtill to be prolonged for another fortnight, Miſs Fielding frankly accepted of my wife's invitation to remain with her for a few days; and in that time made her the confidante of all that had befallen her ſince the hour of our ſeparation. When they parted, it was with mutual regret, ſoftened by the promiſe of punctual correſpondence.

"Soon as Miſs Fielding's carriage was out of ſight, you flew to your mother to ſhew her a pretty book with which ſhe had preſented you, when, at her deſire, you had crept up to the carriage, to give her another parting kiſs. On opening it, a paper dropped out, addreſſed to *Maſter Henry Sidney*; it contained two bank-notes for a hundred pounds each, and theſe words

words—*An annual gift from the moſt affectionate of friends to the child of her adoption.* You know the punctuality with which this annuity has ever ſince been paid; but you do not know the difficulty I made to accept of it, or the delicacy of the methods employed by this generous woman to reconcile me to the thoughts of *my* ſon's becoming the object of her bounty. We at length compromiſed the matter; I giving my conſent to your receiving the annuity till you had finiſhed your education; and Miſs Fielding promiſing on her part to withdraw it as ſoon as you were eſtabliſhed in a profeſſion.

"I ſhall now ſatisfy your curioſity with regard to all that befel Miſs Fielding from the period of my leaving Brierſton:—

"When I ſo raſhly credited the report of her marriage, I did not ſufficiently conſider the nature of love in ſuch a breaſt as that of Maria Fielding's. In a mind like her's, this pure and delicate ſentiment exalts

alts the object of its attachment ſo far above the reſt of the human race, that the idea of all that is deſerving of eſteem, admiration, or affection, becomes aſſociated with its form. Mere paſſion is in its nature fickle and tranſitory, but an attachment ſuch as I have deſcribed, will bid defiance to time; and though it may ſubmit to the control of reaſon, will, long after all the *paſſion* with which it was firſt connected has been obliterated, retain its influence over the breaſt. The woman who can *ſuddenly* and *lightly* change the object of her affections, may make what pretenſions to ſentiment and delicacy ſhe pleaſes, but is in reality the ſlave of paſſions modeſty would bluſh to own.

"Not ſuch was the pure and affectionate heart of Maria Fielding. In vain, after my departure, did Lady Brierſton load me with epithets of reproach, and endeavour to influence the mind of her couſin in my diſfavour. She, with modeſt firmneſs,

perſiſted

perſiſted in juſtifying my conduct, which, ſhe candidly confeſſed, had not only gained her approbation, but riveted her eſteem. The confeſſion of continued regard for me was conſtrued by her Ladyſhip into inſolence and ingratitude; it aggravated her harſhneſs, and rendered the capricious petulance of a temper, arrogant by nature, and callous from proſperity, every day more and more intolerable. All this Miſs Fielding continued to endure with that Chriſtian meekneſs which blunts the arrows of malignity, and is the only true ſhield againſt the inſults of the proud, and the ſneers of the ſcornful. Inſtead of bemoaning the ſituation that ſubjected her to the bitterneſs of dependence, ſhe conſidered it as an opportunity afforded by Providence for extending her knowledge of the human heart; and exerted herſelf to improve it into an increaſing fund of wiſdom and virtue.

"Happy the mind,
" That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
" Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtyle!"

" Not-

"Notwithſtanding the contempt which her Ladyſhip affected for the underſtanding of her couſin, ſhe yet frequently felt herſelf obliged to yield to its aſcendancy. This aſcendancy was invariably made uſe of by Miſs Fielding to promote the intereſts of the humble children of poverty, whoſe ſituations ſhe had it frequently in her power to repreſent in ſuch a light as procured for them that relief which may be wrung from unfeeling affluence by addreſſing its pride, when application would be made in vain to its charity.

"This conſideration would, probably, have retained Miſs Fielding at Brierſton, had not her refuſal of the addreſſes of Sir William Danvers inflamed the reſentment of her Ladyſhip to ſuch a height, as rendered their ſeparation inevitable. She then retired to a ſmall village in the neighbourhood of ——, where ſhe was received as a boarder into the family of a reſpectable farmer.

"Even

"Even here ſhe found means of employing her time to the advantage of the little circle by which ſhe was ſurrounded. By her inſtructions ſhe improved the young; by her ſympathy ſhe conſoled the unfortunate; and by her example of unrepining patience, humility, and piety, ſhe edified all who came within the ſphere of her obſervation. To raiſe a little fund for deeds of charity, ſhe had recourſe to her pen; and in this retirement ſhe compoſed ſeveral little treatiſes, chiefly intended for the benefit of her own ſex, and calculated to reſtore that intellectual vigour which the whole courſe of their preſent mode of education tends ſo effectually to deſtroy.

"Thus did ſhe, by the exertions of a ſuperior mind, tranſmute evil into good; and in a ſituation in which moſt of her ſex would have indulged in a liſtleſs and low deſpondency, continue to give dignity to herſelf by the employment of her faculties, while ſhe promoted the virtue and happineſs of others.

From this place ſhe was recalled by the accounts of the melancholy ſituation of Lady Brierſton. Her Ladyſhip, now in the ſecond year of her widowhood, had, by a paralytic ſtroke, entirely loſt the uſe of one ſide; and was become ſuch an object of compaſſion, that the delicate nerves of her *friends* were too much ſhocked to bear the ſight of her diſtreſs. She was, indeed, no ſooner incapable of contributing to the amuſement, or flattering the vanity, of her former aſſociates, than ſhe found herſelf deſerted and forlorn. Even the formal enquiries by which ſhe was for ſome time mocked, were by degrees neglected; and ſhe was left, without the conſolation of beholding one pitying tear ſhed over her calamity, to the care of mercenaries, and the comfort of her own reflections.

"In a heart like Miſs Fielding's, the ſufferings of a fellow-creature never fail to annihilate the feelings of reſentment. On the wings of gratitude and affection ſhe

flew

flew to the conſolation of her former benefactreſs. She attended her with unceaſing aſſiduity through the remaining tedious courſe of her diſorder; bore with unſhrinking patience the peeviſhneſs of a bad temper, rendered ſtill more iraſcible by the preſſure of diſeaſe; and cheerfully complied with all the whims and caprices to which a mind weakened by ſuch a malady is ſubject.

"At length the death of her noble kinſwoman releaſed her from this very painful ſituation; and ſhe was preparing to return to her former retirement, when very unexpectedly, on examining her Ladyſhip's will, it was diſcovered that the aſſurances ſhe had from every quarter received of having been cut off from all ſhare in her fortune, were without foundation; but that, on the contrary, ſhe was left ſole heireſs of all her great poſſeſſions.

"Of the uſe ſhe has made of the noble fortune thus bequeathed her, you have heard

heard too much of her deeds of charity to be ignorant. May the prayers for her life that are every day put up from the grateful hearts of the indigent and afflicted, aſcend to the throne of the MOST HIGH! And long may ſhe continue to bleſs the world by her example, and to furniſh it with a living inſtance of the efficacy of *fixed* and *ſteady* principles of virtue!

"Adieu, my deareſt Henry. GOD bleſs you! and make me ſenſible of the bleſſing He has in you beſtowed on your affectionate father,

"H. S."

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

"Deep vers'd in books, and ſhallow in himſelf."
MILTON.

THE hour of dinner at Mrs. Fielding's had juſt been reported by the hall clock, as Henry Sydney knocked at the door. He found his patroneſs in the drawing-room, ſurrounded by a ſelect party of friends, to all of whom ſhe particularly preſented him. Dinner being then announced, the company moved to the parlour, where it was ſome time before the attention due to her gueſts permitted Mrs. Fielding to addreſs her young friend. At length ſhe took an opportunity of enquiring, whether he had ſeen the lady from W——, who had that morning enquired for him at her houſe?

"You greatly aſtoniſh me, Madam!" ſaid Henry; "I know of no lady from W——, nor have I been at my lodgings ſince twelve o'clock."

'Did the lady leave any meſſage for Dr. Sydney?' enquired Mrs. Fielding.

"No, Madam," anſwered the ſervant, "ſhe neither left any meſſage, nor would ſhe give her name; though the ſecond time ſhe called, I told her that as Doctor Sydney was to dine here, ſhe might depend on my punctually delivering either."

'She then called twice?' ſaid Henry. 'How do you know, Mr. Wetherſby, that ſhe came from W——?'

"She ſaid ſo herſelf," returned the butler; "and that ſhe need not leave her name, as you, ſir, would not fail to diſcover it by the power of *tender ſympathy*."

The confuſion of Henry was not a little augmented by obſerving the univerſal ſimper occaſioned by theſe words. Mrs. Fielding herſelf could ſcarcely forbear laughing;

laughing; ſhe, however, would not add to the evident diſtreſs of Henry, by giving way to the impulſe. The ſame delicacy did not operate upon Mr. Sardon, the gentleman who ſat oppoſite to Henry, who, looking earneſtly in his face, exclaimed, "And by the power of tender ſympathy Dr. Sydney has diſcovered it. Oh, a pariſh-certificate could not have deſcribed the fair lady in language more intelligible! But pray, ſir, is this the common ſtyle of your viſiting-cards in the country?"

Henry replied in ſome vexation, 'that really his queſtion was as unintelligible as the lady's meſſage; he confeſſed he could comprehend neither the one nor the other.'

"No!" returned Mr. Sardon; "and have you really no ſort of gueſs who the dear creature is? Are there, then, ſo many from whom you would expect a ſimilar meſſage? What a happy man you are!"

'Upon my honour,' returned Henry, (whoſe earneſtneſs to clear himſelf made the

the affair appear ſtill more ridiculous) 'I declare I have not the leaſt conception of who the lady is—and ſuppoſe it will all turn out to be a mere miſtake.'

"Poor lady!" cried Mr. Sardon, "ſhe little thought that eight and forty hours of London air could deſtroy the power of *tender ſympathy* ſo effectually!"

In this manner did Mr. Sardon continue to amuſe himſelf at the expence of Henry, during the time of dinner; juſt as the deſert was put upon the table, a hackney coach ſtopped at the door. "Ah," ſaid Mr. Sardon, obſerving how anxiouſly Henry liſtened to the voices in the hall, "I ſee, Doctor, the tender ſympathies are not quite extinguiſhed; they were only dormant—but ſpring to life at the knock of a hackney coachman—as I live, here ſhe comes!"

At that moment the voice of Miſs Botherim diſtinctly reached the ears of Henry, who heard her ſaying to the ſervant, as he offered to conduct her to another room,

room, 'I tell you I will go to him where-ever he is, and have no objection to ſee Mrs. Fielding.' Petrified with aſtoniſhment he beheld her enter, when, after making a formal curtſey at the door, ſhe immediately made up to him, ſaying, 'So I have found you at laſt!' The diſtreſs of Henry, as ſhe approached towards him, is not to be deſcribed. He involuntarily ſhrunk from her approach. 'I knew you would be ſurpriſed,' ſaid ſhe, in a tone of tenderneſs; 'you were not prepared for the pleaſure of ſeeing me ſo ſoon.'

"The pleaſure is, indeed, very unexpected," ſaid Henry, in great confuſion. "Pray is Mrs. Botherim in town?

'She in town!' cried Bridgetina, 'no, no; but I ſhall reſerve all the intereſting particulars of my leaving W—— for your private ear; in the mean time, pray introduce me to Mrs. Fielding.'

Henry would rather have undertaken a journey to the Antipodes; but perceiving

ing the aſtoniſhed looks of his patroneſs, he thought it beſt to loſe no time in announcing to her who Miſs Botherim really was.

Mrs. Fielding, whoſe politeneſs flowed from a deeper ſource than the eſtabliſhed rules of etiquette, and the fictitious forms of ceremony, received Miſs Botherim, not only with good-breeding, but with that complacency which is the offspring of good-nature. The very ſtrange appearance of Miſs Botherim, the deformity of her perſon, the fantaſtic ſingularity of her dreſs, rendered more conſpicuous by the ſtill ſtranger ſingularity of her manners, were to her benevolent heart, ſo many motives to pity, and ſeemed alike to claim her compaſſion and protection. The abruptneſs of her intruſion ſhe attributed to ignorance, and the extraordinary mode of her addreſſing Henry, to ſimplicity, neither of which were, in her eyes, ſubjects of ridicule; whoſe only

true

true province she considered it to be to expose the arrogant pretensions of vanity, and to unmask the insidious designs of sophistry and deceit. She ordered a chair for Miss Botherim near her own, to the great relief of Henry, who was not a little ashamed of his very unwelcome visitor, whose unexpected appearance he was totally at a loss to explain. The behaviour of Mrs. Fielding gave the ton to her guests, some of whom were very much inclined to indulge their risibility at the appearance of Miss Botherim, till the style of Mrs. Fielding's reception convinced them of the impropriety of such behaviour. Mr. Sardon, indeed, could not forbear slily congratulating Henry on his uncommon felicity; and when the ladies retired, he still more unmercifully rallied him upon his enviable conquest.

Bridgetina, whom total want of observation rendered unconscious of any breach of the established forms and customs of society,

ciety, felt no pain from either baſhfulneſs or embarraſſment. She did not wait for an invitation to accompany the ladies to the drawing-room; but bent upon the proſecution of her plans with regard to Henry, ſhe reſolved without ceremony to remain at Mrs. Fielding's the reſt of the evening.

Mrs. Fielding knew not what to make of her; ſhe was diſtreſſed at the poor girl's thus expoſing herſelf to the deriſion of her gueſt, but ſo unwilling to hurt her feelings, that ſhe could not bring herſelf to wear the appearance of wiſhing for her departure. The gentlemen very ſoon followed the ladies to the drawing-room, where the circle was enlarged by additional viſitors, it being an evening on which Mrs. Fielding was always known to be at home.

Henry was extremely vexed at perceiving Miſs Botherim ſtill of the party.

Taking care to place himſelf at as great a diſtance from her as poſſible, he entered into

into immediate converſation with the perſon next him, avoiding to look the way ſhe was; and though her eyes were fixed upon him from the moment of his entrance, happily for Henry, no one could poſſibly follow their oblique glances to the object on which they darted their moſt tender beams.

"You are fond of the country, I preſume, Madam?" ſaid Mr. Sardon, placing his chair by Bridgetina. "I am greatly miſtaken, if you will find the ſociety of London at all congenial to your feelings."

'Why ſo, ſir?'

"Becauſe it is ſeldom agreeable to a perſon of refined ſenſibility."

Bridgetina drew up her head, with a look of much approbation. Mr. Sardon continued: "In ſhady groves and purling ſtreams there is ſomething ſo ſoothing to a ſuſceptible mind, ſo——"

'A mind of great powers, ſir,' ſaid Bridgetina, bridling, and interrupting him,

'is

'is ſuperior to the operation of phyſical cauſes. It is in no caſe to be influenced by ſurrounding objects. *A perſon of talents, in the midſt of the moſt crouded ſtreet, can give full ſcope to his imagination.* I make no doubt, you, ſir, who appear to be poſſeſſed of no common abilities, have experienced the truth of this. Have you not *laughed, and cried, and entered into nice calculations, and digeſted ſagacious reaſonings, and conſulted by the aid of memory the books you have read, and projected others for the good of mankind, while taking a walk from Charing-Croſs to Hyde-Park Corner;** and done it too as much at your eaſe as in the middle of your ſtudy?'

"Really, Madam, I cannot ſay that I have."

'No! then I am miſtaken in your character.'

* See Godwin's Enquirer.

"Perhaps,"

"Perhaps," rejoined Mr. Sardon, with a ſmile, "the miſtake is mutual; but I ſhould be glad to know from what inſtance you do me the honour to infer me capable of ſuch complete abſtraction?"

'From no particular inſtance, but merely becauſe ſuch employment of the mind is common to every man of talents in walking the ſtreets. *The dull man, indeed, goes ſtraight forward; he obſerves if he meets with any of his acquaintance, he enquires reſpecting their health and their family; he glances at the ſhop-windows, and ſees ſhoe-buckles and tea-urns.* But a man of genius obſerves none of his acquaintance, makes no enquiries reſpecting their health or their families, looks at no ſhop-windows, nor ſees either buckles or tea-urns, ſhould they be ever ſomuch in his way.'

"Bravo!" cried Mr. Sardon. "What an excellent criterion by which to judge of genius! But did you not ſay ſomething about laughing and crying?"

'Oh,

'Oh, yes,' returned Bridgetina, 'I ſaid the man of talent, in walking the ſtreet, gives full ſcope to his imagination. He laughs and cries. *Unindebted to the ſuggeſtions of ſurrounding objects, his whole ſoul is employed. In imagination he declaims or deſcribes; impreſſed with the deepeſt ſympathy, or elevated to the loftiest rapture.*'*

Mr. Sardon was aſtoniſhed at the fluency of her expreſſion. He began to conſider her as a very extraordinary character; and willing to purſue the converſation, expreſſed himſelf highly ſatisfied with her very accurate deleniation of the different ways in which a dull man and the man of genius employed themſelves while walking in the ſtreets. He then begged to know how they were to be diſtinguiſhed in the country. Here, alas, Bridgetina was ſoon run aground. She had gone to the very end of her leſſon; and was running away from the ſubject in

* See Enquirer.

a very

a very unaccountable manner, when it was taken up by a lady near her, who had attentively liſtened to the converſation

'I know not how to account for it,' ſaid Mrs. Mortimer, 'but I have generally remarked, that men of diſtinguiſhed talents who have always reſided in the country, ſeldom deign to be agreeable in converſation; while in town, one daily meets with men of the firſt-rate abilities, who ſeem ſo totally unconſcious of their own ſuperiority, that one is neither pained by their reſerve, nor mortified by their condeſcenſion.

"You do not conſider, my dear Madam," ſaid Mr. Sardon, "that the value of a commodity riſes in proportion to its ſcarcity. The greateſt ſcholar in the pariſh is too extraordinary a perſonage to demean himſelf after a common manner. When he deigns to ſpeak, every word is a law, and every ſentence the *ipſe dixit* of infallibility. And would you expect ſuch a ſage as this to deſcend to chit-chat with a lady?" 'Oh!

'Oh! it is when he *deſcends*, that he offends me moſt,' rejoined Mrs. Mortimer. 'I could bear the moſt pompous diſplay of his learning far better than the arrogance of his ſtupid and affected reſerve, or the conceited air with which he lets himſelf down to the level of a female underſtanding!'

"The obſervation of Mrs. Mortimer (ſevere as it is) may, perhaps, be often applicable to mere ſcholars," ſaid Mrs. Fielding; "but I believe it will ſeldom be found deſerved by men of refined taſte, or real genius, however remote their ſituation. The cultivation of taſte beſtows a poliſh upon the mind, that ſeldom fails to form the manners to urbanity; but upon the whole, I muſt allow that men of ſuperior talents or information are generally much improved by mutual colliſion."

'I never mind the learned bears, for my ſhare,' ſaid a young lady who ſat by Bridgetina. 'What I deteſt in the country is, the coterie of cenſorious old maids, eſtabliſhed

eſtabliſhed in every little town, who are everlaſtingly making their ill-natured remarks upon all that paſſes."

"Permit me to rectify your miſtake," ſaid Bridgetina; "and to inform you, that the cenſure of which you complain, is the very perfection of human reaſon; and the perſons who exerciſe it are the enlightened friends of the human race. When laws are abrogated, and governments diſſolved, theſe old maids, whoſe cenſures are, from the depraved ſtate of a diſtempered civilization, rendered unpalatable to a multitude of the preſent race of mankind, will keep the whole world in a moral dependence upon reaſon. Nor will old maids be then permitted to make a monopoly of cenſoriouſneſs. A cenſure will then be exerciſed by every individual over the actions of his neighbour; a promptneſs to inquire into and judge them will then be univerſal;* and

* See Pol. Juſ. vol. ii.

every

every man will enjoy the advantage of deriving every poſſible aſſiſtance for correcting and moulding his conduct, by the perſpicacity not of a few ſolitary old maids only, but of all his neighbours. O happy time! O bleſſed æra of felicity!"

'O wiſe, judicious, and enlightened maidens!' cried Mr. Sardon, 'who have given the world ſuch convincing proofs of the efficacy of cenſure, as have enabled the philoſopher to make an eſtimate of its value! How greatly are mankind indebted to the accuracy of your obſervations, and the curious minuteneſs of your reſearch!'

Though Mr. Sardon ſpake this in a tone ſufficiently ironical, Bridgetina, totally unconſcious of the irony, was much delighted with having ſuch a champion to ſupport her; and was taxing her memory for another harangue, when looking up, ſhe obſerved Henry Sydney ſlipping out of the room.

"Doctor

"Doctor Sydney! Doctor Sydney!" cried ſhe, out of breath with terror and perturbation, "you do not, I hope, intend to go away?"

'I am obliged to go, Madam;' returned Henry, ſtill receding.

"What! leave me without one tender interchange of congenial ſentiment! without giving me an opportunity of diſburthening my full heart of one of the many thouſand, thouſand things I had to ſay!"

'If you leave your addreſs, I ſhall do myſelf the honour of waiting on you before you leave town,' ſaid Henry, haſtily opening the door, and making his retreat as quick as poſſible.

'Before I leave town!" repeated Bridgetina, following him to the head of the ſtairs. "And is this like your proteſtations of affection? Is this conduct in uniſon with the ardour of your declaration of fervid love?"

Henry had reached the firſt landing-place, but at theſe words he turned. 'Miſs

Botherim,' ſaid he rather ſternly, 'this is not the firſt time that you have ſeemed to make a point of teazing me. I muſt now, once for all, deſire to know what your extraordinary conduct means?'

"Ah! Henry, too charming Henry! it is your conduct that is extraordinary; mine is the natural reſult of deep inveſtigation, and the true principles of morals. Though you had never diſcloſed your paſſion, I ſhould have followed you to town all the ſame; I ——"

'Heavens! Miſs Botherim, what is it you mean?' exclaimed Henry, who now ſaw with horror the miſtake into which he had been betrayed. 'You follow me to London, and follow me on pretence of my having diſcloſed a paſſion for you! A paſſion for *you*, Miſs Botherim! I really have not patience for any thing ſo abſurd!'

"And can you deny all that you ſaid at our laſt tender interview at the farm? What is become of that charming morbid

exceſs

exceſs of ſenſibility and tenderneſs, with which you then confeſſed the fervour of your fierce conſuming flame? Oh, how greedily I abſorbed the delicious poiſon that flowed from the ſoft tongue of tender love! Oh!——"

'Miſs Botherim, this is really too ridiculous. I well remember when we laſt met, that I was weak enough to ſuffer myſelf to be led into a confeſſion of my attachment, not for you, indeed, but for one with whoſe ſentiments you pretended to be intimately acquainted. It is impoſſible, utterly impoſſible that you could apply any thing I then ſaid to yourſelf. The ſuppoſition is too injurious to your underſtanding. Why then purſue me in this manner? Why perſiſt in tormenting me?'

"And is it, then, not with me that you are in love after all? How can I believe it *compatible with the nature of mind, that ſo many ſtrong and reiterated efforts have produced no effect?* Is it poſſible that you can intend

intend to leave me a comfortleſs, ſolitary, ſhivering wanderer in the dreary wilderneſs of human ſociety? Ah! cruel Henry!"

'Really, Madam, if you take my advice, you will not long remain in the wilderneſs of London. You ſhall have my hearty wiſhes for your good journey back to the country. Pray ſhall I now deſire Mrs. Fielding's footman to call a coach to take you home to your lodgings?' Without waiting for her permiſſion, he inſtantly called the footman, and telling him to conduct Miſs Botherim into the parlour till he could fetch her a coach, he hurried off, in ſpite of her earneſt entreaties to prolong the conference. It was fortunate for Bridgetina that Henry had preſence of mind enough to prevent her returning to the drawing-room, where ſhe certainly would have done her utmoſt to expoſe both herſelf and him.

She no ſooner heard the hall-door ſhut upon Henry, than ſhe threw herſelf into a chair,

chair, and, to uſe her own expreſſion, gave vent to the high-wrought frenzied emotions of her troubled ſpirit. She bitterly bemoaned her unparalleled misfortunes, to which ſhe applied every epithet in the vocabulary of ſentimental miſery; and was ſtill ſtruggling with the full tide of melancholy emotions, when the ſervant returned with the coach. "Tell Mrs. Fielding," ſaid ſhe to the footman, as he attended her to the coach; "tell her that I ſhall ſee her to-morrow, when I will repoſe my ſorrows in her friendly boſom."

'Did you drop your boſom-friend, Ma'am?' ſaid the footman, who thought he had not rightly heard her. 'Give me leave to fetch it.'

"Ah! you cannot fetch him!" ſaid Bridgetina, heaving a deep ſigh; "he will not come for you; he is hard and impenetrable as the marble rock; but I ſhall find a way to ſoften the obduracy of his flinty heart!"

The

The footman ſtood aghaſt; and when ſhe told the coachman to drive to Charing-Croſs, 'Better drive to Bedlam, I think!' exclaimed he; 'for ſure I am, many honeſt ſouls are put in there that are not half ſo mad!'

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

HENRY Sydney, extremely anxious to exculpate himſelf to Mrs. Fielding from having any concern in the intruſion of Miſs Botherim, impatiently hurried through the buſineſs of the morning, and preſented himſelf at Hanover-ſquare before three o'clock.

"Your coming is very apropos," ſaid Mrs. Fielding, "as I was juſt going to ſend for you. But bleſs me, how very much fatigued you look; from your appearance one might ſuppoſe you had not been in bed ſince I ſaw you laſt."

'I muſt own I had a ſleepleſs night, though I was in bed the uſual time, replied Henry; 'but as I have, ſince leaving it, paid my reſpects to half the governors of the

the hoſpital, and been as far as Hackney and Homerton, to deliver letters of introduction, my jaded appearance may be well accounted for. I ſhould, indeed, have gone home to dreſs before I did myſelf the pleaſure of waiting on you, had I not been impatient to make ſome apology for the extraordinary viſit of Miſs Botherim.'

"It was on this very account I wiſhed to ſee you," returned Mrs. Fielding. "She has been with me half the morning, and I muſt confeſs has not a little ſurpriſed me by what ſhe has communicated."

'I know not what ſhe has communicated to you, Madam,' ſaid Henry; 'but I know I never was more aſtoniſhed in my life, than at her appearance; and, indeed, can neither account for that or any part of her behaviour in any other way, than by ſuppoſing a degree of mental derangement.'

"If it be madneſs, yet there is method in it," rejoined the lady. "Bizarre as ſhe evidently is, and ridiculous as many of her

her notions appear to me, I muſt acknowledge, that if the account ſhe this morning gave me of your conduct be founded in truth, you appear to have acted in a very indefenſible manner."

'It wounds me to the ſoul to find that you, Madam, can believe me capable of acting in a reprehenſible manner in any inſtance; but with regard to Miſs Botherim, I ſolemnly aſſure you——'

"I need no aſſurances as to your intentions, Dr. Sydney; I can readily believe that you never meant any thing that was ſerious with regard to Miſs Botherim; but I fear—I fear you are not to be ſo eaſily acquitted of the crime of amuſing yourſelf with her credulity: a crime, which, however light and trifling it may appear, is in reality the very height of cruelty and injuſtice."

'Believe me, it is a conduct I have ever reprobated. You, Madam, cannot hold it in more abhorrence than I do. But had I even

I even been inclined to practiſe it, Miſs Botherim is the laſt woman in the world whom I ſhould have thought of for furniſhing amuſement in any way.'

"You may certainly think I have no right to catechiſe you; but you muſt pardon me for putting you in mind of the laſt converſation you had with her before you left the country. Am I to believe that what ſhe told me was all her own invention?"

Henry coloured, heſitated, took up Mrs. Fielding's work-bag, examined the embroidery, opened, and then drew the ſtrings; opened and drew them again; then haſtily throwing it aſide, 'I can give no anſwer, Ma'am, that will not convict me of folly, credulity, and preſumption. Yet as I would rather bear the imputation of weakneſs, than be thought capable of the conduct Miſs Botherim has aſcribed to me, I ſhall frankly confeſs to you, that I ſuffered myſelf to be betrayed by her into a miſtake which—which——'

"I perceive

"I perceive that the ſubject grows painful to you, and ſhould be very ſorry to diſtreſs you. I ſhall only, before we call another, beg leave to aſſure you, that it was not with a view to gratify an idle and impertinent curioſity that I introduced it. I am truly ſorry for the dilemma into which you have drawn yourſelf; and in ſpite of her folly, cannot help being ſorry for the poor girl, who is, indeed, likely to be the greateſt ſufferer. I hope, however, you have not gone ſo far as to wound your honour by retracting."

'You, if you pleaſe, Madam, ſhall yourſelf be judge.——I have ſcarely ever met with Miſs Botherim, ſince my return to W——, without receiving ſome obſcure hint of her knowledge of the ſituation of my heart. "The galled jade winces," and I ſhall not conceal from you, that I could not deny the juſtice of her ſuſpicions. I frequently met the lovely girl, who ever has, and ever will be, the ſole object of my affections,

affections, in her company. And, though I cautiouſly endeavoured to conceal my heartfelt preference, found I had not done it ſo effectually as to eſcape the penetration of Miſs Botherim. I contrived to parry her attacks upon the ſubject of my paſſion, till the day before I left W——; when, on hearing of my deſign of coming to London, ſhe ſo roundly taxed me with cruelty in leaving one who was deſervedly dear to me, in a ſtate of ſuſpence, that ſhe extorted from me an avowal of my love, and a detail of the reaſons that had hitherto ſealed my lips upon the ſubject.'

"But how could Miſs Botherim take this to herſelf?"

'As to that, Madam, Miſs Botherim alone can tell. Happily the converſation paſſed in the preſence of a third perſon, who, I make no doubt, will exculpate me from ſaying a word to Miſs Botherim, that credulity itſelf could conſtrue into any thing beyond bare civility. My weakneſs

in

in having been duped into believing her the confidante of a woman of uncommon ſenſe and penetration, it is not ſuch an eaſy matter to vindicate.'

"That I may not be led into a ſimilar miſtake with poor Miſs Botherim," ſaid Mrs. Fielding, ſmiling, "I muſt beg to know the lady's name who is likely to be the innocent cauſe of ſo much miſchief."

'Oh that I could have the honour of introducing her to you, not only by name but in perſon!' returned Henry. 'Young as ſhe is, and inferior as ſhe may be deemed in point of ſituation, I glory in the proud certainty that you would in her's acknowledge a kindred mind.'

"The greateſt compliment that I have received theſe twenty years, without doubt;" replied Mrs. Fielding, bowing. "To be thought to have any reſemblance to a young man's miſtreſs, is an honour for which I cannot be too grateful. But you have not yet told me who this paragon is."

'Her

'Her name is, I believe, unknown to you. She is the rector of W——'s eldeſt daughter.'

"Daughter to Dr. Orwell?"

'Yes; the ſame.'

"I remember the Doctor well. He was only in deacon's orders at the time of my father's death, but had for three months done duty as his curate. He was a young man remarkable for piety and learning, and an excellent preacher; is he not?"

'Without appearing to aim at the graces of oratory, he poſſeſſes its eſſentials, and I believe was never heard with indifference. His ſermons are of a piece with all his actions; they bear the ſterling mark of ſound wiſdom, unaffected piety, and genuine benevolence.'

"What fortune does he give to his daughter?"

'His private fortune is, I believe, nothing; and his living (in order to avoid all diſputes with his pariſhioners) he put it out

out of his power to raiſe. It is little more than three hundred a year, out of which he cannot be ſuppoſed to have ſaved much for his family.'

"And pray, ſir, what right had you to fall in love with any lady without a fortune?"

'Alas! no right. But how is it poſſible to ſhield the heart from the admiration of excellence? Conſcious, however, that a knowledge of my affection could but ſerve to involve the object of it as a ſharer in my diſtreſs, in caſe I ſhould have the misfortune of paſſing any conſiderable length of time uneſtabliſhed in my profeſſion, I determined to keep the ſecret locked within my boſom, till a tolerable proſpect of ſucceſs ſhould enable me to reveal it without the imputation of temerity or preſumption.'

"Mighty heroic, to be ſure! And pray, were your looks and actions equally well guarded as your lips?"

"It is impoſſible for me to anſwer for them. In ſpite of my endeavours, perhaps,

haps, it was ſometimes impoſſible to avoid betraying a preference ſo ſtrongly felt.'

"And ſo you could play with this poor girl's feelings; to gratify the inclination, or rather the vanity of the moment, you could excite her tenderneſs by a behaviour which might convince her of your decided partiality; and after having inſidiouſly betrayed the affections of a grateful heart, you can ſatisfy your conſcience, becauſe, forſooth, you never ſpoke of love! Oh, 'Brutus is an honourable man!' So are ye all—all honourable men!"

Henry looked ſomewhat embarraſſed. After a ſhort pauſe, he reſumed the converſation. If I had not preferred her happineſs to my own,' ſaid he, 'I ſhould certainly not have left W—— without endeavouring to engage her hand. But in my ſituation, what right had I to do ſo?'

"Then, my good friend, you had ſurely no right to behave in ſuch a manner as to give her reaſon to believe herſelf miſtreſs of

of your affections. Looks and actions are frequently as unequivocal as words. Where they are known, and intended to be ſo, I do not ſee why in honour they ought not to be deemed as binding."

'With pleaſure ſhould I ratify every engagement mine have ever made; but, alas! far from having any reaſon to conclude that my attentions have made any impreſſion on her heart, I have now much cauſe to fear that ſhe will never liſten to my vows.'

"Have you ever made the experiment?"

'In the belief that to Miſs Botherim ſhe had confeſſed ſome ſentiments in my favour, (for ſo, fool that I was, did I conſtrue what fell from that bundle of abſurdity) I flew to Harriet, with a full intention of laying open to her my whole heart. She received me with her uſual ſweetneſs; but when I would have talked of love, ſhe abſolutely refuſed to hear me, and having

called her father, left me with a cold aſſurance of her continued friendſhip.'

"And pray, if ſhe had liſtened to you, what would have been the conſequence? Years may elapſe, before your profeſſion enables you to maintain a wife in a ſtyle of common decency. If you think of marrying till you are in poſſeſſion of at leaſt a clear five hundred a year—I cannot help being your relation—but remember, you are no longer to reckon me in the number of your friends."

The ſolemn and poſitive manner in which Mrs. Fielding pronounced theſe words, ſeemed to prohibit all reply. Henry deeply ſighed, and was ſilent. After a ſhort pauſe, Mrs. Fielding, reſuming her uſual tone of affability, again reverted to the ſubject of Miſs Botherim, in which ſhe had not far proceeded, when the entrance of ſome viſitors put a ſtop to the converſation, and gave Henry an opportunity of retiring. He immediately proceeded to his lodgings,

which

which he entered with a heavy heart. He was ſo rapt in thought, that it was a conſiderable time ere he perceived that two letters lay for him upon the table. One was directed by his ſiſter's hand; with the other he was unacquainted. He gave the preference to the former, precipitately broke the ſeal, and read as follows.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

" Is there in human form that wears a heart,
" A wretch, a villain, loſt to love and truth,
" That can with ſtudy'd, ſly, enſnaring art
" Betray ſweet Julia's unſuſpecting youth?
" Curſe on his perjur'd arts! diſſembling, ſmooth!
" Are honour, virtue, conſcience, all exil'd?
" Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
" Points to the parents, fondling o'er their child,
" Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their diſtraction wild."

BURNS.

" *To Henry Sydney, M. D.*

" MY DEAREST BROTHER,

" SURELY the poſt was this morning much longer coming in than uſual. I thought it never would have arrived. The long-wiſhed-for ſound of the little urchin's horn no ſooner gave notice of his approach, than I threw on my ſhawl, and flew down to the poſt-office to demand the expected letter. I might as well have

ſtaid

ſtaid at home; for the bag could not be unſealed till the poſt-maſter had made an end of dipping. I was almoſt ſuffocated with the ſteams; but there, in the little box cribbed from the corner of a tallow-chandler's ſhop, and dignified with the name of *Poſt-Office*, did I ſtand for half an hour, till the maſter of the ceremonies, begreaſed from head to foot, appeared. Naſty as he was, I believe I could have kiſſed him for my letter, if he had given it me immediately; but quite inſenſible to my impatience, there did the wretch ſtand taking out letter by letter, ſpelling and putting together the names on every ſtupid ſcrawl, till at length, and at the very bottom of the bag, he pulled out your epiſtle in his dirty paw.

"That's mine!" cried I; "that's my brother's letter!"

'Stay, Miſs, till I read the direction;' ſaid he, wiping his ſpectacles with the moſt provoking compoſure. 'To Miſs—

Miſs,

'Miſs, S y d n e y—Sydney; aye, I believe it is your's.'

"I threw down the poſtage, ſnatched it from his hand, and haſtily ran over the contents. Then, returning to my father, I enjoyed the ſweeteſt of all pleaſures—that of talking of the deareſt object of my affection to one to whom the ſubject is no leſs grateful, no leſs intereſting, than to myſelf.

"I hope we are not too ſanguine with regard to your proſpects, when we pronounce them more than tolerable; but upon this ſubject your father intends to write you more at large; and to him I ſhall leave the ample diſcuſſion of your plans, contenting myſelf with hearty wiſhes and ardent prayers for their ſucceſs. Happy am I in the heart-felt aſſurance that it is not in the power of time or abſence, or proſperity or adverſity, no, not even of that general damper of brotherly affection —a wife, to deprive me of the place I hold in my deareſt brother's love.

"*Apropos*, of a wife. You cannot imagine how I have been alarmed by that ſtrange unaccountable girl, Miſs Botherim, who yeſterday evening very gravely aſſured me you had paid your addreſſes to her. I at firſt thought ſhe was only in jeſt, but ſhe continued to inſiſt upon it ſo ſeriouſly, that I confeſs ſhe made me very uneaſy. I went to Harriet Orwell to conſult her upon the ſubject, and was indeed much relieved by her endearing ſympathy. She felt for me as if the caſe had been her own. Indeed, if you had been her own brother, ſhe could not have been more affected. But what friend muſt not have felt concern at the thoughts of your throwing yourſelf away? Forgive me, but I really am not yet quite eaſy on the ſubject, and beg you will give me a full explanation of it in your next. I am called down to Harriet, who comes to take me out, ſo muſt you bid adieu till to-morrow; when, in the language of noveliſts, I ſhall reſume my pen.

"I do

"I do not wait for to-morrow. I cannot; my heart is too full. And as I know my ſpirits are at preſent too much agitated to permit me to ſleep, I ſhall try if by writing I cannot weary them into a ſtate of greater tranquillity.

"Oh, Henry, what a ſcene have I juſt now witneſſed! Poor Captain Delmond! you may imagine better than I can deſcribe the agony of his ſoul, when I tell you that he has loſt his daughter! Yes, poor Julia is, as I greatly fear, loſt to herſelf and to her friends for ever.

"On going down to Harriet Orwell, I found ſhe wiſhed me to accompany her to the farm to enquire for Julia; we immediately ſet out, but had not advanced many ſteps when we were met by Mrs. Gubbles, who informed us that Julia was expected home; and that it was indeed probable ſhe might already have arrived at her father's. We then thought it proper to change our route, and turned down to

Captain Delmond's. The Captain heard our voices in the hall, and ſent down old Quinten to beg us to walk up to the dining-room, where we found him ſitting on his wheel-chair, giving directions to the ſervants about placing a new ſofa which had been juſt brought home, intended, as he told us, for the accommodation of Julia. 'The dear girl may, perhaps, be fatigued from her little journey,' ſaid the fond and anxious father; 'and ſhe may here repoſe herſelf without depriving us of the pleaſure of her company.' He then made us walk into his dreſſing-room, which you know looks into the garden; there a field-bed had been put up for Julia, to ſave her the trouble of going up and down ſtairs; and of that, and all the other little arrangements made for her reception, we were obliged to give our opinion, and highly did we delight him by our approbation. Mrs. Delmond was then out at market; ſhe was to go for Julia after dinner, when the

the Captain entreated we would return to him, and by our preſence add to the pleaſure poor Julia could not fail to experience, in returning home after ſo long and melancholy an abſence.

"We did not heſitate to accept of the old gentleman's invitation, and went a little after five o'clock. With the Captain we found young Mr. Churchill, in whoſe carriage Mrs. Delmond was gone for Julia. He appeared little leſs intereſted than the Captain in the return of the fair invalid, and liſtened with no leſs aſſiduity for the ſignal of her approach. At length Quinten opened the dining-room door with a joyful countenance. 'The carriage is coming, ſir; I ſee it; 'tis turned the corner of Job's field, and will be here in a minute.' Capt. Delmond was in the middle of a ſentence, but could not proceed. He claſped his hands and liſtened, looking towards the window with an earneſtneſs of expectation and pleaſure, that it is impoſſible to deſcribe.

ſcribe. The carriage rattled along the pavement. 'They ſhould not drive ſo quick,' cried the Captain; 'they will ſhake the poor girl to pieces.'

"Mr. Churchill flew down ſtairs, as the carriage drove up to the door. Harriet followed him; I too involuntarily aroſe, but, on a moment's reflection, returned to the Captain, whom I thought it would be cruel in us all to leave, and reſumed my ſeat beſide him. The dining-room door was left open, ſo that we could diſtinctly hear all that paſſed below.

"The firſt ſound that reached our ears was the voice of old Quinten, exclaiming in the moſt melancholy accent, "Good God! what is become of my young miſtreſs? Where is Miſs Julia? Why is ſhe not returned?"

"Captain Delmond ſunk back in his chair. 'Oh! they have deceived me!' cried he, in the moſt ſorrowful voice; 'my dear girl is not well enough to come home. Alas!

Alas! I ſee ſhe has been worſe—much worſe than they ever told me!'

"I would have aſſured him he was miſtaken, but my attention was attracted by the voice of Mrs. Delmond. What ſhe ſaid was too much broken by ſobs to be diſtinctly heard. I trembled with apprehenſion and anxiety, but could not leave the unhappy father in order to ſatisfy myſelf. He pulled the bell again and again, but no one anſwered. It ſeemed as if every one was afraid of approaching him; too ſure a proof of how unwelcome were the tidings they ſo much dreaded to announce. At length Quinten appeared; but, oh, how altered was the expreſſion of the old man's countenance! When he attempted to ſpeak, his pale lips quivered with a ſort of convulſive motion, and the big drops chaſed each other down his weather-beaten cheeks.

'On your peril let me know the worſt!' ſaid Captain Delmond, in a voice ſcarcely articulate. 'Is Julia ill? Is ſhe dying?'

"Oh, no, thank God! ſhe is not ill; but —but—ſhe is gone off!"

'Gone off! How? Where? With whom?'

"Gone off to London, I ſuppoſe," returned Quinten; "with a ſweetheart, 'tis moſt likely. Heavens grant he may be made of true ſtuff; and then all may be well again, pleaſe your Honour, ſoon."

"Captain Delmond raiſed his hands and eyes to heaven, and threw himſelf back into the chair in ſpeechleſs agony. Quinten proceeded: 'Don't let your Honour take it ſo to heart. Miſs is indeed gone off without leave; but what then? If ſhe has done half as well as your lady her mother did, when ſhe ran off with your Honour, no one need pity her.'

"Captain Delmond took no notice of what he ſaid; he did not even ſeem to hear him, but haſtily enquired why he did not ſee his wife? Quinten then confeſſed, that his miſtreſs was ſo ill as to be obliged

to

to be carried into the parlour. Leaving Quinten with his maſter, I then ran down ſtairs to enquire after Mrs. Delmond; who, as I entered the front parlour, was juſt recovering from a violent hyſteric fit. She was ſenſible only for a few minutes, when ſhe relapſed into another more ſevere, and of longer duration than the former. Had it not been for the judicious and well-directed endeavours of the dear ſenſible Harriet, I queſtion whether it might not have been nearly fatal. Soon as I beheld her open her eyes, I flew back to Captain Delmond, to inform him of her recovery. 'You are very good, my dear,' he ſaid in ſort of hollow voice; 'You, I hope, will never be the murderer of him who gave you being!'

"Tears now for the firſt time found their way to the afflicted father's eyes; he wept bitterly. I ſtood in ſilence by his ſide; for what comfort had I to offer him? Could I deſire him not to feel the wound

that

that pierced his ſoul? Could I palliate the offence of her who had fixed the keen dart of anguiſh in a father's heart? Impoſſible! The attempt would have been impertinent as vain. I thought it beſt to let the firſt ſtrong emotion have free courſe, and out of reſpect to his feelings, I after a little time again went down to Mrs. Delmond. While I was on the laſt ſtairs, a heavy ſigh from the back parlour attracted my attention. I then for the firſt time recollected Mr. Churchill, and on opening the parlour door, I there found him ſitting; his elbows reſting upon the table, and his claſped hands ſupporting his forehead. I ſtood for a minute before he obſerved me; and when he looked up, "Mr. Churchill," ſaid I, without ſeeming to notice his confuſion, "in what diſtreſs has this raſh ſtep of Julia's involved this unhappy family! Poor Captain Delmond! I do not think he will ever get the better of it!"

'What

'What a wretch I am,' cried he, 'in ſuch a caſe to think only of myſelf! I will go to Captain Delmond. But what can I ſay to comfort him? Is not Julia gone? Is ſhe not the prey of a villain? Ah! Julia, it is not my happineſs alone that thou haſt deſtroyed; thine, thine too, is gone for ever! Heaven knows with what care I ſhould have cheriſhed it. Oh, Miſs Sydney, you know not how dear this charming creature was to my heart! For her alone I prized this acceſſion of fortune, that is now become to me a vile thing, of no earthly uſe. For her—but you will ſcorn me for this weakneſs—let me go to her father.' So ſaying, he paſſed me, and with ſlow ſteps proceeded to the dining-room, while I went to Mrs. Delmond.

"I found her better, but ſhe did not ſpeak till after ſome time, when Quinten came down to beg that as ſoon as ſhe was able ſhe might go up ſtairs to his maſter. 'What will become of me?' ſaid ſhe; 'oh,

'oh, Miſs Orwell, how ſhall I meet my poor huſband? How ſhall I tell him the particulars of this ſad affair?' She then threw herſelf on Harriet's neck, and wept in ſuch a manner, that I feared ſhe would have relapſed into another fit. Indeed, I never ſhould have believed that Mrs. Delmond could have felt ſo ſtrongly on any occaſion whatever. But I ſee there are wounds which the moſt apathetic must feel; ſorrows which touch the boſom of the moſt inſenſible.

"We would have had her to go up alone, but ſhe inſiſted upon our accompanying her. When we entered the dining-room, your friend Churchill, pale and agitated, was leaning on the Captain's chair, in vain endeavouring to conceal the emotion that ſwelled his heart. Captain Delmond attempted to ſpeak, but his voice was choked, and the words died away upon his lips; he held out his hand to his wife, who bathed it with her tears; we made

her ſit down beſide him; but a conſider-able time elapſed before either could find utterance to the ſenſations that oppreſſed their ſouls.

"At length Captain Delmond begged to have a minute detail of all the circumſtances concerning the event they ſo much deplored; and Mrs. Delmond compoſing herſelf as much as poſſible, proceeded to relate, 'that the laſt time ſhe had been to ſee Julia, ſhe was ſurpriſed to find that fellow Vallaton with her.'

"Vallaton!" exclaimed Captain Delmond; "is it then that villain, that infernal villain, who has ſeduced my child? A married man, too! Oh, diſtraction!—If there be vengeance in heaven, it will ſtrike him—proceed no further. I cannot bear it. My heart-ſtrings are cracked already!" He heaved a convulſive groan, and I actually thought would have inſtantly expired. We with difficulty prevailed on him to taſte of ſome cordial, which having a little

little revived him, he deſired Mrs. Delmond to proceed.

"She related, that at the time above-mentioned ſhe thought the behaviour of Julia extremely flighty and odd; but that conſidering Vallaton in the light of a married man, ſhe entertained not the leaſt ſuſpicion of him; though now that ſhe looked back upon all that paſſed, ſhe wondered at herſelf for being ſo very blind. 'But how could I imagine,' cried ſhe, 'that ſuch a girl as Julia, ſo virtuous, ſo modeſt as ſhe has ever been, ſo far from any forwardneſs or levity, ſhould yet be capable of ſuch vile wickedneſs? Oh that I had died before ſhe ſaw the light! Little did I think, that ſhe, who was the pride of my heart, ſhould live to become a curſe to her that bore her!'

"Here poor Mrs. Delmond was again obliged to ſtop; and Julia's maid Nancy having come into the room, I took the liberty of hinting to Captain Delmond that

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the particulars he wanted might be learned of her, without putting Mrs. Delmond to the pain of recital.

"She accordingly was called, and briefly ſtated, that Mr. Vallaton, (who had, ever ſince Miſs Botherim was with Julia, been her daily viſitor) came in a poſt-chaiſe at nine that morning, and on ſtepping out, told her (Nancy) that he was come to fetch Miſs Delmond home. He aſked whether her clothes were packed? She told him no; for that Mrs. Delmond had informed her Miſs was not to be ſent for till the afternoon; but that ſhe could put them up in a quarter of an hour. He deſired her to make haſte, and then went into the parlour to Miſs Delmond, who was dreſſed, and ready for breakfaſt. She took in the tea-kettle ſome minutes after, and obſerved her young miſtreſs in tears. Mr. Vallaton was ſpeaking to her in a low voice, as if ſoothing her (or, in Nancy's own words, coaxing her) to do ſomething

ſhe

ſhe did not quite approve. She could not diſtinctly hear all that he ſaid, but the words *general utility*, *right reaſon*, and *true philoſophy*, frequently met her ear; and once, in anſwer to ſomething that Julia ſeemed to urge concerning her father, Mr. Vallaton expreſſed his wonder that ſhe had not got the better of ſuch *foolish prejudices*. Then turning to Nancy he again bade her make haſte, and put up nothing at preſent but Miſs Delmond's clothes, as every thing elſe would be ſent for afterwards. When all was ready, he took Julia's hand to lead her to the carriage, but ſhe had not advanced many ſteps, when ſhe grew ſick, and was obliged to have hartſhorn and water twice before ſhe could proceed; at length Vallaton took her up in his arms, and lifted her in, jumping in after her; he deſired Nancy to follow, and they drove off.

"To her great ſurpriſe, when they came to the croſs, inſtead of going on to W——, they

they turned into the London road. Julia then wept violently, and Vallaton, (the villain!) putting his arm round her waiſt, ſpoke to her in a low and ſoothing voice; he ſpoke in French, ſo that Nancy knew not what he ſaid. When they arrived at ——, he told Julia ſhe need not leave the carriage, as freſh horſes were ready to be put to it immediately, and that he ſhould ſpeak to the landlord to take care of Nancy till the arrival of the ſtage-coach, when ſhe ſhould be conveyed back to the farm.

'And is my miſtreſs not to go back to W——?' cried the poor girl, in an agony of grief. 'Oh, do not let me leave you, my dear young lady! Pray take me with you; I will attend you wherever you go, and I will go with you to the very world's end, if you will but permit me to ſerve you.'

"Julia leaning over her to Vallaton, who had by this time ſtepped out of the carriage, 'Do, my good friend,' ſaid ſhe, (while the tears fell from her eyes) 'do

permit

permit her to go with us—pray do! I ſhall want her aſſiſtance, and ſhould be glad to have her with me. It would be a comfort to me—indeed it would!'

"I tell you, my love," returned the wretch, "it is impoſſible; there are a thouſand reaſons againſt it. Come," ſaid he, taking the girl's hand, and pulling her out of the carriage, "you only teaze your miſtreſs by your prate." Then dragging her into a parlour, he told her ſhe muſt return to the farm by the ſtage-coach, and there wait the arrival of Mrs. Delmond, who would take her home in the evening.

'And what am I ſay to my miſtreſs?' cried Nancy. 'How ſhall I look her in the face, after what has happened?'

"And what has happened?" returned the wretch fiercely. The reſt of his ſpeech was too much above Nancy's comprehenſion to enable her to detail it with exactneſs; ſhe only knew it was about *the prejudices*

judices of ſociety, and that he called her maſter *an old licenſed murderer*; and ſaid, that it was Julia's duty to prefer his happineſs to her father's, and that they were going to enlighten the world."——Such was the ſubſtance of Nancy's narration, which received many interruptions from the croſs queſtions and bitter exclamations of the heart-wounded parents.

"When ſhe had finiſhed, a ſilence of ſome minutes enſued, which was only interrupted by the deep ſighs of Mrs. Delmond. The feelings of her huſband ſeemed too acute for utterance; but in his countenance the agony of his ſoul was pourtrayed in colours ſtronger than imagination can paint, or it is in the power of words to deſcribe. The recollection is engraven on every fibre of my heart; and when I attempt to ſleep, (which I have done for ſome hours ſince I began this) the figure of the unhappy father ſwims before my eyes, and harrows up my ſoul.

"Mrs.

"Mrs. Delmond, though ſhe continued for the moſt part to weep in ſilence, could not forbear now and then to utter a reproachful exclamation againſt the ingratitude of Julia. "Good God! that ſhe ſhould ſuffer herſelf to become the prey of ſuch a wretch, a low fellow whom nobody knows! a man who is not, perhaps, even in the rank of a gentleman!" Theſe exclamations called forth a fearful burſt of paſſion from the lips of Captain Delmond. 'Let not the villain think he ſhall eſcape my vengeance!' cried he, in a voice of frantic rage; 'I ſhall purſue the baſe-born ſcoundrel, I ſhall make him anſwer for his villainy! I——'

"The recollection of his own enfeebled and helpleſs ſtate then ruſhed upon his mind, and cruſhed his ſpirit to deſpair; he ſunk back in his chair, and burſt into a flood of tears.

"Churchill eagerly ſeized his hand. "Permit me, ſir," cried he, "to purſue the

the villain; give me your authority, and be aſſured you ſhall have a ſpeedy account of him."

'And I too!' cried Quinten, all panting with eargerneſs. 'Permit me to attend his Honour, and old as I am, I may be of ſome ſervice. I ſhall let him know what it is to call an honeſt ſoldier, that fights for his King and country, a licenſed murderer. The cowardly thief! the ſneaking, ſmooth-tongued ſcoundrel! He muſt have dealt with the devil to bewitch my dear young lady; ſo wiſe as ſhe was, and ſo dutiful!'

"Mr. Churchill again urged his requeſt, and taking the emphatic ſqueeze which Captain Delmond gave his hand for a token of approbation, he flew down ſtairs, mounted his ſervant's horſe, and ordering him to follow on one from the carriage, he rode off before any plan had been concerted for the conduct of his enterprize. Pray heaven he may not ſuffer from the generous forwardneſs of his gallant ſpirit!

"Oh,

"Oh, Julia, how have you thrown away your happineſs! In the affections of Charles Churchill you might have been bleſſed indeed! But, poor infatuated girl! what ſtore of miſery have you not prepared for yourſelf! When an awakened conſcience tells you what you have inflicted on the authors of your being; when the remembrance of their thouſand, thouſand tender offices, their fond anxieties, their never-ceaſing cares of love, ſhall tinge with deeper hue your black ingratitude, how muſt it ſting your ſoul!

"Alas! Henry, while young, we little think—

"How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is
"To have a thankleſs child!"

But what ſhall we ſay to this ſort of philoſophy, which builds the fabric of morals on a dereliction of all the principles of natural affection; which cuts the ties of gratitude, and pretends to extend our benevolence by annihilating the ſweet bonds

of

of domeſtic attachment? Should this ſyſtem prevail—"Relations dear, and all the charities of father, ſon, and brother," would ſoon be no longer known. Oh, for the ſpear of Ithuriel, whoſe potent touch made the lurking fiend appear in his proper ſhape, when, as I ſuppoſe, in the form of falſe philoſophy, he attempts to inſtil into the heart of mother Eve—

"Diſtemper'd diſcontented thoughts,
"Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate deſires,
"Blown up with high conceits, engend'ring pride."

"May we, my dear brother, never ſuffer ourſelves to be ſeduced from the plain path of piety and peace: may the bleſſing of our Heavenly Father knit the bonds of our affection on earth, and at length reunite us a family of love in heaven!

"Adieu! Your's, moſt ſincerely,

"MARIA SYDNEY."

"P. S. I have juſt heard that Miſs Botherim has likewiſe gone off to London. Surely Harry—but it is impoſſible—you can

can have no intereſt in her. Yet I cannot help being very much diſturbed by this intelligence. For heaven's ſake, write immediately. I hope in GOD you can clear yourſelf; if not, oh Harry, how miſerable! But I cannot, will not ſuppoſe it. Poor Mrs. Botherim is quite beſide herſelf. Captain Delmond too is, I hear, to-day very ill. The gout is flown to his ſtomach, and the ſymptoms appear dangerous. Should he die, what muſt be the feelings of Julia! Your father will write to-morrow. He and Dr. Orwell have both been with Captain Delmond all the morning.—Once more, adieu!"

Henry did not read his ſiſter's letter without experiencing a conſiderable degree of emotion. Hoping the other might give him ſome further information on the ſubject that had employed his ſiſter's pen, he haſtily opened it, and caſting his eye to the end, ſaw the name of Bridgetina Botherim.

Botherim. He pronounced an emphatic *phoh!* and threw it down; but recollecting that ſhe might poſſibly know ſomething of the elopement of Julia, in whoſe fate he was moſt ſincerely intereſted, he again took it up, and read as follows:

" YOU tell me I have no ſhare in your affection. You even hint that you love another; but you are miſtaken if you think this makes any alteration in the decided part I have taken. No:—I have reaſoned, I have inveſtigated, I have philoſophiſed upon the ſubject; and am more than ever determined to perſevere in my attacks upon your heart. The deſire of being beloved, of inſpiring ſympathy, is congenial to the human mind. I will inſpire ſympathy; nor can I believe it compatible with the nature of mind, that ſo many ſtrong and reiterated efforts ſhould be made in vain. *Man does right in purſuing intereſt and pleaſure. It argues no depravity.*

*depravity. This is the fable of ſuperſtition.** My intereſt, my pleaſure, is all centered in your affections; therefore I will purſue you, nor ſhall I give over the purſuit, ſay what you will. I know the power of argument, and that in the end the force of reaſon muſt prevail. Why ſhould I deſpair of arguing you into love? Do I want energy? Am I deficient in eloquence?—No. On you, therefore, beloved, and ah! too cruel Henry! on you ſhall all my energy and all my eloquence be exerted; and I make no doubt that in the end my perſeverance ſhall be crowned with ſucceſs. It is your mind I wiſh to conquer, and mind muſt yield to mind. Can the mind of my rival be compared with mine? Can ſhe energize as I do? Does ſhe diſcuſs? Does ſhe argue? Does ſhe inveſtigate with my powers? You cannot ſay ſo; and therefore it plainly follows ſhe is leſs worthy of your love.

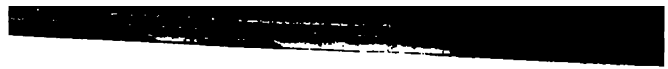
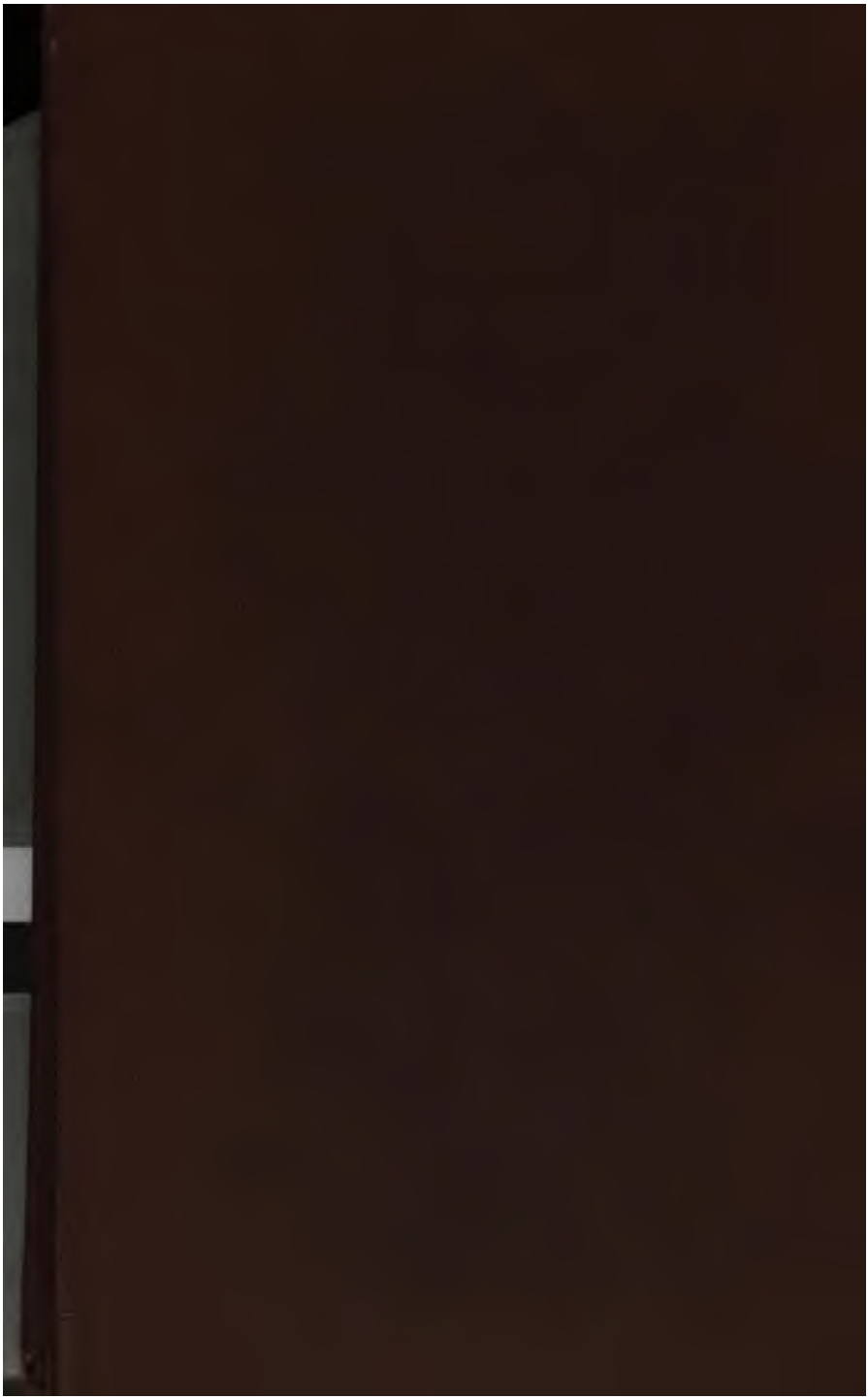
* See Emma Courtney. "The

"The apprehenſion of embarraſſment with regard to fortune may be another obſtacle that you haply may ſtart. But this, likewiſe, I can obviate. Read the incloſed; and you will perceive that there is a ſcheme on foot, which will accelerate the progreſs of happineſs and philoſophy through the remoteſt regions of the habitable globe. Fly this diſmal, dirty hog ſtye of depraved and corrupt civilization; and let us join ourſelves to the enlightened race, who already poſſeſs all thoſe eſſentials which philoſophy teaches us to expect in the full meridian of the Age of Reaſon. Let us, my Henry, in the boſom of this happy people, who worſhip no God, who are free from the reſtraint of laws and forms of government, enjoy the bleſſings of equality and love. You will not then need to 'look blank and diſconſolate when you hear of the health of your friends.' 'Pain, ſickneſs, and anguiſh, will not then be your harveſt;' nor will you then, as now,

now, 'rejoice to hear that they have fallen on any of your acquaintance.'* There are no phyſicians among the Hottentots.—There you ſhall enjoy the bleſſing of leiſure; and the powers of your mind, not blunted by application to any particular ſcience, ſhall germinate into general uſefulneſs. Oh, happy time! and in that time happy, thrice happy, ſhall be your

"BRIDGETINA BOTHERIM."

* See the Characteriſtics of a Phyſician, in the Enquirer.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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